THE SCHOOL OF MAN.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

To which is prefixed,

A KEY TO THE SATYRICAL CHARACTERS Interſperſed in this WORK.

The World's a Wood in which all loſe their Way;
But in a different Path each goes aſtray.
CONGREVE.

Veluti in ſpeculo.

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PREFACE

TO THE

French EDITION.

THE Cry, I expect no leſs, will be *What, more Manners! Yes, more Manners:* And while the World ſubſiſts, in what can a Writer better beſtow his Time, than to promote *Manners?* 'tis the nobleſt Exerciſe of Genius; the moſt valuable Proof of our Love to Mankind. Is there no other Way of being uſeful to one's Country, than by bending the Faculties *to clear up the Dimenſions of the ſeveral Parts of* Noah's *Ark*; *to determine the Figure of the Tower of* Babel; *to facilitate the brooding of Hens*; or to compoſe tedious Diſſertations on the beſt Means of promoting a more ſpeedy Method of *hatching Eggs?* For my part, I find it impoſſible not to give the Preference to the Moraliſt.

Be it ſo, I hear it ſaid: But have we not *Bruyere* already? Or do you pretend, cries another, to exceed the Author of *Manners?* If to delineate true Merit to be the Deſign, ſays a third, Do you imagine yourſelf capable of treating the Subject with the Solidity and Elegancy of Monſ. *le Maitre de Claville?*

To ſet up as a Competitor with theſe Gentlemen, is far enough from my Thoughts: I run, indeed, in the ſame Courſe with them, only ſtriking into a different Road: And I take upon me to ſay, the Advantage is on my Side, concentring their diſſipated Maxims into one ſingle Point of View.

All that the elegant Author of *true Merit* propoſed, was to exhibit *the fine Gentleman*. *Panage*, who declares his ſupercilious Contempt of the Title, and of the Character itſelf, of what is commonly called *a worthy Man*, cannot, with all his Erudition, reaſonably hope to carry his Morality a Point nearer to Perfection, without the Light of Religion. Monſ. *de la Bruyere*, though more rational than either, though purer in his Principles, and clearer in his Intentions, may be perfectly ſatisfied if he attains to the making People of Faſhion *good Men*: For my Part, I muſt declare myſelf ſatisfied with nothing leſs than making *Chriſtians*.

This is the glorious Point in which meet all the Qualities which thoſe Gentlemen have diſcuſſed in their learned and elaborate Treatiſes. Is not that *true Merit*, recommended by Monſ. *le Maitre de Claville*, eminently conſpicuous in a Chriſtian? Is he not more ſcrupulouſly *a worthy Man*, than he who takes the captious Morality of the relax *Panage* for his Rule? and with him as little can even Monſ. *de la Bruyere*'s *good Man* be put in the Balance.

'Tis Religion which ſtamps the Value on all Qualities: By it the Commerce of the World is preſerved from the Taint of Vice: 'Tis Religion only, which truly forms the good Father, the good Son,

Son, the good Huſband, the good Friend, the good Patriot, and even the good Lover: Of this what more evident Proof can there be, than the bleſſed Days of the primitive Church? What Times have ever produced ſuch faithful Subjects; ſuch affectionate Fathers; ſuch obedient Children; ſuch ſincere Friends; ſuch loving Brothers; ſuch diſintereſted Relations; ſuch faithful and tender Huſbands; ſuch reſpectful and virtuous Lovers; Yes, every Connexion, of which Religion is not the Principle, is to be looked upon no otherwiſe than with Pity, as generally terminating in Miſery; which, however deplorable, is no more than naturally to be expected.

However, I repeat it, let me not be charged with a preſumptuous Conceit of excelling the illuſtrious Authors juſt mentioned: I own them my Maſters: 'Tis by the Radiancy of their Maxims I have looked into the Heart of Man: 'Tis they who firſt conducted me into the gloomy Labyrinth, which I found ſwarming with odious Monſters.

Though I follow them in the ſame Path, I tread not in their Steps. Mankind now-a-days are not a little different from *Bruyere*'s Men; and what is ſtill more ſtrange, but not leſs true, the Author of *Manners*, who wrote but t'other Day, would be at a Loſs to know thoſe very identical Perſons whom he has deſcribed. Occaſions, Intereſt, Ambition or Faſhion, metamorphoſe them in a Night's Time. The Pages of the Book of the World are not alike To-day and Yeſterday: Beſides, to pretend to a perfect Knowledge of Man, what more groundleſs Conceit? He who ſhould premiſe fully to have detected and laid open all

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their Caprices and Faults, or made a due Eſtimate of their Virtues, might be ranked with a giddy Boy who ſhould boaſt of being able to fix the ever-changing Nature of *Proteus*.

A Word on this Head to *you*, *Mr. Obſervator*, who are juſt going to give the finiſhing Touch to the Picture of one of your intimate Friends: You have known him and ſtudied him theſe ten Years, and been all this While drawing him: You muſt own this to be tireſome Work; and that you have had a great deal of effacing, altering, mending and retouching, to complete your Picture; and after all it is very far from being a good Likeneſs; but now you are ſure of hitting that Feature or Lineament, which is wanting to give it an unexceptionable Reſemblance. Your Original is in its Attitude before you; the Alteration is in your Eye; this is the lucky Minute; take your Pencil; ſo now—Ah! 'tis too late: He turns and winds; writhes and wriggles; he's a Serpent, a Camelion, every Minute another Creature: The Butterfly becomes an Elephant, and the Lamb a Tyger At laſt you have him: What have you? an Eel: He ſlips from betwixt your Hands, and is under the Water, before you are aware: But if he riſes again; Are you ſure 'tis the ſame Man? No; he is ſo unlike himſelf, he has ſo totally changed his whole Appearance, that, vexed at the loſs of ten Years Application, you are for throwing the Picture in the Fire; as neither like the Perſon it was deſigned for, nor any body elſe: But ſoft; not ſo raſh; take my Advice and keep it: It is certainly like ſome body To-day, who would not be gueſſed at by it Mo-morrow: However, it will never want ſome Original or other. If at any Time the Features ſhould appear to you diſproportionate,

tionate, improbable, or abſolutely unnatural; and you begin to fret at your Overſights, only ſhew it to ſome *Devotees* without making the leaſt Alteration; they are very expert in finding out Reſemblances; they'll inform you of Originals by Dozens.

A Regard ought certainly to be paid to the Taſte of Readers, but the Difficulty is to pleaſe them; for their Caprices, in Points of Literature, would furniſh a moſt diverſified Picture. If Books are ſhort, they are dark; if long, tedious: If Morality be the Subject, no body will look on them; if a Satyr, the Preſs can't work them off faſt enough. On theſe Obſervations then is formed the Plan of this Work.

To amuſe with little Stories is a Talent, which, without the leaſt Envy, is given up to the jocoſe Abbe *P——:* To mend the Heart by pure and ſound Maxims, is, indeed, an enviable Talent; the Exerciſe and Succeſs of which may be gloried in, as the Fruits are of an Advantage beyond all Compariſon.

It can't be expected of me, that with the methodical Fervor of a Monk, I ſhould deal out Morality by Parcels; and fall foul of the Corruptions of the Age in Definitions, Diviſions and Subdiviſions; ſuch a Knack would expoſe me to Cenſure; being the peculiar Privilege of Eccleſiaſtics.

Probably I might be more acceptable, if, like the fluent and inventive Prior *de M——*, I publickly exhibited the Vices into a lively and feeling View, and give ſuch delicious, ſenſual, and ornamented Deſcriptions of them, that I am ſure, would a thou-

ſand Times more incline my Readers to contract a Familiarity with them, than create an Abhorrence of them. I muſt be excuſed if I decline that Kind of Complaiſance, let me be cenſured and the facetious Prior applauded; my Scope is different from his; I owe more Reſerve both to myſelf and the Public; beſides, 'tis a Mode I am little verſed in; I ſhould make but a ſorry Figure where *he* moſt ſhines; I might poſſibly blunder on the Vices as much as *he* on the Virtues. Each has his Reaſons for his Silence; and after all, it is at leaſt, as much to the Benefit of the Public, as if we both ſhould take upon us to talk of what we have no Knowledge. What would be thought of ——, were he to go about imitating the Deſigns of *Mignard* or *Le Brun?*

I have ſomewhere read of Caſes wherein the colouring of Vice a little too ſtrong, was not altogether wrong; but a ſlight Sketch will convey a full Idea to ſome Readers, and be more agreeable to the Pudicity of others. No body can exceed me in Deference for Readers; but are there not alſo ſome Pictures which require the moſt lively Colouring? a full Light and deep Shade often only conceal the Imperfections of the Original. Vice may not improperly be compared to a Needle, bright, ſmooth, and poliſhed to the naked Eye; but the Microſcope ſoon diſcovers in it many Defects.

The truly religious Perſon ſhould not, I hope will not take Offence at the Parallels which I draw betwixt ſome Characters in the Scriptures and thoſe of this wretched Age; nor let the Libertine lay hold of them as favouring his Licentiouſneſs: The Applauſes of the one would give me no leſs Concern than the Diſpleaſure of the other. If mention

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is made of *David*'s Faults, his Repentance is not omitted; and let thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to have imitated him in the firſt Article, endeavour at leaſt to equal him in the laſt.

How many good Books are there uſeful to Society in general! and yet who looks into them, but ſuch to whoſe Trade, Calling, or Sentiments they are ſuited? Here it is endeavoured to pleaſe all Taſtes, to aſſiſt Callings, and to refine all Sentiments: Here is a delicate Morality without Caprice; exact Criticiſm without Aſperity; curious Anecdotes without Calumny: Here is ſomething to pleaſe every body, or I know nothing of the World; to be informed of the Vices of others, and to deſcant upon them, uſed to be a favourite Entertainment.

The Man of the World will here ſearch only for the Portraits of the preſent Age, and he'll not fail in applying them to Perſons they were never intended for, and entertain himſelf not a little that he has found out the Key.

He who profeſſes Religion and holds with the World, will alſo read out of Curioſity, and for the Honour of his Habit will not fail to paſs his Cenſure on ſome Parts; poſſibly in the Fermentations of his atrabilarious Humours *he alſo* may hammer out a Key, but God knows what Sort of a one; rare Commentaries, I ſuppoſe, on the firſt Portraits: Theſe would not ſtick in my Stomach, could I be ſure that he would not launch into impious Reflections on the ſecond.

The truly religious will attend chiefly to the Scripture Characters, piouſly bewailing the Enor-

mities of the preſent Degeneracy, and approving the virtuous Employment of the Author in drawing ſuch a Contraſt for its Amendment.

What a ſpacious Field does the Flagitiouſneſs of the Times afford for the Moraliſts Reprehenſions? "The good Man is periſhed out of the Earth, and there is none upright among Men, they all lie in wait for Blood: They hunt every Man his Brother with a Net, that they may do Evil with both Hands earneſtly; the Prince aſketh, and the Judge aſketh, for a Reward, and the great Man he uttereth his miſchievous Deſires; the beſt of them is a Briar; the moſt upright is ſharper than a Thorn-Hedge; the Day of thy Watchmen and thy Viſitation cometh; now ſhall be their Perplexity; truſt ye not a Friend, put ye not Confidence in a Guide; keep the Door of thy Mouth from her that lieth in thy Boſom; for the Son diſhonoureth the Father, the Daughter riſes up againſt her Mother, the Daughter-in-law againſt her Mother-in-law; a Man's Enemies are the Men of his own Houſe."*

I ſhall take up neither my own nor the Reader's Time with the Reaſons I could produce in ſupport of my Choice of the Title: I ſuppoſe it will be allowed that my Invention could have ſupplied me with another; let the Peruſal of the Book decide whether it be improper, and that's allowing the Reader and myſelf fair play.

My Eſteem for Men of Senſe, my Veneration for the Learned, would not permit me to give into the new Significations, and affectedly throw an Obſcurity on a Work, which, as I wiſh to ſee it in every Body's Hands, I would adapt to every body's Capacity. I have

* Micah. vii.

I have therefore throughout confined myſelf to plain Language, to Words generally known, received and approved. Much do I value the Contempt of thoſe ſuperficial Geniuſſes who are at great Pains to obtrude an innovatory Idiom upon genteel Companies. Happy Ignorance in which I cannot be unintelligible, but muſt deliver myſelf ſo as to be underſtood.

There is a ſtanding Cuſtom among Characteriſts, from which, though needleſs, I ſhall not diſpenſe myſelf; my Predeceſſors having conformed to it, I follow their reſpectable Example; and hereby ſolemnly proteſt againſt all forced Gloſſes and far-fetched Interpretations; and further, as a Friend, I adviſe all my Readers not to rack their Imagination in compoſing Keys to the Portraits; they are Ænigma's not be ſolved by every one; their Keys may be injurious to many worthy Perſons, and their imaginary Penetration recoil upon themſelves.

Of Cenſors I expect Shoals, as they ſwarm in every petty Society, at Ladies Toilettes, ſince an Affectation of Literature has become faſhionable, and Chambermaids take Cognizance of the Productions of *Parnaſſus*; but be it known to you, ye Toilette Declaimers, ye Aſſembly Literati, I deſpiſe your Cavils, and as little, ye Slaves of Faſhion, ſhall I lay to Heart to your Invectives.

The Stile I give up to Criticiſm; if the Spirit be but regarded, 'tis well, I ſhall be read for ſome End or other; and among my Readers ſome may be the better for it; ſuppoſe one in a thouſand, is not this a notable Reward? I'm ſure 'tis the Author's paſſionate Wiſh.

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THE

THE SCHOOL *of* MAN.

Of BIRTH.

SHALL we not ſee Man bluſh to find himſelf referred to the Brute Creation, which he treats with ſuch ill-founded Contumely, for Inſtruction in the moſt eſſential Duties of his Nature! We pride ourſelves on the Superiority of Sentiment: every Man has it; every Man declares he has it. We draw the Sword of Reaſon from its Scabbard with an oſtentatious Pride, and we never expoſe it but under ſuch a Light as favours all its Radiance. Theſe are Advantages which Inſtinct, ſufficient to all uſeful Purpoſes, gives not to the Brutes. The Brute poſſeſſes the rough Gem: He wears it as it comes forth from the Mine enveloped in its Cruſt: But let us handle and examine it, and we ſhall find it wants only the Artiſt's Hand to clean and cut it to diſcover all its Beauties. Man, vain as he is of his Reaſon, has more Cunning than to throw it into a cloſe Examination. Its Beauties he knows are not more bright than delicate. The leaſt Accident, the Breath, the Touch of a Finger, dims its Luſtre. The Stone is not of the fineſt Water, but the Defect is not ſeen even by the Critic at a Diſtance. One would be glad to know

then on what Foundation it is that Man treats the Faculties of the Brutes with this high Contempt; Faculties, if leſs glaring, at leaſt leſs liable to Error than his own. The Principles are as juſt as the Concluſion, and he Profits on the Determination on all Occaſions.

Nature impartial and uniform, the firſt Vaſſal, the firſt Agent of God, by Virtue of Him has eſtabliſhed an original Law, comprehending every Animal, and engraven on every Heart: The Lyon, the Tyger and the ſubtle Fox, ignorant in the Art of Sophiſtry, are Strangers to every other Law, and with this they punctually comply; whilſt Man has reaſoned upon the Text, till he is no longer capable of reading it. The King was no leſs bound by it than his Footman; but now both reject it; and Reaſon, which was intended for the Improvement of their Obedience to the Law, only diverts and withholds it.

Without Chichane on the Terms Inſtinct and Reaſon, I am content to grant the Preference to the latter; but how then are we to diſpoſe of the former, which continually affords ſuch admirable Leſſons to Reaſon? If the latter be more ſure in its Notions, can it be allowed ſo conſtant, ſo ſimple in its Operations?

Fathers, Mothers, Princes and Shepherds, Ladies whoſe leaſt criminal and leaſt uſeleſs Employment, is knotting; ye Female Villagers who owe your Support to the Diſtaff and Spinning-Wheel, to the School of Nature I invite you, whoſe Doctrine is not reducible to empty Sounds, but ſtrong with Proofs and with Examples. Inſtead of impoſing on you by deluſive Sophiſms, it convinces you by ſimple Realities. Open your Eyes and ſee; ſeeing conſider; and conſidering amend.

The

The Lioneſs, the moſt carnivorous of the Brute Creation, having brought forth her young ones in a Den, which ſhe had before carefully choſen to ſecure them from the Weather, does not imagine that to have carried them in her Body for a certain Time is all, and that after their Birth her Concern with them is at an End; far from leaving them to the Care of the Stranger, firſt ſhe ſuckles them, ſupplies their Neceſſities; no ſooner are they capable of eating, than ſhe ſcours the Wilds and generouſly expoſes herſelf to procure them Food; ſhe accounts not to have diſcharged her Duty to them, till the Strength and Ferocity of the young Lions ſhew that they can live without her Protection.

The Linnet, the moſt fickle, wanton and coquettiſh of the Feathered Kind, giddy to a Proverb, ſeems at the approach of Spring to lay aſide its diſtinguiſhing Character; foreſeeing at a Diſtance her Laying-Time, with what Skill and Aſſiduity ſhe employs herſelf about her Neſt? the Neatneſs, the Strength, the Convenience, I could almoſt ſay the Luxury; the Winds roar, Houſes are laid in Ruins, the Earth ſhakes with impetuous Storms, whilſt the little Neſt, ſuſpended at the Extremity of a weak Branch, is fixed to it by ſuch a Mechaniſm that nothing can hurt it: What a wonderful Exactneſs of Proportion in a ſimple Bird! the Laying-Time is come; ſhe ſits on her Eggs. Throughout all Nature the Female's Domeſtic Care is relieved by Tenderneſs, Induſtry and Officiouſneſs in the Male; while ſhe maintains the neceſſary Warmth for hatching her Brood, the Cock procures *her Nouriſhment.* The Sun ſhines forth, and the Zephirs on their nimble Wings diffuſe the Sweets of *Flora* through the grateful Air, then the ſhe-Linnet reaſſumes her Conquettry, ſhe

prunes her Wings, cleanſes her Tail, and perks herſelf out to enjoy the fine Day. The Cock, tenderly anxious for his dear Mate and the little Nurſery, returns as ſhe is taking her Flight; don't imagine that he waits on his gadding Lady in her Excurſion; he rattles, pecks at her, and beats her back into the Neſt; thus the Females of every Kind keep to their Sex. Wherefore has Man alone reſigned the Privileges with which both God and Nature have inveſted him over the other Sex? it happens that ſhe relapſes, the Cock ſtill aſſerts his Dominion, and again reduces her to Order: At length the Brood is hatch'd, and the Sight of them kindles again all her Tenderneſs; how fondly does ſhe warm and cheriſh them! Do they begin to eat? Behold ye Fathers and Mothers the Dexterity in feeding them; no Humour, no Freak, no Partiality is obſervable in her; all equally her Brood, they equally partake of her Indulgence; with what Patience does the kind Mother ſympathiſe their Weakneſs! ſhe neither ſcolds at the moſt awkward, nor deprives them of a ſingle Bill-full to laviſh on the others; ſhe humours them as they are the Fruits of her Love: Now the little Linnets are near fledged, ſee how the delighted ſprightly Mother flutters before them, intimating to them, boldly to take Wing and follow her through the liquid Air; and what cannot Examples do? the little ones are ſoon determined by that of their Mother; after a few Trials they take their parting Flight, and look out for themſelves. Cruel Mothers, judge of your Conduct by the Lioneſs and the Linnet; is it poſſible you can be ſo coquettiſh like the latter, much leſs ſavage as the former? How little inferior are you to the Lioneſs, and in your Wantonneſs how utterly do you neglect the natural Duties towards your Children?

Whither

Whither ſo faſt, ye buſtling Fathers? about your Buſineſs ſay you! your main Buſineſs is to be Men, and the Cock-Linnet ſhould remind you of attending to your Authority.

Theſe Examples are too remote to make Impreſſion, not one in a hundred ever ſees a Lioneſs, and the Linnet, though well known to us, is but little regarded; is it ſo? then I'll tell you, the ſmalleſt Cottage affords Inſtructions to Fathers and Mothers; Nature provides for all, and cries aloud every where.

In the ſame Seat, and at the ſame Time, the Operations of Nature are ſeen alike in their Cauſes, though, through Depravity, extremely different in their Conſequences: Puſs has juſt kittened in the Loft; *Diana* has brought forth her Puppies in a Lodge on the Stair-caſe; and *Elvira* in her Apartment has given Birth to the Heir of the Name, Honours and Eſtate of the Family.

Out of Puſs's ſix Kittens, the Knot of Servants have kindly thought of drowning four; upon the firſt Appearance of an Enemy, ſhe ſtarts, her Eyes flame, and with her Foot up, and her claws diſtended, ſhe furiouſly ſwears Revenge; Day and Night ſhe is found ready to oppoſe the Invader. Before theſe Deliveries the Cat and the Bitch lived pretty ſociably, but now all their natural Animoſity revives, nothing but ſnarling and threatning is obſerved, if they chance to ſee each other.

However, ſays one, drowned theſe Kittens muſt and ſhall be: Now ſee the Cunning in bringing about the Plot; poor Puſs, drained by her ſix Sucklings, finds there is no holding out any longer without Food, but then ſhe muſt leave them, ſhe puts off to the utmoſt, an abſence of which her tender Miſgivings forbode the ſad Conſequences; at

length ſhe brings herſelf to reſolve on a Cruize, yet ſhe does not ſet out precipitately, leaving her little ones at random; before ſhe ſtirs from the Loft, ſhe reconnoitres every Corner againſt any Ambuſh or Surpriſe, and in running down to the Kitchen, is full of the ſaddeſt Ideas about the Loft-Door, which the poor Creature is unable to ſecure; ſhe trembles whilſt ſhe is eating, and after haſtily ſwallowing a Bit or two, ſcowers away to her Nurſery. Alas! Advantage has been taken of her Abſence to execute the Plot, and carry off four of her Litter; ſhe comes in an Effuſion of Tenderneſs, to diſtribute among them thoſe nouriſhing Juices, with which kind Nature fills her for the Suſtenance of her young ones; what a terrible Sight is here for the tender-hearted Puſs? a diſmal Digeſtion for ſuch an affectionate Mother to be ſo ſuddenly deprived of four of her offspring; ſhe drops a Reſtorative, which ſhe had pleaſed herſelf with the Thoughts of eating in quiet near them, and without indolently making an end of her Meal, animated by the Agonies of maternal Fondneſs, ſhe leaves every Thing, and in the Tumult of her Deſpair almoſt forgets the two remaining, to hie away in Queſt of the other four, who ſeem, by being loſt, to become dearer to her than before.

She ferrets about every where, no Place eſcapes her Search, ſhe ſqueezes through the ſmalleſt Holes; ſhe runs about, flies from the Stables to the Wood-Houſe, from thence to the Cellars, Offices and the Apartments; her pitiful Mewings intreat every one ſhe meets to reſtore her Young Ones; Puſs, ſo fierce in her Loft for their Defence, fawns and crouches to find them again. Vain are all her Pains, all her Arts, they are for ever loſt.

She bethinks herſelf of the two which ſhe had left; their helpleſs Condition calls her back, and in them

them ſhe finds ſome Comfort. She breeds them up with the greateſt Care and Indulgence, and when able to bear a little Play, with what Gentleneſs and Caution does ſhe fondle them! ſhe acts over again all the Tricks of her Youth to divert them, and is the fond, tender and careful Mother even in their Sports; nor does this Indulgence abate, till ſhe ſees them able to follow her into the Kitchen, and there provide for themſelves.

Diana in her Lodge is not leſs mindful of her young than Puſs; at the leaſt Noiſe ſhe is upon the look-out; being a Favourite of her Maſter's, ſhe is not put to the Trouble of fetching Food; yet here Precaution is neceſſary, and her Meat muſt be laid by the Door, for ſhould even her Feeder offer to come a Step nearer, he would ſurely ſee if not feel her Teeth; ſo ſhy and wild is this Creature become, who a few Days before was all Play and Fondneſs.

Very far is ſhe from meeting with the ſame Diſaſter as Puſs; had ſhe ten Puppies not one of them would be touched. *Diana* is the ſureſt, ſwifteſt Bitch, there is no being over ſtocked with ſuch a Breed, they ſuckle their Mother, they grow up by her in perfect Quiet, till they are fit to be trained for the Field. Now, they are indeed out of the Houſe; but previouſly mind the Care of *Elvira*'s Huſband that his Grey-hounds might not be ſtolen; it is too much to be entruſted to any other Perſon, he himſelf puts about their Neck a Ribbon, ſealing the too Ends with his Signet, and could it better ſecure them, he would procure the great Seal; then a minute Account is taken of all the Spots and Marks, by which he may known them again, when they are brought to him from their Tutor: Here's Exactneſs, here's Con-

cern, and about what? about making ſure of two Dogs of a promiſing Breed

Now paſs we on to the third Event, doubtleſs, the moſt intereſting and curious, but its Conſequences the moſt unnatural and the moſt blameable: Follow me into *Elvira*'s Apartment; huſh, tread ſoftly, let not the Floor feel your Feet, this Chamber is not to be entred without a Kind of Veneration, it is the Temple of Silence and Reſt; Even Women here never ſpeak but under an abſolute Neceſſity, then ſurely a Man ought not to move a Lip; Oh! but let me aſk you, which came you to ſee, the Mother or the Child? If Curioſity, to have a Sight of the new-born Heir of ſo great a Name, has brought you hither, let us make towards the Chimney. 'Tis certainly in that Bed of State the dear Infant lies; where in the name of Goodneſs are you going? What do you mean by drawing back the Curtains? Oh! ſimple Man! you thought to ſee the Baby at its Mother's Breaſt; where have you lived, a Villager could not be more ignorant? What! do you imagine yourſelf in ſome Cottage? Muſt you be taught that the Ladies are not ſenſible of their being Mothers any longer than when with Child and *that* over, the Duties, and almoſt the very Name, are quite out of their Mind.

Is the Fruit of *Elvira*'s Love thus already denied a Place in her Bed? What more could be done, were it the Offspring of her Hatred? But ſo tender a Point is only to be glanced at, be it left to the Reflections of the Parties concerned.

Elvira encloſed by Curtains, and indolently ſtretched on the ſofteſt Down, ſhews no Conſciouſneſs of her being a Mother; the Babe without the leaſt Concern ſhe has delivered up to a Nurſe. Beſides

ſides the Dangers to which the little Creature is expoſed in the Hands of a ſtrange Woman, her Blood, perhaps none of the pureſt, will be incorporated with his; the Expreſſion is too weak, 'tis from that ſuſpicious Blood that the Infant's Body is to receive a Kind of new Formation. Can the Mother with any Reaſon imagine that this Woman, of ſo low an Education, who rates her Attendance at a Guinea a Month, will think herſelf obliged to deal more tenderly with her Son, eſpecially after ſuch a Pattern of Neglect and Cruelty?

Puſs and Diana, Mothers truely worthy of being ſuch! here is none of your Affection, of your Concern for your little ones; it is with Pleaſure I think on your Care and Anxieties.

Suſpend your Cenſures awhile, poſſibly *Elvira* may not be able to ſuckle her Child; that is the leaſt of her Thoughts, beſides it is no ſuch Matter, ſhe over-flows with the kindly Juice; ſhe complains of it, yet rather than let it iſſue in a healthful and natural Manner, ſhe flies to dangerous Methods to divert the Courſe, and dry up the Spring.

How! it is now four long Days ſince *Elvira* was brought to Bed, and all this Time her Tenderneſs can bear him in the Houſe; he is not yet removed to *Joan*'s Hole of a Room; to be ſure, in her motherly Affection ſhe has thought fit to repeal the barbarous Order for its Baniſhment. No, no, it is only a Reſpite of a few Days, till the Arrival of a Duke, who is to ſtand Godfather.

At length arrives the long expected Godfather, the pompous Ceremony is over, and now the Babe is to be committed to the Care of *Hannah*, the Shoemaker's Wife. Here will naturally occur the Father's Cautions againſt changing the favourite *Die*'s Puppies, nor are theſe Cautions any wiſe blameable in a keen Sportſman, who knowing what a rare

Bitch ſhe is, would ſecure her Breed for himſelf. But what can be ſaid for his Indifference about his Son, the only Heir of his Name and Eſtate, and perhaps, without any Account taken of the Marks by which he may be known when he comes from Nurſe. Should he die, ſhould *Hannah* put one of her own in his ſtead, how would the Cheat be cleared up? that ſeems the ſame to him, let but a Child be brought, poſſibly, whoever it be, the Changeling may belong to him as much as to another. What can be thought of *Elvira*'s Husband? that he is more a Sportſman than a Father? and who would ſwear that he is any thing elſe? However that be, this Quere does not reach *Elvira*.

Are new Laws wanting to teach Parents their Duties to Children? Muſt Religion be more explicit in her Injunctions? Can it be thought that the Laws and Religion would be a whit more minded than Nature, with which we are much better acquainted, and whoſe Voice alone was ſufficient without their Inforcements? and indeed, little would they avail; the Mothers would be ſtill pleading the Weakneſs of their Conſtitutions.

Ye zealous Sticklers for the Law of Nature, ye emphatical Encomiaſts of its ſeductive Maxims, what will ye ſay of a Mother, who, without Reaſon or Concern, declines the Care of her Iſſue?

The beautiful *Elvira*, after ſoaking ſix whole Weeks, has the Pleaſure, and ſhe is not a little elate with it, to ſee in her Glaſs, that her chitty Face has received no Damage, that not a Feature is inlarged, nor the admired youthful Look in the leaſt dimmed. The ſparkling Eye, the idolized Freſhneſs, the Lilies and Roſes, the Pride of her Heart, retain all their Beauty, and her fine Breaſt, ſet out

to

to the beſt Advantage, loſt nothing of its Colour or its Form; ſhe congratulates herſelf with conſcious Pride, her Heart leaps with the Idea of making her public Appearance, without the odious Compliments or the ſpiteful Sneers at her being altered; and pleaſed to find herſelf ſo well got over her State of Motherhood, ſhe firmly reſolves within herſelf, in caſe of a ſecond Pregnancy, which ſhe will however venture at, to be no more a Mother than ſhe was before, nor even to think of it, but in a melancholy Mood.

Ye modern, ye Chriſtian Mothers, will you not ſink when I ſet before you the Tenderneſs of the Mothers recorded in Scripture? *Rebecca*, though without Diſparagement, at the leaſt your Equal in Birth and Riches, thought it not beneath her to ſuckle both *Eſau* and *Jacob*; as Twins, there was no ſlender Plea for intruſting one of them to a Female Domeſtic, and as he was to be nurſed in the Family, and under her Inſpection, there was the leſs Room for Cenſure; but her motherly Affection will not ſuffer her Children to be ſuckled by any other Perſon than herſelf. As the Mother of the Twins, ſhe nouriſhes both, it is her Pleaſure to ſee the dear Creatures wantoning in her Lap, aſleep at the Breaſt, having nobody to pleaſe but her *Iſaac*; and ſtudious to pleaſe him, ſhe thinks that cannot be better done than by a tender Care of her Children.

Fond *Rachel*, will you give up your beloved *Joſeph* to your favourite Handmaid? ſhall ſhe ſuckle it? the Weakneſs of your Conſtitution will not admit of it: No, *Rachel* is a Mother, and will not allow that her Son ſhould be obliged for his Suſtenance to her Servant, the Life ſhe gave him ſhe will do her beſt to preſerve, and not depoſit

with

with any other the moſt precious Pledge of her beloved *Jacob*'s Affection.

What tremendous Edict ſpreads Terror through all the Families of the Children of *Iſrael*! Fathers weep, Mothers are in Agony, Bridegrooms and Brides tremble at the Sight of the nuptial Bed, and dread the Gratification of its Delights. The promiſed Candidates for Marriage look forward with Horror on the Day of their Union; and pregnant Women lament their Fruitfulneſs. 'Tis the very Picture of Deſpair, under the moſt ſanguinary Cruelty. Unfortunate People. why theſe Tears? why ſuch Agonies? *Pharaoh*'s barbarous Orders muſt be obeyed; that Monſter of Cruelty has directed, that all our Male Children, dear harmleſs Babes, ſhall be thrown into the *Nile*, as ſoon as born. Will *Jochebed* pay a ready Obedience? will ſhe give up her Little One to periſh in the Waters? Will manly *Amram*, regardleſs of the Cries of Nature and Emotions of Blood, ſubmit his Child to be thus caſt away? No, they have too much of the Parent for ſuch Submiſſion: But the King muſt be obeyed on Pain of Death; no matter, the Goodneſs of their Heart ſuppreſſes all other Conſideration. For three Months the Child is ſecreted in the moſt private Part of the Houſe, and ſuckled by his anxious Mother. The Threatenings increaſe, the Searches are more ſtrict, and the Danger on all Sides appears unavoidable; 'tis a dreadful Dilemma, the Infant muſt be put away, or the whole Family be liable to the worſt of Tortures. What Courſe ſhall theſe tender Parents take? The afflicted *Jochebed* and *Amram* delay the heart-piercing Sacrifice from Day to Day, and nothing leſs than the imminent Danger of the whole Family could bring them to expoſe their Son; nor is it done at laſt without Precaution.

This

This Mother, inventive in her Concern, made him a Cradle of Bulruſhes, ſecured it with Pitch and Bitumen; in this ſhe laid him: But what muſt have been her Agonies when ſhe ſet the Cradle in the *Nile?* She charg'd *Mary*, the Child's Siſter, always to have her Eye on him. *Pharaoh's* Daughter coming to bathe in the River, ſeeing the Cradle, which had been ſtopped by the Weeds, ordered it to be fetched out of the Water: The Child is brought to her, and being taken with it, ſhe is for bringing it up; *Mary*, overjoyed, offers to run and bring a Nurſe; to be ſure the Mother was the Perſon. *Jochebed* perceives the Hand of God in the Preſervation of her Son; ſhe breaks out into Thankſgiving, and haſtens to receive the dear Nurſeling; ſo ardent was her parental Affection.

From the daily Sacrifices of Children to Ambition and Intereſt, and the wretched Abuſe of their Life amongſt moſt Fathers and Mothers, is it not evident, that Orders like that of *Pharoah* would not much trouble them? Few *Jochebeds*, I fear, would be found in theſe Days. If we could imagine another expoſed *Moſes*, where would be the careful *Mary?* and if his Mother rejoiced to be his Nurſe, his good Fortune might be chronicled.

Of CHILDHOOD.

THE Education of Children, than which nothing deſerves more Care, is perhaps of every thing the firſt neglected. The Stream of Childhood, ſo clear and pure at the Spring-head, no ſooner overſpreads the Country than it becomes muddy. If left to itſelf, how ſoon do we hear the melancholy Complaints of its Damages! the longer its Courſe continues, the worſe its Waters; ſo far from a Convenience, it becomes a Nuiſance whereever it runs.

But let a ſkilful Undertaker reduce the Stream into Canals, and all the neighbouring Places are benefited by it; its tranſparent Waters will be every where drank without Diſguſt, and the Engineer praiſed for ſuch a commodious and refreſhing Proof of his Abilities. But ſuch an Aqueduct demands a ſuitable Expence, and how few are there whoſe Purſes are freely opened on the Occaſion!

The Honour of Families is linked with the Behaviour of Children, and how ſuperficial ſoever the Laws of the World are, ſtill are they not wanting to charge this to the Parents Account. The divine Laws herein give a Sanction to civil Inſtitutes; ſurely the joint Weight of both muſt make Impreſſion: Not in the leaſt; all Laws concur in making Fathers accountable for their Childrens Faults, yet every Day they run into Errors, and ſuch too as are not of the moſt ſupportable kind. They are complained of; and what

ſay

ſay the Fathers? What would you have me do? or, 'tis the Child's Humour. Weak and ſcandalous Palliatives!

The Heart of a Child is like the ſoft Wax, mouldable into every Form. Behold the good Artiſt, (I wiſh they were not ſo thinly ſown) how exquiſite a Figure does he make of it! Another of inferior Skill, every where to be met with, takes the Wax in hand, turns it and winds it, and after all produces but an irregular Piece of Work; but, the Bungler, a Mercenary, who is paid by the Piece, works it up in a Hurry with his dirty Fingers; and what's the Reſult? a deformed Monſter, without Reſemblance, and ſo hideous, that it is ſhunned by every body, nor to be ſeen without Uneaſineſs and Averſion.

Childhood is uſually thought ſo ſlender a Circumſtance, is ſo little accounted of, that the Direction of it is even beneath a ſhallow Governeſs. A half-poliſhed Countrywoman, whoſe Memory is ſullied with all the Defects of her miſerable Breeding, and whoſe Tongue rolls in the coarſe Idiom of her Cottage; this is the eminent Perſonage who is to refine the Humour of the young Lord or Knight; 'tis *Joan*, raiſed to Mrs. *Graveairs*, who is appointed to give theſe Babes of Quality not only their Rudiments of Speech and Carriage, but even of their Principles and Sentiments.

Did the firſt Elements of Education reach, as moſt Fathers imagine, no further than learning to feed themſelves decently, or rather to know the Right Hand from the Left, and upon Occaſion to ſcrape the Right Foot; if it can be thought that all the Duties of Children towards God may be comprized in a ſhort Form, often miſapplied, learned by Rote, and giddily huddled over, Morning and Evening; if Fathers and Mothers require no further

Regards

Regards from them, than now and then a Bow, and a dictated Compliment; and if they are accounted perfect in what they owe to themſelves when they have learnt to eat and drink manfully; if this be the Caſe, I muſt allow Mrs. *Nurſe* a moſt proper Perſon to give the firſt Moulding. If ſhe can read, I object not againſt his learning the Horn-Book under ſuch a capable Inſtructreſs; or rather, I ſhould be entirely ſatisfied with the Governeſs, if the *little Gentleman* had learned nothing at all. His Memory would be no ſmall Detriment to him, ſhould it take in her Documents; with what Traſh, Ribbaldry, Hobgoblings, and falſe Fears, would it be ſtuffed, if, unfortunately, ſhe had worked upon the Child's Imagination? He'd be out of his Wits at a Clap of Thunder, without a Thought of the God who directs the Tempeſt; at leaſt never thinking of Him, but with Terror, and ſhuddering whenever he ſays his Prayers to Him.

This is beyond all Contradiction, we perceive it daily; to clear the Mind of evil Inclinations ſtrengthened by Habit, and authorized by Cuſtom, requires infinite Addreſs, and indefatigable Application; whereas a new Heart, which as yet has not received the Stamp of any kind of Diſpoſition, is modelled with no great Degree either of Skill or Trouble. On how many accounts ſhould Parents watch over this Infancy of Life; precious Seaſon! which generally determines the Fate of all the ſucceeding ones; this is the Time when violent Prejudices take tenacious Footing, and bring Reproach or Uneaſineſs, if not Infamy and Ruin, on the whole Remainder of our Lives.

Memory is a Marble Plane, which from the Saw is going under the Sculptor's Chizzel, and on which any Figures may be cut out or carved; there

there is no effacing them totally, ſo as not to be diſcernible in ſome part or other: Is it not then a Point of Concern, to entruſt the Marble to a ſkilful Maſter only, who leaves nothing to be altered or improved, in a Work where any Retouches are ſo hazardous?

I would open Mens Eyes, I would expoſe their Miſtakes concerning Governeſſes. It is not common Senſe, nor even Wit, that is capable happily to rear the Man from the Swaddling Cloths of Childhood; this can be done by nothing leſs than a very well-poiſed Judgment; there muſt be an elevated, intelligent Piety, ſufficient for cultivating Chriſtian Diſpoſitions with an extenſive Knowledge of Religion; for what Benefit is it to the Child perfectly to know his Duty to the World, and even no leſs perfectly to practiſe it, yet all the while kept a Stranger to God? This moſt eſſential of Duties is, I know, remitted to the Catechiſm, and that is all. I cannot forbear ſpeaking out among other Faults in what are called careful Educations, this is one of the very worſt, 'tis the moſt pernicious, being the moſt plauſible, the moſt approved of, and founded on a ſacred Eſtabliſhment: But the whole Catechiſm learned by Heart, and repeated twenty or a hundred Times, affords but low and defective Ideas of the Majeſty of God and the Importance of Religion. When Reaſon begins to open, it ſets upon Inquiry, it will learn and weigh every thing; Myſteries, what Curioſity! the Mind being, on the Stretch to define the Supreme Being, forgets the Worſhip of Him; it cannot take up with the ſuperficial and unworthy Repreſentation of Him exhibited to Childhood.

The third Part of this initiatory Education is uſually accommodated to the Cuſtoms of the World,

World, or rather often takes the Lead of any other, not only in the voluntary Method of the Governeſſes, but in the Directions of the Fathers, what Courſe they expect to be taken with their Children.

What Sagacity and Attention muſt be exerted to give the right Bend to the Temper upon its firſt ſhooting forth, and to eradicate, if it be of bad kind! What Addreſs to forward a ſlow Genius, and not diſable it! What a Knowledge of the human Heart prudently to check the Sallies of Precipitancy, or inſenſibly to depurate whatever might be noxious to the riſing Sap of Morality? Is this the Buſineſs of a vamped-up Maid? No, we ourſelves muſt have received the Benefit of an Education before we are in a Condition to confer it on another; would you aſk thoſe who are now in their Manhood, what they learned under even the beſt qualified Governeſſes; why, I'll tell you, they have trembled at the Rod; accuſtomed themſelves to lye, becauſe they found ſpeaking Truth gained them no Quarter; they were greedy and dainty becauſe their Rewards were nothing but Sugar-Plumbs and Tarts; theſe were magnified to them, as Motives of their Docility; but concerning a Love of Goodneſs, of Reſpect to Parents, of Veneration of the Deity, not a ſingle Word: By means of this Omiſſion, when afterwards theſe Matters came to be recommended to them, they could not eaſily bring themſelves to comply; and how many are actually dead in their Non-compliance!

What a hard Taſk will it be ſaid the Moraliſt has of it? too hard, I own; but there are ſtill many more Circumſtances which concur to pervent the beſt Heart; this, I ſtill inſiſt on, Education is a Seed of which the Fruits declare themſelves only in the ſubſequent Parts of Life; Does not the World

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ſwarm with notorious Inſtances of the Inattention of Parents to the Culture of it?

Alcides is of one of the chief Families in the whole Kingdom, he became an Orphan very early, and I dare ſay greatly to his good; at a meeting of his Relations, a Guardian was aſſigned him; another happy Circumſtance for him, is, that his Guardian did not keep him in his own Houſe; but he has been put under Governeſſes, one alone was more than enough to ſpoil him, but what will three make of him, imbibing all their various Whims? expoſed to the aggregated Depravation of three Women; poor *Alcides* what will become of you? He is but in his ſeventh Year, ſays one, he muſt not be given over, no, there is ſtill a Remedy, if the Wax happens to light into good Hands; now obſerve the Progreſs of his Education, a Governor and Preceptor are appointed for him; by whoſe Choice? that of *Emilia, an Intimate of this Guardian's and a Judge of Men*; I make no doubt of it; the Governor and Preceptor of *Emilia*'s Nomination. There was that in you which would have made a great Man, had you upon your Mother's Death been ſent to Nurſe in the Country, or been put out to be weaned in the Skirts of the Town, or if after all honeſt *** had been appointed your Governor, he would have roundly inſtructed you in your Duties, inſtead of making you acquainted with your Titles; poſſibly you might not have known ſo much of your Nobility, but you would have been a better Nobleman; he would have ſhewn you Grandeur through no other Medium than that of Liberality, and would have told you that Humanity is the Eſſence of true Heroiſm.

It ſeems an Age to theſe tender Parents till *Ergaſtus* their deareſt Child is weaned, and then common Decency will not allow of his being any longer

longer at *Hannah*'s; nothing but clowniſh Geſtures, a lumpiſh Look, and low-lived Thoughts can be expected there, and happy indeed is he in being none of the moſt lively and forward; if his Tutor has hindered the bad Examples of ſuch Creatures from faſtening on his Mind, perhaps I am too haſty in my Congratulations, for his Dulneſs may afford a readier Inlet to Caprices, and coarſe Inclinations, in which it will alſo be incorrigible.

Ergaſtus being now brought home, ſo he be under his Father's Tuition, whatever he may have contracted at *Hannah*'s will be ſoon rubbed off; not ſo ſoon neither, the Boy indeed is at home, but kept far enough from the Apartments; he is not however without knowing that he has a Father and Mother, this is a Tradition he holds from *Hannah*, but with ſuch terrifying Circumſtances that he does not in the leaſt long to ſee them; has he then never ſo much as ſeen them? yes. yes, he has ſeen them, but ſo very ſeldom and for ſo very ſhort a time that he would not in the leaſt know them again; were it not for New-Year's Day and ſome Holy Days, when Cuſtom and *Hannah*'s Intereſt procure him Admittance to their Apartments, they would be ſtill greater Strangers; a ſtarched Compliment which has been put into his Mouth, informs him that they are to be reſpected, but has he been informed what this reſpect is? Who could inform him? Who! why, *Hannah*; a very proper Perſon truly! why it is but a few Years ſince this ſame *Hannah* was the Cow-Girl of the Village; who ſent her up to Town is not ſo well known, but her firſt Station was the Care of a Kitchen, at four Pounds a Year; here ſhe ſo induſtriouſly employed her Talents, as to get a Notion of Dreſs, ſhe was now taken Notice of by the Footman, which proved no unlucky Incident to her

her, for my Lady's Woman having blabbed, this Fellow, who by ſome ſecret Services had got an Aſcendant over his Lady, recommended *Hannah* as his diſtant Relation, and one who always underſtood what ſhe was about; ſuch a one was the very Perſon my Lady wanted, and now adieu to the Kitchen. *Hannah* is at once exalted to my Lady's Woman, and ſhews herſelf equal to the critical Employment; *Ergaſtus* muſt now be weaned and a Governeſs be thought on, ſhe puts in for the Place and carries it, for to refuſe her, was more than my Lady herſelf dare to do: To her Care is *Ergaſtus* committed, and greatly to be ſure will he improve under ſuch Inſtructions, but happily for him his preſent Condition ſoon draws to a Period; it is Time to take him from the Women; and now he is to know his Father better; and quickly under a Parent's Eye, to retrieve all the Errors of his Education; yes, To-day he has free Liberty to enter into the Apartments of both Father and Mother, for, alas! To-morrow he takes leave of them, and ſets out on a ten Years Baniſhment at leaſt, to ſome Boarding School. Can Parents think that this is the Sum of all their Duties? does not Nature proteſt in their Hearts againſt ſo barbarous a Separation? but I blame them inadvertantly, their Proceeding is highly to be commended; yes, ye Fathers and Mothers, there is no other way of keeping Children in their due Reſpect than by letting them know as little of you as poſſible; for what could their little Minds think of the continual Divorce in which you live? *Ergaſtus* too perceives his Father to be a Gameſter, a Drunkard, a Blaſphemer; to be paſſionate and prophane, what ſtrange Reflections muſt crowd upon him! It is prudent therefore to keep his Son at a Diſtance; but is not every Place full of Men? he is ſent away to School, and there

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the Vices of his School-fellows, and perhaps even thoſe of his Maſters, will graft themſelves upon his own Growth; what a Compound of Corruptions will he turn out? the Intervals of Reflection will make him bluſh at himſelf: and can *Ergaſtus* then think himſelf under any great Obligation to his Father?

Reaſon is nothing more artful than eluding the Force of any Acknowledgments on this Head, and foul as ſuch Ingratitude appears, no Kind of it runs ſuch Lengths; and ſince Children think themſelves ſo little obliged to us for our Indulgences to them, and even charge us with the Vices ſprung up in them; let this teach us to overcome our Weakneſſes, which by ſome Fathers are moſt injudiciouſly placed to the Account of Love. Let us no longer applaud their little Whims or encourage thoſe Humours and Petulancies which grow up with them, and in the Vigour of Manhood become ſtrong, fierce and uncontroulable Vices.

To me Pleaſure ſeems the only Taſte in Children; it is innate, it increaſes with them; it is their deciſive Motive in every thing, and there is no detaching them from it.

From the Cradle is Man remiſs, negligent and averſe to whatever bears the Name of Duty; but, obſerve him at Play, he's another Creature, all Life and Joy, all Intenſeneſs and Alacrity.

Few; and thoſe among the moſt rational Fathers, have their Deſires under ſo much Government as not to entertain Thoughts of placing their unborn Children in ſome favourite Calling, yet when born, even when Reaſon begins to ſhew itſelf, ſuch is the infatuation of Parents counteracting their own Ends, that their Children are ſuffered to imbibe Inclinations quite oppoſite to ſuch pre-determined Calling; this muſt produce ſomething beyond an indiſpoſition or Unfitneſs

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to that Station. I am apt to think that the prevailing Inclinations of Children might be aſcertained by cloſely obſerving them among their Play-things and Amuſements, as they then are under no Controul and act of their own accord: As I can warrant the Succeſs of ſuch Obſervations from my own Experience, I would earneſtly preſs upon Fathers to give an Eye to them; ſo obvious indeed are they, that a ſingle one is generally ſufficient to determine the Matter.

All Children are not ſo taken up with Trifles, that no room is left in their Minds for any thing which may ſtrike them more forcibly. Such affect to appear wholly poſſeſſed by Toys, only the better to impoſe on any who might be overlooking them; and thus, not being anywiſe miſtruſted, they often come to over-hear Secrets, which they carefully hoard up and retain to the leaſt Circumſtance.

The Child is all Eye and all Ear; Might not Reflections ſeaſonably thrown out, be a kind of Antidote againſt the dangerous Patterns daily ſet before them by bad Examples, ſtrengthened by depraved Cuſtoms?

Of EDUCATION.

PHILEMON after a tedious Courtſhip obtained *Iſmena:* The Match was no ſooner concluded upon, than a Son to raiſe their Family was the Wiſh of them both; but *Iſmena* prudently concealed her Deſire, whilſt *Philemon* was dunning every body's Ears with his. Parents, Relations and Neighbours crouded upon the new Couple on the Wedding-Day, to teſtify their Wiſhes for a Son; and the Mammas and Aunts could hardly ſtay till the Morrow to have the Nativity calculated. Pleaſure takes part in the Deſires of *Philemon* and *Iſmena*, and at length improves them into Hope; any Symptoms, however uncertain, which ſeem to confirm it, are enquired into with inconceivable Joy; nine Months are an intolerable Time to ſtay for this dear Son deſigned for ſuch exalted Views; hitherto all is well, and the fond Pair reconcile Reaſon with their Duties, and Religion with their Pleaſure. This Son, who ſeemed to be the ſupreme Wiſh of Father and Mother, at laſt comes into the World, and after all this wiſhing, is no ſooner born, than unnaturally ſent away out of his Father's Houſe; however, being weaned, he returns again; and now, what ſort of a Governeſs has little Maſter? why, *Suſan*, a Servant born upon the Eſquire's Eſtate, that Creature of Madam's, who by her Addreſs in Amours, has made ſhift to turn her Jacket into a Gown; a *Sylvia* taken upon the Recommendation of a falſe Friend, who, it is

not improbable, might ſafely ſwear for her Abilities as to Children. How wonderfully muſt he improve in ſuch Hands! Having entered his eighth Year, he is taken from her, with his poor Mind prepoſſeſſed by Traſh, Bugbears, and Spectres, and his Memory ſtuffed with a Pack of idle Stories; the beſt of it is, that he has been taught to *liſp out* his Prayers: And it muſt be owned, that he is not much to ſeek in knowing his Right Hand from his Left; kiſſes it very ſmartly by way of Thanks, and bows reſpectfully. A notable Beginning of the Education of a Child, who, in his Parents Ideas, is to fill the chief Employments of the State; but the Sequel is to rectify all the Errors of the Beginning. His Age now requires a Tutor; among the Multitude of indigent Scholars, four Candidates offer themſelves, and according to the laudable Cuſtom, he is the Man who rates his Talents the loweſt: A worthleſs Creature, the whole of whoſe Merit is in his Band, who, ſo far from being verſed in Reflection and Reaſoning, can perhaps ſcarcely read. Well, but he will be no great Charge, and ſuch a one ſuits with the Diſpoſition of *Philemon* and *Iſmena*; to him they commit their Son, and whilſt the Blockhead makes Learning a Trade to himſelf, his injudicious Severity makes a Yoke of it to his Pupil. Without Taſte of their Beauties, or Skill to vary the Scene, he ſets the Youth's Mind againſt the Sciences; he darkens his Reaſon, ſhackles his Underſtanding, and awkwardly labours to transfuſe into him his own Ignorance, Stupidity, and Prejudices: Thus the unhappy Stripling's Brains are on the Rack in unravelling a logical, giddy, or analyſing Syllogiſm, when 'tis high time he were fit to appear in the World.

To paſs through the Education in vogue, without contracting Vices, and thoſe groſs ones too,

there muſt be a rich Fund of natural Goodneſs, the moſt happy Diſpoſitions, an abſolute Biaſs to Virtue, and a diſtinguiſhed Complexion of Soul. If a Child is free and open, Lying is made, as it were neceſſary, by the Puniſhments which Truth draws upon him. Is he generous, he is ſure to be warned againſt Generoſity, as a Crime: His Regent draws him in to betray his School-Fellows, commending, even paying him for being a Spy: Is he free of his Money, he muſt be reprimanded, and ſometimes puniſhed; perhaps his Allowance withheld: If his Genius be of a happy or bright Turn, it is cramped; if ſlow, or a little heavy, quite cruſhed. Can there be a more effectual Method to crowd the World with bad Citizens, inſignificant Friends, and Blockheads?

When *Pallades* walks, comes into a Room, bows or ſpeaks, you ſee the very Picture of his Tutor *Callideſmus*; a lumpiſh Look, an awkward Politeneſs, an arrogant and ſupercilious Manner, low-lived trivial Diſcourſe. If *Callideſmus* is in the bantering Mood, his Mother ſhall not eſcape a Flirt from him: Has he then the Turn for Banter? 'Tis not of the *Attick* Kind; his was picked up among the Markets.

Again, if you have heard *Callideſmus*, you have heard *Pallades*, that contemptible Copy of a contemptible Original.

To expect every thing from the natural Diſpoſition of young Perſons, is not leſs weak than totally to neglect it, as if no Good could come from it. With Care much may be done.

Cleanthus has a delicious Fruit-Garden, where every Tree is in its beſt Expoſure; but a proper Eſpalier muſt be found out for a very curious Peach-Tree ſent him; as the Peach loves the South, towards that muſt be the Quarter, and twenty fine

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Apple Trees are laid low, leſt they might intercept a Beam from the new Inhabitant. The favourite Tree not only lives, but it adorns the ſucceeding Summer with its beauteous Bloſſoms, and enriches the Autumn with its delicious Fruits. *Cleanthus*, at his Return to his Seat, bleſſes himſelf at the Sight of the lovely Tree; viſits it from Morning to Night, gazing upon it as if his Looks could forward the Fruit of it; at Length the favourable Seaſon has perfected it; He gathers one, and opening it with a kind of Anxiety, is charmed to view it, and at firſt eats it with a ſerious Air, then in an Ecſtaſy cries, What Taſte and Flavour! never grew a finer Peach; 'tis only my choice Friends ſhall know what a Treaſure I have. He is complimented upon it; and now it's Exquiſiteneſs ſeems improved, What Pleaſure, what Gratifications are here! and all this for a Peach, liable to be deſtroyed, in all its Pride, by an accidental Blaſt.

How low are the Paſſions of Men! their Satisfactions and Pleaſures! A Peach-Tree, which might have died as well as flouriſhed, the Preſent of an indifferent Hand, or at leaſt of one to whom he is not accountable for it; with this is *Cleanthus* taken up. He has a Son, for whoſe Soul he is anſwerable to God, as he is for his Behaviour to his Country. What Expoſure has been choſen for him? His Virtues, and thoſe of his Acquaintance, ſhould ripen the Heart of his Child, and every thing be cut down which may hinder the Beams of good Example from reaching him. Only deal with him as with your Peach-Tree; be as early and as long with him. Your all-powerful Looks alone muſt ripen the Fruits of his Reaſon; their Seaſon is come; already you are raptured with the Flavour of his excellent Diſpoſitions, and your Friends congratulate your Felicity. Well, *Cle-*

anthus, what think you of the nectareous Juice of your Peach, in Compariſon of the Pleaſure the Sight of your Son affords you? Is it any thing to the Joy of having placed that precious Shoot in a nutritive Soil and favourable Situation, where he has acquired ſo rich a Taſte, ſuch an exquiſite Flavour!

Maſters of all Sorts are to be found any where: Maſters of Languages; Maſters in Natural Philoſophy; Maſters of Geometry and Geography: And as for Muſick and Dancing-Maſters, they ſwarm with the higheſt Encouragement: But where are the Maſters for Manners, for the ſevereſt Branches of Virtue!

Is the Uſe of the ſyllogiſtical Science to young People called in Queſtion? Indeed Villagers, and People of plain Senſe, are Strangers to it; 'tis to render the cleareſt Things dark and intricate, by Minors and Conſequences. When he comes to be launched into a World he knows nothing of, he muſt neceſſarily ſtand the general Ridicule: Offer to give him a few Hints on Cuſtoms and Decencies, he has his Sophiſms at his Fingers End to elude you. The cavilling Spirit, inculcated to him as a ſcholaſtic Duty, is now become a ſecond Nature. Preſs nothing upon him; the contentious Acrimony of his Temper would ſour the moſt ſprightly Converſation.

We too often imagine our Deportment to be the Beauty of Nature refined; when 'tis, in reality, nothing better than Ruſticity.

Vice may be ſaid to get Admittance to us, habited in Velvet, but comes from us in a Hopſack: It inſinuates itſelf into the Heart with neat Fingers; but the Nails grow, and make a diſmal Havock at their being drawn out again.

The beſt Fund is inſenſibly waſted by Bonds and Annuities, though each of no conſiderable Amount; if the Intereſt only nibbles, Uſury devours it. No leſs pernicious to the moſt hopeful Heart are ſmall Faults, when humoured, and ſuffered to get Footing. This is a Negligence big with the moſt dreadful Danger; a deſtructive Indulgence: When once we are put ſick to Bed, we grow daily more and more out of the Knowledge of our Friends.

No Governeſs does *Alcippus* ſtand in need of for his Son: He himſelf takes upon him the Forming of his Heart; he is an Eye-witneſs of his Proficiency; he transfuſes into his Mind all his own pure and generous Principles, ſo that *Sophia* is little more than his Woman. Thus, *Alcippus*, your Son will indeed be a great Man; he'll keep up the Reputation of his Anceſtors; at leaſt, you'll never have any Cauſe to be aſhamed of him. How am I delighted to ſee you every morning carefully beſtow an Hour, in tutoring him. This is to be a Father, and you'll ſoon ſee the glorious Fruits of ſuch exemplary Attention.

Good Education and good Examples are like Inheritances intailed from Father to Son: And the infallible Method of conveying the Virtues of the one to the other, is by that Inſtruction which lies within the Power of the Parent: If they are virtuous, the Children will eaſily be brought to take the ſame Caſt; or if Paſſions govern them, a Child's unguarded Heart preſently gives them Admittance!

In the firſt Caſe, let Children be kept at home; for the Diſſipations abroad will moſt probably adulterate, if not efface the Ideas of all the Good it ſees within Doors. In the ſecond, away with the Child to a purer Air, before he has caught the Infection.

It is not at the Birth that the Child degenerates; his Ruin is owing to the Corruption of the Father.

Your Son, *Alcippus*, is now in his ſeventh Year; he is the Hope of your Family, the only Heir of a great Name, and to maintain that with proper Dignity, all your Virtues are not too many: But you are upon ſending him to School: *Alcippus*, do not ſpoil what is ſo happily begun; let not a miſtaken Saving ſeduce you; retrench your Expences of meer Faſhion, and take a worthy Preceptor for your Son: Continue the invaluable Morning-Hour ten Years longer; give yourſelf daily the rational Pleaſure of obſerving his promiſing Advances in Virtue and Literature.

In the firſt Years are laid the Foundation of all the Honour and Proſperity of the other; they create and eſtabliſh Reputation; they anſwer for the whole Remainder of Life.

Philip * ruſhes out of his Apartment with the Rapidity of a Whirlwind, makes but one Step of the Stairs, and throws himſelf headlong into his Coach; his Pair of *Engliſh* Geldings fly along like Lightning; have a Care all that are in his Way: There is no keeping Sight of him; and ſay who can blame him? probably a rich Uncle, near his Departure, is making his Will: Nothing of that; he alights at *Gueriniere's*, and all this Hurry is about managing a new Horſe. The Riding-Maſter, only for ſix Months Schooling, aſks no ſmall Matter; however, the Bargain is ſoon ſtruck; *Philip* is above haggling here. But my Eye follows him back to his Hotel: there I ſee a raw Pedant ording it over his Son; and for Want of better Underſtanding nipping in the Bud all his na-

* This Word in *Greek* ſignifies a Lover of Horſes.

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tural good Diſpoſitions: *Philip*, thou loveſt thy Horſe better than thy Son.

How many capped *Senecas* do we ſee, no more than the infamous Tools, or at beſt, the firſt Confidents of their Pupils? Shall I not deſerve a Reward in preventing them from being their Corrupters?

It is not the firſt who applies, that *Tobit* takes up with for educating his Son. He prudently enquires into the Family of the Guide who proffers himſelf: "Shew me of what Tribe and Family thou art; "I would know thy Kindred and thy Name---." "I am *Azarias* of the Kindred of *Ananias the* "*Great.*" To which *Tobit* anſwers, "Thou "art of a good Stock; but be not angry with me "that I have enquired to know thy Kindred."* Can one be too circumſpect in chuſing a Guide for a beloved Son?

To relieve the Diſtreſs of a Friend, and properly to educate a Son, is more than giving them Life. To preſerve Life, to learn the virtuous Enjoyment of it, is more than having received it, at a Time we were inſenſible of it.

"Bring up thy Son with Indulgence, and he ſhall make thee afraid: Play with him, and he ſhall bring thee to Heavineſs. Bow down his Neck whilſt he is young leſt he be diſobedient unto thee, and ſo bring Sorrow to thine Heart" †.

* Tob. v. † Eccluſ. xxx.

Of the SOUL.

FROM a Contempt of Religion we ſoon come to doubt of its Truth, and from thence it is but a Step to downright Infidelity. When we are got ſo far, nothing checks us from quite throwing it aſide, but Reputation; thus the baſhful Sinner quickly ſhoots up into a Libertine, then breaks out into flagrant Impiety, and this terminates in Atheiſm. The Gradation, though inſenſible, is too certain when we have once opened the Ear to Irreligion.

Such a Blindneſs admits of no Heſitation, but abſolutely pronounces on the Nature of the Soul. To believe any thing of it Spirituality and Immortality would, in an Atheiſt, be an inconſiſtent Oppoſition to their fundamental Principles; this would be beſtowing upon Man what they won't allow even to the Deity. Can a Syſtem which has exploded GOD, conſiſtently with itſelf, hold ſuch an honourable Opinion of Men? Hence the Riſe of Materialiſm and the Mortality of the Soul.

The Dread of Annihilation: A Scarecrow for the Beaſts, and the common Flouriſh of the Atheiſt. Oh Infatuation! How powerful are *Satan*'s Illuſion! What! can the Soul with its immenſe Capacities be ſo ignorant of itſelf?

To diſcourſe of the Soul like a Schoolman, would be opening a Controverſy, and endeavouring not to be underſtood; a great Part of Scolaſticiſm is no more than Terms of uncertain Definition: Let it be our Concern only to be intelligible, and that would ſet all to rights. I am not for

for ſtarting Doubts, in order to clear them up by Uncertainties. Here's my Rule. Faith enjoins me to look upon the Soul as ſpiritual and immortal; I believe ſo: But where's the Philoſophy of that, ſays one. No matter; 'tis Chriſtianity, and what can I loſe in owning ſuch a Title? what ſhould I grudge in deſerving it? Welcome, Error, in Company with the *Auguſtins*.

Whatever Contrariety, or rather whatever Similarity the Underſtanding may conceive betwixt the Spirituality of the rational and cogitative Soul of Man, and the Materiality of that of Brutes, which appears to be no leſs than a wiſe and powerful Intelligence, not inferior in Perception to the moſt ſagacious of the human Race; ſtill is it a Truth, that God has created our Souls ſpiritual and immortal, and that he has endued the material Soul of Beaſts with a ſenſitive Quality capable of the various Operations performed by the human Soul: if ſo why may not Man alſo, like the reſt of animate Creatures, have received from God the ſame ſubtiliſed Matter, capable of comparing Ideas, and forming Conſequences? Is it abſolutely neceſſary, that the Soul of Man ſhould be naturally different from that of a Beaſt? Is it really ſo? Why here then it is, that Faith makes me perfectly eaſy.

In vain my rebellious Mind combines with Reaſon in an impious Oppoſition to Definitions infinitely more authentic and certain than all the ſpecious ones of Philoſophers. I ſhut my Eyes againſt their boaſted Syſtems. What is it to me, what *Deſcartes* ſays of Beaſts? and as little do I mind the Conjectures of *Gaſſendus* on the Soul of Man.

What a ſubtile Syſtem is this ſame *Carteſianiſm!* it makes Beaſts no more than Spring-Machines, of themſelves not ſuſceptible of either Grief or

Joy, but in all their Senſations depending entirely on Mechaniſm; but Mechaniſm, how connected, how extenſive and compleat ſoever, has its *ne plus ultra*; it cannot unite ſuch a Number of Springs as may inſtantaneouſly be varied to oppoſite Functions; it cannot keep them in that Velocity, Exactneſs, and Flexility, requiſite to the punctual Performance of every thing in Time and Place. Daily Experience makes good the Plea in favour of the Souls of Beaſts; but 'tis the Verdict of Faith that this Soul is only material and mortal; there is then in Beaſts a reflexive Matter whereby they are actuated, and which periſhes with them.

Aſk *Caniphilus*'s Opinion; it is only on ſtated Days of the Week, and on Occaſions of Intereſt, that he converſes with Men; his Dogs have all the reſt of his Time; theſe are not leſs than half a hundred, all choſen, all at his Command, all obedient and trained up to his hand; and do you think that *Caniphilus* would give his Company to Machines? Souls he muſt at leaſt have: What can he do with ſuch a Tribe of Dogs? Do? he dances methodically with them; he learns them to bark academically. He ſpeaks to them, and they know their particular Anſwer; they underſtand one another, and what prettier Diverſion can there be? (How many Routs and privates Collations are there which ſeldom come up to this?) Why, amidſt them he gratifies his Pride in every Inſtance, he commands them with the Deſpotiſm of an Eaſtern Prince, and ſometimes tries them for their Faults or Awkwardneſs, being himſelf both Judge and Executioner; his ſnarling Humour and gruff Phyz, contracted by herding with them, would make one think he had renounced all Mankind.

Not

Not a Word of Mechaniſm before *Aſotus*, he'd turn into a Flame for his darling *Pluto*; *Pluto*'s ſo genteel, ſo acute a Dog, he ſkips, he dances, he plays a thouſand monkey Tricks; give him a Nut, he thanks you with a Bow; there's no end of his Geſticulations; and are all his ſurpriſing Doings no more than the Operations of the Spring-Machine? *Aſotus* could employ your Ears for two Days only in Stories of the dear Animal's Docility. To *Pluto* the leaſt Wink is enough; he knows when he has done amiſs, and hies away to his Baſket. 'Tis not by an Impulſe of the Air, which by frequently ſtriking on his Organs, gives him to underſtand he's to be gone; 'tis a ſingle Look, and he obeys at Sight.

What a wonderful Machine muſt that be, which thus hits upon my Meaning? *Vaucanſon*'s Man, indiſputably the beſt organized, the moſt perfect Machine, the Maſter-piece of Mechaniſm, could it have executed off hand any Tune which I had barely thought of, or even had I laid the Notes before it, and played myſelf in Concert? The Anſwer will be, its Springs were not ſet to it: Is not this implying that Beaſts neceſſarily have Souls? How many Phenomena does *St. Germain Fair* exhibit, all making for them!

To dwell on proving the Materiality of their Soul, is in my Opinion a Waſte of Words; 'tis what every Man of common Senſe muſt be clear in.

It muſt be allowed, that the Soul of Beaſts is an evident Proof that Matter has a cogitative Faculty: Unhappy Certainty! in being made to ſerve the Turn of the impious Defenders of the Materiality of the human Soul: How many Diſputes would have been ſuperſeded, had the Syſtem of the Mechaniſm of Beaſts taken place? Atheiſm

would

would have been driven from ſome of it's ſtrongeſt Intrenchments.

Where is the mighty Diſtinction betwixt our noble ſelves and Beaſts, ſays *Memnon*, with an over-bearing Air? are not our Formation and Birth exactly like theirs? and any little Knowledge we get, is it not by Dint of Study, is it not the Product of Years of tedious Application? There's my Son, what did he know of himſelf; I and others had enough to do to beat into him the Names of the moſt common Things; and as for Reading, he was in his ſeventh Year before he could put two Letters together. This is your Man; well, now let's ſee what is to be made of a Beaſt; why, there was my little Cat, within ſix Weeks perfectly Maſter of all its Geſticulations, knew the Place where its own Food was laid, and never offered to touch mine, underſtanding that I had forbid him; My Greyhound too at ſix Months old had been entered in the Field, and if once he had Sight of a Hare, it was ſurely his own: Now where's the moſt Genius, in my Son, or my Cat and Hound? Were I to teach this latter, I know not what he might be brought to. If he knows no more, 'tis only becauſe I taught him no more. His Ignorance: is entirely chargeable upon my own Negligence: I want Sagacity to dive into the Nature, and to examine all the Compaſs of his Qualities, and Ingenuity duly to improve thoſe which I obſerve in him. If I do not beſtir myſelf more about my Son, he'll never come up to my Dog or Cat. He loves Sweet-meats as much as he dreads the Whip; and when he does well, 'tis to get the one and avoid the other; yet his Proficiencies are not a whit more than thoſe of my Dog; then in what are they ſo extremely diſſimilar? neither known but as they are taught. How many

many whole Nations, as yet Strangers to Law and Order, may be compared to my Dog! and others, with all their Laws and Regulations, in what are they better than he?

This is, with a witneſs, attributing to Matter Properties which are only analogous to Spirit; and the direct Conſequence would be, that a Beaſt can conceive and aſſociate Ideas, compare, and form an Eſtimate of them; and what further? that our Soul not being ſuſceptible of any different Operations, is alſo material: This is plainly *Memnon*'s Drift.

As a Soul cannot be denied to Beaſts, and that Soul is held to be material, and as every Day ſtrikes us with freſh Proofs of the Reach of its Intellects, and the Exactneſs of its Operations, not leſs clear and certain than thoſe of the human Soul; it muſt appear ſomething difficult to prove that they are of two different Natures amidſt ſuch a Sameneſs of Conceptions and Senſations; Pleaſure and Pain, Grief and Joy, every thing is ſeen alike in both. Their ſenſitive Soul bears ſuch Marks of a reflexive Intelligence, that it muſt be granted either that they have two Souls, or that Matter thinks.

To God nothing is impoſſible; he could appoint that certain Spirits, mixed with the Blood, inceſſantly circulating in the Body of the Beaſt, ſhould there form Perceptions ſufficient for them, which were to ceaſe whenever the vital Spirits ſhould come to ſtagnate; but theſe Perceptions, whatever they be, are neither Memory nor Judgment, and conſequently far below any Compariſon with the Faculties inherent in the human Soul.

Others, leſs bold in their Tenets for Materialiſm, but not leſs pernicious, betake themſelves

to

to a ſubtil Medium; theſe create *Monades*, or *ſimple Beings*, Terms of incontrovertible Ideas, and, as they ſay, clearly explained by a Being without Extenſion, compoſing an Extenſion. That Matter can think, they do not believe, Thought not being eſſential to Matter: Now this is annihilating their *Monades*; let them, at leaſt, be conſiſtent with themſelves. An unextended Being, if ſuch an one can be conceived, compoſing an Extenſion, muſt be Matter as certainly as it cannot be Spirit. I cloſe with the *Monadites*, and with them affirm, that Matter cannot abſolutely think. What then becomes of their *Monades?* Is their Soul capable of Thought? Do they themſelves think? Anſwer me this.

Corylas will have the Soul to be at moſt but a Term, many of the antient Nations knowing nothing at all of it; he ſays 'tis an Invention of Philoſophers, one finding out its Spirituality, and another ſuperadding Immortality: But turn to the Hiſtory of any Nation, and it will afford you numberleſs Proofs againſt this Fallacy of *Corylas*.

Objections againſt the Spirituality of the Soul, increaſe but too much at theſe Times, under an Appearance of Solidity, it is ſaid if the Soul be ſpiritual, it admits of neither Enlargement or Diminution, it being an Abſurdity to imagine that God ſhould leave this *Divinæ particulam Auræ* this Part of Himſelf to Man's Cultivation, that it has not ever been alike furniſhed with Ideas and that it muſt be debaſed to receive Inſtructions and Improvement through the Organs of Senſe; its Gradations from Infancy to Manhood are obvious by univerſal Experience, and from thence to Senility; its Declenſion is ſuch, that this Age often brings us back to the Ignorance and Imbecillity, in which began the Journey of Life; Matter at

ninety

ninety ſees itſelf again under the ſame Weakneſs as at ſeven or eight; and the paſſive Mind partakes of its Viciſſitudes.

To this I anſwer, that God having left Good or Evil to Man's free Choice, has no leſs left him to the modelling and directing his Underſtanding to his Intereſt, Neceſſities and Inclinations; and that in both there might be a Rectitude conducive to his Happineſs, he has previouſly endued him with ſufficient Graces and Diſcernment; As to any Decay of the Mind, very far is it from being occaſioned by an Imbecillity of the Soul, which of itſelf, is not ſubject to change or diſorder but is owing to the Defect of the Matter, betwixt which and Memory, and Judgment, the Connection is not leſs intimate than betwixt the Soul and the Body in general; from the imperfect Formation of the Brain, or the Deſſication thereof are derived thoſe viſible Alterations in Subſtances incorporated with it.

No more of this Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul to *Eutiphron*, tell him either of Materiality, Mortality, or even preſs Mechaniſm to him, it is all alike; he neither anſwers you, nor ſo much as liſtens to you; he is quite eaſy. Whether the Soul be ſpiritual or mortal, or whether *Eutiphron* himſelf be no more than a Machine, is all a Point to *Eutiphron*, if all things but go well with him. Incogitancy about the Nature and End of his Being is become habitual to him; ſo irreconcileable is this Supineneſs of his, that it will not permit him to caſt a ſerious Eye on this Treatiſe.

It may now well be thought, that nothing would be more commonly heard than that at Death all is gone: This Idea ſets ſo eaſy on us, that it is become quite faſhionable. At firſt it was only cautiouſly whiſpered in private; afterwards a Li-

bertine

bertine, zealous for the good Cauſe, imparted his Thoughts to ſome Intimates; this ſet the Syſtem a going ſo faſt, that no polite Entertainment breaks up without a Song or too on this exhilarating Topic, and the Mirth heightened by ſome moſt impious Comments, delivered with the moſt eaſy Compoſedneſs imaginable.

However, theſe refined Commentators cannot ſtand the Mention of the ſhortneſs of Life; it is ſure to ſet them a ſighing: To be immortal in this, with them, is ſo fine a Thing, that it heats their Imaginations; their Hearts ſwell with the Thought; And the Ardency of their Deſires has been known to dart an illuſory Gleam of Hope, which yet theſe Viſionaries have long cheriſhed; they all have nothing left to wiſh, could they once bring themſelves to an abſolute Certainty of this ſo paſſionately wiſh'd for Immortality: But ever ſince *Adam* and *Eve*, who found themſelves miſtaken in it, only a brain-ſick Creature or two have been found, who laid Claim to a Preſervative againſt Death.

What muſt be done then, as they cannot aſſure themſelves of being immortal in this Life, and will not be ſo in the other? Why, they work themſelves into a Notion that Soul and Body go together at Death, and there's a final End of them both.

I appeal to you, *Theomis*, Do you, in your Heart, believe the Soul to be mortal? No, you are ſenſible you don't, however you wiſh it.

Let *Theomis*, drop the adulterous Commerce, in which he has been engaged theſe ten Years, with *Orontes*'s Wife: Let *Theomis*, inſtead of being an Uſurer, become merciful and liberal, and then he'll readily allow the Immortality of the Soul; the Hope of the Reward of his good Actions will convince

convince him of the Life to come; for if he now impugns it, 'tis only becauſe he dreads it.

The good Man believes the Soul to be immortal, and rejoices in it: With the wicked Man, nothing ſurvives the Diſſolution of the Body: Different Behaviours, different Syſtems.

What a mean Folly are the latter guilty of, in ſtriving to perſuade themſelves that they are no other than Beaſts! And wherefore? only that, in the whole Courſe of their Life, in their Health, and even in their Pleaſures, of which they are ſo fond, they may enjoy a degrading Kind of Happineſs, of which Beaſts have more lively Senſations.

The Scripture furniſhes us with the Maxims which they are daily retailing in all Companies.

"The Ungodly ſay, as they falſely imagine within themſelves, our Life is ſhort and tedious; and in the Death of a Man there is no Recovery, neither are any known who have returned from the Grave: For we are born at all Adventure, and we ſhall be hereafter, as though we had never been; for the Breath is as Smoke in our Noſtrils, and the Words as a Spark raiſed out of our Heart; which being extinguiſhed, the Body is turned into Aſhes, and the Spirit vaniſheth as the ſoft Air. Our Life ſhall paſs away as the Trace of a Cloud, and come to nought, as the Miſt that is driven away with the Beams of the Sun, and caſt down with the Heat thereof. Our Name alſo ſhall be forgotten in time, and no Man ſhall have our Works in Remembrance; for our Time is as a Shadow that paſſeth away, and after our End there is no returning, for it is faſt ſealed, ſo that no Man cometh again: Come, therefore, and let us enjoy the Pleaſures that are preſent; and let us cheerfully uſe the Creatures as in in Youth: Let us fill ourſelves with coſtly Wines and Ointments,

and

and let not the Flower of Life paſs by us: Let us crown ourſelves with Roſes before they are withered: Let us all be Partakers of Voluptuouſneſs: Let us leave ſome Token of our Pleaſure in every Place; for this is our Portion, and this is our Lot."*

There's the rich and ſplendid *Damis*, happy, becauſe he thinks ſo; and contented, becauſe he declares it: He enjoys what he calls Life; ſeizes Pleaſure where-ever he finds it: Secure of Impunity by his Birth, and the Regard paid to his Anceſtors and Relations, there's no Irregularity which he does not give into; thus heaping Infamy upon himſelf: But that's of no Weight with him; for ſhould any Friend be found ſo ſincere as to offer a Word of Advice, I know his anſwer; 'twould be this: "My Father indeed was a great Man; I think I have heard or read ſomething of the Matter! Meer Vapour! Not worth a Thought! Once dead, I ſhall be quite out of all Mind: As for figuring in Hiſtory, others are welcome to it. I take my Swing of Life; Pleaſure is my Drift: and as for Death and Futurity, and ſuch ſort of Stuff, I never trouble my Head about them."

Pamphilus, you who ſo generally frequent what is called *good Company*, muſt have heard ſuch frivolous Reaſonings again and again; 'tis *Gentility*, and *Soſthenes* ſwears 'tis the *Criterion* which diſtinguiſhes the Man of Spirit from the ſnivelling Boy. Let the Fears of another Life be left to ſilly Women, and the Hopes to Prieſts, and what a Maze will they find themſelves in, when they miſs their fine Paradiſe?

Well, *Pamphilus*, have you nothing to put theſe ſacrilegious Jeſters out of Countenance? *Soſthenes* is your Friend, and his Heart is not yet quite

* *Wiſd.* Chap. ii.

quite corrupted: Set about curing it, and whiſper him in private, " I am exceedingly concerned, my Friend, that you ſhould turn to ſuch a very wrong Uſe the Senſe you have received from God. Is it poſſible you can be thus ſtretching your Faculties to your own Debaſement, to reduce yourſelf to a Level with the Brute Creation? In ſpite of all your irrational Efforts to ſuppreſs them, the Deſires or Fears of ſomething after Life will cauſe themſelves to be felt in your Heart."

Let us, with you, ſuppoſe that Death puts an utter End to us. What ſignifies Religion? where's Divine Juſtice? what Compenſation is left to Virtue for the Inſults and Sufferings it underwent here from the Inſolence of proſperous Vice?

To argue more cloſely on the Shortneſs and Miſeries of this Life; the Earth, Air, and Water, all the common Neceſſaries of Life Beaſts partake of together with us; but, by way of eminent Diſtinction, God has endued Man with a ſpiritual and immortal Soul, capable of Operations ſuited to his Exiſtence and Deſigns, and far ſuperior, let what will be ſaid, to all the Functions of the Brute Inſtinct. After God has been pleaſed to exalt us ſo far above Beaſts, are we to mingle with them in an utter Extinction? Own, *Soſthenes*, that this would appear very exceptionable to you.

From nothing, did God by his meer Will produce this immenſe Univerſe: From the Breath of God was Life given to the firſt Man; and is it beyond his Power to give Immortality to this Breath? Is the one more difficult to him than the other?

The Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul being proved and admitted, it remains to divide it as to its Eſſence, Deſtination, and Operations: The

The proper Eſſence of the Soul conſiſts in a Capacity of Thinking, or rather in Thinking. Thought being of no leſs Neceſſity to the Soul than itſelf is to the Body; it is as inſeparable as Juſtice and Goodneſs from God. Its Deſtination is to preſide over the Senſes and direct the Behaviour, to be puniſhed or rewarded according to its Compliance with Evil, or its Attachment to Good. Its firſt Operation is to animate the Body, then to diffuſe itſelf through the Limbs, and to ſuperintend the ſeveral Gradations from Infancy to Manhood, and the Declenſions from thence to Decrepitude.

As theſe three Diviſions belong to the Soul, ſo from theſe it receives three Denominations. The firſt is the *rational Soul*, as inveſted with the Prerogatives which form the very Eſſence of it; the ſecond, from its Controul over the Senſes, is termed the *ſenſitive Soul*; and the *vivifying Soul* is that in which the vital Heat is lodged. Theſe three Parts, which its Functions ſhew to reſide in the Soul, are inſeparable: as Parts of one and the ſame Whole, their Conjunction cannot be diſunited.

The *reaſonable* Soul takes the Lead, as of it the other two hold their Power; from it are derived Senſation and Motion to the Machine; it is to the Body as the Sun to the World, and, like a lighted Taper, imparts Activity to the aerial *Light*: blow out the Taper, and the Activity of the Light ceaſes; when the reaſonable Soul departs, the ſenſitive and vivifying Souls have no more to do; their Duties are ſuperſeded, a ſtop put to their Operations, and both are extinguiſhed.

The *ſenſitive*, the next in Degree, fills the middle Place betwixt the reaſonable and vivifying Soul;

Soul; its Province is the animal Paſſions: Here it is that the Love of the Creatures receives its Birth, is ſtrengthened and indulged without any Interpoſition of the reaſonable Soul; and when the vivifying Soul is called in, 'tis only as an Aſſiſtant to ſecure its Conqueſt over the reaſonable Soul: Hence proceed Anger, Hatred, Intemperance, and all Exceſſes: Hence alſo an Infinitude of Actions criminal in themſelves, but originally void of Guilt; Thought, or prepenſe Reflection, having no ſhare in them.

Avarice, Selfiſhneſs, Ambition, Pride, and all the other Reſults of a predeterminate Capriee, owe their Exiſtence to the reaſonable Soul alone, as to it alone belongs the Conception and Cultivation of Ideas.

The *vivifying* Soul is properly no more than the natural Heat diſperſed through all the Parts of the Body, and commonly known by the Name of the *vital Spirits*.

This third may be called the *groſs* Part, and in moſt of its Functions is ſubordinate to the ſenſitive; but the Procedures of this laſt are not all equally dependent on the rational Soul.

The ſenſitive Soul prepares and ſets before the reaſonable, a ſeducing Reflexion on the ſofter Paſſions, and allures the vivifying Soul with material Gratifications; and it is not a rare Caſe, that the reaſonable Soul, after vigorous Efforts to ſhake off the Enticements of the ſenſitive, is compelled to give way to the united Force of the two other Souls, who league together, that the Paſſions may get the upper hand.

Sometimes, in the Abſence of Objects, in the Inactivity of Sleep, in the Extinction, as it were, of the reaſonable Soul; when all Memory, Reflexion and Compariſon of Ideas are ſuſpended, when even

even they would be of no Uſe, there being nothing to exerciſe themſelves upon; ſometimes, I ſay, the waking Paſſions, ſuddenly taking Advantage of this profound Inſenſibility of the rational Soul, cloſe with the vivifying, to perpetrate the Plot laid againſt it by the ſenſitive Soul, without the leaſt Knowledge of it on the Part of the reaſonable Soul.

Here I am aware of an Objection, which is, that this Operation does not want the ſenſitive Soul, it has no Concern in it; the vivifying Soul alone can bring it about. I anſwer: What becomes of Matter, if in this apparent Abſence of the reaſonable Soul, it be not awakened by ſomething ſtriking on the Tympanum, if I may ſo ſay of the Paſſions? And, in ſuch a State, what can that ſomething be but the ſenſitive Soul?

Theſe are the two Parts of which the Soul of Beaſts neceſſarily conſiſts; for to reduce it to one, is dealing ſomething unfairly with them; and I ſhall be allowed this Diviſion by any attentive Obſerver of the Inſtinct of Beaſts. If I miſtake my Way, let me be ſet right, I ſhall be very docile; for to enter the liſts againſt any one is far from my Intention.

What I would be underſtood to ſay is, that Beaſts, like us, have both a ſenſitive and vivifying Soul; in the former lies all their Sagacity, and the Functions of the vital Spirits depend on the latter; their Actions and Reflections being only the Reſult of Paſſions, it muſt be the ſenſitive Soul which is at the Head of all their Acts, and, as ſuch, determines their Conſequences; it ſets the Operations of the vivifying Soul a going in them; it animates their vital Spirits in Anger, and directs them in Generation.

All

All the Subtilties brought on the Stage to prove the Mortality of the Soul only prove the very Reverſe. Our Intereſt, our Deſires, our Diſquietudes, our Denial of it, are every one ſtrongly marked Indications of the Soul's Extent, and Seals of its Immortality, in which all our Perverſeneſs muſt acquieſce.

Whatever has been advanced in behalf of the Soul's Materiality, ſerve only to prove its Spirituality: What I have now ſaid upon the Soul, and the Criticiſms which will be thrown at it, may be looked upon as further Proofs of the ſame deſirable Truth.

Of

Of RELIGION.

IN our public Schools, it certainly is, that a thorough Knowledge of Religion ſhould be inculcated upon the Minds of Youth. Should not the bare Intimation of this in a Chriſtian Country ſeem ſuperfluous and impertinent? I bluſh at the Neceſſity of it.

Valerius, juſt arrived from the Boarding-School, has conſumed ten long Years in getting a Smattering of *Latin*, ſomewhat leſs *Greek*, and the Pagan Mythology: And does he really know no more? Why, and that's enough; what would you have of him? *Valerius* is a Chriſtian, and ſurely muſt have ſome Knowledge of his Religion: Yes, he has *ſome* Tincture of it, for he was taught his Catechiſm, and every *Saturday* repeated ſome Paſſages of the New-Teſtament: And can that be all? too ſurely it is. And thus amply is he inſtructed in the very Point on which an everlaſting Miſery or Happineſs depends.

When I talk to *Valerius* of *Samuel*'s Piety, *Solomon*'s Wiſdom, and the Patience of *Job*, I diſcover a confuſed Remembrance of theſe Names. The Seeds of Voluptuouſneſs indeed have ſo far already diſcloſed themſelves in his young Heart, as to give him a Liking to *Solomon*, and have brought that ſplendid Monarch often into his Thoughts: He was for knowing more of him, but his Tutors prevented it; and I commend their Prudence.

But when I ſhift the Topic, and mention *Jupiter*'s Amours, *Mercury* himſelf did not know more

more of them; he has the Particulars of every Stratagem, every Rape and Intrigue; the whole of Paganiſm is at his Fingers Ends; he'll familiarly deſcribe all the Myſteries of the Feaſt of *Adonis*. Put him upon thoſe of his own ſcarced Religion, and how does he blunder out his Ignorance of them!

Could it be thought that the Education of *Valerius* had been committed to Chriſtians? But, ſo it is, and by the very Prieſts of his Law has he been Initiated into a Religion, which his own declares to be an Abomination. Are then the Pagan Authors the only Avenues to Science? But what Remedy is there? 'tis the Vogue, and that of no leſs than fifteen hundred Years ſtanding. Profound Doctors have favoured the World with their elaborate Notes on theſe Authors; and after all, Things muſt be left juſt as they are; there's no help for it. Every Calling, every way of Life, has its Prejudices; but none more pernicious than theſe.

Valerius now ſets his Foot into the World, with a Heart deciſively affected by recent and reiterated Impreſſions: The Loves of *Venus*, her Sallies, the ſeductive Air of Pleaſantry, in which Fable repreſents them, have ſullied his Imagination. What a Source of Reflections is here, and all lively and penetrating, totally deſtructive of his Virtue! With this Furniture he returns to his Father, whom I yet will ſuppoſe Maſter of ſo much Reaſon as to be deſirous as well as capable of giving his Son an Inſight into the Importance of Religion: 'Tis too late, he is now in his eighteenth Year, and the Corruptions of Nature, inflamed by a bad Education, ſoon biaſs him: His Father is thought no better than an old Dotard, endeavouring to make a Booby of him. The matter is communi-

 nicated

cicated to a Junto of his School fellows; they call a Council, and unanimouſly vote the good Man *non compos*, and to be diſpoſed of accordingly, and *Valerius* to keep him Company too, if he is ſtupid enough to regard what he ſays, and ſuffer his Spirits to be lowered either by Example or Authority.

But let us draw a Veil over the Particulars of the execrable Conference, leſt you ſhould perceive *Valerius* wiſhing an Act could be obtained to annul his very Scepticiſm.

Valerius, then, is for ſetting out, Brute like, without Faith, without Rule, and without Religion: You and I may tremble at it, but he himſelf makes a Jeſt of the Compariſon, and ſwears the Advantage lies on his Side. In anſwer to the glorious Hopes of the Chriſtians, he ſays, have they not their Fears! The Beaſts have a much eaſier Time whoſe Conſciences never preſume to intrude upon their Enjoyments; and thus *he* is for living. But he is not yet ſo far hardened as to act up to it; there is a Decency, and Decency muſt not be openly broke through; the little Shew of Piety muſt be properly expoſed: there ſeems an univerſal Agreement to put on the Diſguiſe; every Body knows 'tis no more than a Diſguiſe; but without a Maſk there's no Admittance to the Ball. Your Maſk is ſeen through; yet, were you to throw it aſide, and ſhew yourſelf, you would ſoon be glad to clap it on again; no-body would be ſeen with you.

Valerius wears his Maſk well, and reconciles this troubleſome Decency with his Eaſe. You go to Church, *Valerius*, and if you have been obſerved when there, the better for you. After Supper, where, you happen to have been invited, the Deſert is brought, and the Servants withdraw; now is the Time to make

make Profeſſion of your Faith. No ſure, not at Table! Yes, you Novice, that's the faſhionable Time for it. Why do you boggle? declare yourſelf a Chriſtian; are you afraid of being made the Jeſt of the Table? ſomething or other muſt be ſaid. You have, perhaps, made Choice of a Religion in your own Mind; but to chuſe the Chriſtian would be too ill a Bargain. Do you frequent publick Worſhip? the World ties you up to theſe Externals; and as for the Heart, that Point you have long ſettled with yourſelf. And what may his Religion then be? Is he *Jew* or *Mahometan?* Or does he ſtill keep to Chriſtianity? You may depend upon it, he will never incumber himſelf with a Religion leſs commodious than his own. He loves his Eaſe, and has too much Wit to make the Attempt.

At *Conſtantinople* there are Men who have a Salary for calling all the *Muſſulmans* to public Prayers at ſtated Hours, from the Tops of the Moſques; and let any one dare to be abſent; he does not come off for a ſmall Fine, or a few Strokes of the Baſtonade: The Ramadan Breakers are ſure to be as ſeverely handled by the Cadi's; for never did the Mollachs take it into their Heads to grant Diſpenſations.

How exact is the Attendance of the *Jews* at their Synagogues! How devout are they at the Prayers! What a religious Obſervation of the Sabbath! How ſcrupulous, even in the minuteſt Particulars!

Whereas, how indulgent and eaſy is *Catholiciſm*! and no where more ſo than at *Paris*; Maſſes going forward inceſſantly, and the Monks vying with each other, only who ſhall diſpatch them ſooneſt and moſt careleſsly. There's Father *Bonaventure*, at half an hour after eleven, diſmiſſes his

Congregation in eight Minutes; and the Capuchin at twelve, ſeldom exceeds nine: People flock thither on Sundays, if Time permits; and if they do not, nothing comes of it? they may go or ſtay at home, for what the Government cares. The Holy-Days are become like other Days; and as for Lent itſelf, that is obſerved juſt as much as are the *Fridays* and *Saturdays*; no Diſtinction of Food, every one eats as he thinks fit; and 'tis Nicety, not Devotion, that regulates the Table. The Holy Seaſon would not even be remember'd by many, did not the jovial Carnaval put them in mind of it.

With theſe unnoticed Omiſſions of the moſt eſſential Duties of Religion is connected a tranquil Habit in many Crimes, which the Relaxneſs of the Times eaſily ſwallows.

How many Families, within theſe twenty Years, have Cauſe to curſe *Clitander!* Maids, Wives, Widows, none have eſcaped the Ravages of his Debauchery. He ſeems the very Perſon pointed at in *Eccleſiaſticus*, where it ſays, "All Bread is ſweet to the Whoremonger; and while he lives, he will not give over ſinning." His Diverſions, his Buſineſs, his Duties are all turned into Adultery and Fornication; he has Wretches in Pay to pry after diſcontented Wives; Women who game upon Honour; and Maids who long to be otherwiſe.

Menippus ſupplies a great Man with well-train'd Dogs: he can depend on them from numberleſs Trials, and by his Dogs gains his Ends. *Clitander*, though no Sportſman, does not fall ſhort of his; many Houſes, and of Note too, owe their Supplies to his Addreſs and Activity. Wives, Widows, fair, black or brown, of all Complexions, he has them all ready, and turns them all to good account; he

he alſo can depend on them no leſs than *Menippus* on his Dogs. Who levels his Batteries better than he? Who can match him in Stratagems? He'll make his way through the Walls of a Seraglio! Indeed, the Miſcarriage of a late Adventure, by the ſudden Interruption of a Huſband, has expoſed an Artifice of his. How would the inventive *Clitander* have been ſerved at *Conſtantinople?* How are Adulterers puniſhable by the *Moſaic* Law? His flagitious Pleaſures had terminated in a torturing Death! And how did he fare at *Paris?* Why, the Huſband has been lampooned; *Clitander* himſelf has diverted all his Acquaintance with the Particulars of his Diſappointment, and a Score of Women have come to condole with him, and offered all the Comfort in their Power. May not *Clitander* hug himſelf that he is a Chriſtian?

Things being thus, where would *Clitander's* Wit be in ſhifting Religion! ſo, a Chriſtian he continues, but with ſome Reſtrictions; or he may rather be ſaid to have ſpun himſelf a little kind of Religion for his own private Uſe, out of the ſeveral Licences and Indulgences of all the other. *Valerius* is a Medley of the *Jew*, the *Muſſulman* and the *Chriſtian*, determined by Opportunities; and, rather than fail, he'll draw his Divinity from the Claſſics; ſo that, I fear, he is occaſionally little better than a *Pagan*.

Religion has Enemies of all Species: Some live as if a Deity did not exiſt. What are their Principles? Are they the Reſult of Inquiry? No Inquiries for *them*. They are, by no means, Atheiſts in their Heart; and, ſo far from profeſſing themſelves ſuch, they would take the Appellation as a moſt heinous Offence: Others with Humanity, Probity, and all the good Qualities which conſtitute the worthy Man, will very gravely maintain

that there is no God. The former are the moſt numerous, but not of ſuch Danger to Religion; an unbridled Licentiouſneſs betrays them into that Scepticiſm, at which, in the Hours of Coolneſs, or when the Tide of Vice is exhauſted, they bluſh and ſtartle. There's no Hope of the ſecond; and, though few, are much more to be dreaded than ſlighted. Founded, in ſome meaſure, on Principles, though erroneous ones, and, unexceptionable in their Characters, they are neither ſuſpected nor ſhunned ſo much as the other.

The Trenches are opened with cavilling on the Canonical Books, received by the Church as the Baſis of Religion, and queſtioning their Authenticity. The dark Chronicles of the *Chineſe* and *Aſſyrians* are rummaged, to ſhew that thoſe Nations were founded and flouriſhed under regular Governments, ſome Thouſands of Years before Chriſt, falſifying the Epochas, Dates and Computation. They make a great Stir, that the *Chineſe* Hiſtorians relate, as an undoubted Certainty, that *Fohi*, their firſt Emperor, reigned 2982 Years before the Chriſtian Æra, which carries the Foundation of their Empire above 300 Years beyond the Deluge; and, beſides, no Deluge was ever heard of in *China*; ſo that, ſay they, the Deluge could not poſſibly be univerſal. But I tremble to repeat the horrible Conſequences drawn from this Inference.

Others ſeem not to diſallow of the Deluge; not that they in any wiſe believe it; but, the better to introduce any play of the Criticiſms which they have at hand againſt it. Either, argue they, the Deluge has altered the Figure of the Earth, or it was not univerſal; and, by the preſent State of the Earth, it ſeems a phyſical Impoſſibility that it ſhould have been ſo; yet is the

Scripture

Scripture expreſs: "The Fountains of the great Deep were broken up, the Windows of Heaven were opened, and the Rain was upon the Earth forty Days and forty Nights; all the high Hills were covered, and fifteen Cubits upward did the Waters prevail *."

The higheſt Mountains, as thoſe of *Gordian* and *Ararat*, are three thouſand Paces above the Surface of the Sea, and of this the greateſt Depth is not above three hundred Paces; ſo that, without reckoning the Capaciouſneſs of the Globe to increaſe in Proportion to its riſing, the Extent of the Water, according to the Account, muſt have been not leſs than fifteen times greater than that of the Earth.

It is further known, by exact Demonſtrations, that the Water of the heavieſt Rains does not exceed an Inch and a half in half an Hour, which makes ſix Feet in a Day; ſo that the Deluge having laſted but forty Days, there could not be upon the Earth a Body of Water of above two hundred and forty Feet, omitting the Deductions fairly allowable to the ſpreading of the Mud, and the Decreaſe by Penetration; and that, to reach the Summits of the Mountains, the Heavens muſt have poured down each Day one hundred and ſixty Feet of Water; a Thing impoſſible in Nature. If it be alledged that the Earth might not then be of the ſame Figure, or in the ſame State as now, Alterations of the like Kind, and from leſſer Cauſes, having not been unfrequent: Bent on Carping, they reſt not here, but directly fall to clearing up the Hiſtories of the *Syrians*, *Chineſe*, *Egyptians* and *Ethiopians*, and will prove, that, within two hundred Years at fartheſt, after the Deluge,

* Gen. vii.

their Empires ſwarmed with People, and had very large Cities; and that it is not ſo much as ſuppoſed that the Iſſue of four Perſons could have multiplied to ſuch a Degree within ſo ſhort a Term; concluding, "after the Deluge, the three Sons of *Noah* divided the Nations among themſelves:" Now this Diviſion could not be imaginary.

Is there any one Paſſage of Scripture, which their Malignity has not ſifted, I may ſay diveſted? Are we to believe, ſay they, that *Adam* was the firſt Man, the only Father of Mankind? Is it not ſaid in Scripture, "*The Sons of God ſaw the Daughters of Men that they were fair, and they took them Wives of all whom they choſe?* Who are theſe Daughters of Men, aſk they? Who were their Fathers? And who thoſe Huſbands, whom the Scripture ſtiles the *Sons of God?* If, continue they, there was but one Race on Earth, *viz.* that of *Adam*, why ſhould God take ſuch Offence at an Union betwixt young People of the ſame Extraction? The Diſtinction of Names implies a Difference in Blood, and the Males are called the *Sons of God*, whereas the Females are no more than *Daughters of Men.* Now, from hence, their Concluſion is no other than that both, being of a different Deſcent, *Adam* was not the firſt Man, nor did his Offſpring make up the whole World; they condeſcend to allow it to be the Race choſen of God.

They who treat the Notion of *Coadamites* as a trifling Cavil, give into no leſs Abſurdities; theſe ſay, with *Juſtin Martyr*, in his Apology, "that the Angels, having broke through the divine Eſtabliſhment of their State, had given way to the Love of Women, and that this was the Cauſe of their being changed into Devils." If they are

put

put in mind of St. *Cyril*, * who affirms, "that it is impious not only to relate, but to lend an Ear to the fictitious Stories of the Angels Loves," they think to nonplus you in anſwering with a Sneer.

Neither do they ſtop here. *Moſes*, that diſtinguiſhed Legiſlator, honoured by God himſelf with the Title of his Friend, "is no other than a pitiful Leper, expelled *Egypt* on account of his Diſtemper, which was alſo general among his People †. Who are we referred to as Vouchers of theſe Facts? To blind *Pagans*, prejudiced Writers, who would not fail to adulterate and give a wrong Turn to whatever made againſt their Errors. What would be thought of a Jeſuit, who ſhould, in his Defence, bring in *Queſnel* and *Janſenius*? According to *Tacitus*, all the Miracles worked by God in favour of his People, both in *Egypt* and afterwards, to put them in Poſſeſſion of the delicious Land of Promiſe, fall to the Ground: But, Prejudice apart, why is *Moſes* to be leſs credited than *Tacitus*?

To be a Chriſtian is, with them, implicitly to believe: Principle is an inexhauſtible Fund of Saintſhip. Without Evidence and Examination there is no Wiſdom. Fatal Sophiſm! Alarming Poſition! of which Rationaliſts, Libertines and Atheiſts are the poiſonous Breed. For how many, with all the Diſquiſitions of this ſagacious Wiſdom, have at laſt turned out to be neither *Chriſtians* nor *Jews*, nor ſo much as *Mahometans*? This, ſay you, is reducing Religion to no more than an early Prepoſſeſſion; and don't you hear it called ſo every Day? If you ſtrike out Religion, what becomes of God? 'Tis degrading him ſome-

* Lib. 9. contra Julianum.

† Tacitus, Lib. 5.

thing beneath the Wretch who denies his Exiſtence.

If you repreſent to an Atheiſt, that the beautiful Order of the Univerſe ſpeaks it to be no fortuitous Work; that whatever exiſts was created by a firſt Cauſe, which is God; then, anſwers he immediately, God is the Author of phyſical and moral Evil. If I tell him that God, being infinitely good, cannot be the Author of any Evil, his Reply is, then is there ſomething of which God is not the Author? I rejoin, that Sin and Evil are the Conſequences of an Abuſe of Free-will in the Creatures: That's the Point, anſwers he with the moſt compoſed Gravity; that's the very Proof that God does not create every thing, and that there are other Beings beſides him which have a plaſtic Power, ſince there are Beings which do not hold their Birth of him; he cannot be the ſole Cauſe of all that exiſts in the World. Such are the Concluſions for Chance, or rather the ſacrilegious Subtilties againſt the divine Power. All we have to ſay is, that clear Ideas of Infinity are unattainable; and that, of all things, God is the moſt viſible and involved; the moſt known, and the moſt myſterious. If we open our Eyes to the Deity, by which we are ſurrounded, it is clear as Noon, and dark as Midnight to our Conceptions. "All Men ſee God, but every one ſees him afar off*."

To return to the Atheiſt's Objections; Does God, ſay they, act neceſſarily, or freely? If you ſay the former, they anſwer, then he is immutable, and our Prayers are to no Purpoſe; if freely, then his Sentiments, being occaſional, they will alter according to Circumſtances; and at this rate he

* Job xxxvi.

knows

knows not the Events of To-morrow. God is gracious, we pray to him, and our Prayers muſt move him, and conſequently he will not carry his Decree againſt us to Execution; as in the Caſe of *Nineveh*. Either God has determined to puniſh this City if it did not repent, or he had not: If he had, he muſt have retracted his own Decree: If ſuch a Decree had not come from his Mouth, the Threatnings *of God* were *mere Bluſter*; two Extremes equally injurious to the divine Majeſty. Is it ſaid that God knew the Inhabitants of *Nineveh* would repent? ſuch Repentance muſt then have been neceſſary and indiſpenſable, God foreknowing only fixed Certainties: Then where is their Merit, as they could not act otherwiſe? On the other Hand, were their Converſion left to their free Choice, God could not be ſure whether his Sentence paſſed on this City would be executed or not. Thus is the Divine Being in his Knowledge and Actings no leſs limited than Man.—O God, how incomprehenſible are the Myſteries of thy glorious Attributes! Happy he who worſhips thee in a reſigned and ſtedfaſt Faith.

Infidelity draws a freſh Plea from our Calamities, our Pains and our Fears. How! ſays a Pupil of *Spinoſa*, Can Man be evil, if proceeding from a Principle ſupremely good? Would ſovereign Goodneſs give Birth to a wretched Creature, or ſovereign Sanctity to a corrupt Creature? I anſwer, that Man was created in a State of Purity; but having corrupted himſelf, the Juſtice, the Goodneſs of God were concerned to puniſh his Tranſgreſſions: Well, reply they, but if Man owes his entire Origin to a good Principle, he would not be ſuſceptible of any Evil. To my Objection, that he had only a bare Power to incline to Evil, they ſay worſe; God knowing that he would ſin, his Goodneſs

neſs was concerned to deprive him of the Means. A Being ſupremely good, will not leave us the Means to do Evil. If in this Reſpect we be free, this Being is not good; either it could or would not do otherwiſe; either Way it is not God. If I diſplay to him the divine Graces and their wonderful Operations, there would be no need of them, ſays he, had Man been created and confirmed by God in a proper State of Purity: Beſides, how limited are their Operations in reſpect of the Frequency and Enormity of Crimes! and their Efficacy is the Portion of very few, which ſhews a moſt unreaſonable Predilection in God. *Paul* and *Judas* little redound to the Honour of Grace. It was the Deſpair of the latter, ſay I, which proved his Deſtruction; the Reply is, Could not God withhold him? If it could be done, why was it not? *Judas* never could have made head againſt the Workings of God: What can be ſaid? to believe the divine Operations without bringing them to the Teſt of our Scrutinies, is, unqueſtionably, the dutiful, the wiſe, and at the ſame Time, the ſafe Part. Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty inſtruct him? he that reproveth God, let him anſwer it *.

Preſumptuous Spinoſiſt, ſays God, "I will demand of thee, and anſwer thou me; Where waſt thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Declare, if thou haſt Underſtanding, who laid the Meaſures thereof, if thou knoweſt? or who hath ſtretched the Line upon it? Whereupon are the Foundations thereof faſtened? or who laid the Corner Stone thereof, when the Morning Stars ſang together, and all the Sons of God ſhouted for Joy? Who ſhut up the Sea with Doors, when it

* Job xi.

brake

brake forth as if it had iſſued from the Womb? I marked its deſtined Place, ſet Bars and Doors, and ſaid, Hitherto ſhalt thou come, but no further; and here ſhall thy proud Waves be ſtayed—Haſt thou entered into the Springs of the Sea? or haſt thou walked in the furtheſt Part of the Abyſs?—Haſt thou perceived the Breadth of the Earth? Tell me where Light dwelleth, and where is the Place of Darkneſs?—Knoweſt thou it becauſe thou waſt then born? or didſt thou know the Number of thine own Days?"*

Ariſtarchus puts on an Appearance of a kind of Philoſophy, that he may be entitled to doubt of every thing, and openly to profeſs it: He is a fine Orator; at leaſt, he is not one who muſt be thought to give into the Belief of the ſhallow Generality: Were he to acknowledge God, all his high Reputation for Learning would drop at once. What! muſt he ſeem as ignorant as a Porter or a School-boy? He will examine before he aſſents, and has brought himſelf to believe nothing at all, before ever he ſets about examining. What with his Diſtinctions and Definitions of Deity, that immenſe indefinite and indefinable Being, all he allows of it, is but a Name without Idea, the Object of the Terror of little Minds; and, according to him, the only Proof of an Object ſtill more empty.

Athanaſius, leſs captious, allows of a God; But what ſort of a Being is it? an indolent, ſupine Deity, like thoſe worldly Idols, who, wholly taken up with a Care and Conceit of themſelves, look upon every thing round them with the moſt diſdainful Indifference; a Deity inſenſible of Cares or Pleaſures; as either would employ it; for Em-

* Job xxxviii.

ployment

ployment borders upon Servitude, with which a Deity muſt certainly have nothing to do. All the Events of a fluctuating World do not, in any wiſe, diſcompoſe his lethargic Repoſe, or awaken his Interpoſition: Like a Beauty with a Crowd of diſregarded Lovers at her Feet, and who overhears herſelf taken to Pieces by Neighbours, having at moſt but Spirit enough to deſpiſe them, without any vindictive Motions, as her Revenge would endanger her Indolence: Whether Man be virtuous or wicked, ſays *Athanaſius*, God never gives himſelf any Trouble about it; they are born and die; if not without his knowing, yet without his taking any Notice of either. I cannot but fancy this Divinity to be the very Tranſcript of Sloth; and that thus totally diſengaged and inactive, muſt have its Intervals of Laſſitude.

Miſander blames *Athanaſius* and *Ariſtarchus*; he is in the right; and what is ſtill better, though they were his Intimates, he has ſhaken them off; but he goes a Step too far, he hates them: That's too far indeed; and now I blame *Miſander*, and almoſt place him betwixt his two diſcarded Intimates. As *Miſander* loves God, he thinks that his Conſcience binds him to hate them: So much the worſe: But could you think it? It is not them only he hates, his Hatred reaches even to his Relations, his Wife and Children: This is bad indeed! This is the Gall of Bitterneſs! 'Tis being worſe than *Ariſtarchus* and *Athanaſius* with all their vile Notions put together. What can *Miſander* think of God? that whoſoever loves him muſt love nobody! What an unworthy Jealouſy were this! Can a genuine Love of God conſiſt with hating all Mankind?

Are you for keeping in with *Philoſi?* then never commend any body before him; not a Word of the

the good Works of *Sophronius*, or of the four Boys whom he has lately 'Prenticed; nor of the Charities which indigent Widows daily receive from *Zoſima*; nor of the Girls whoſe Education *Phiſtenes* has ſo handſomely provided for; ſome for the Convent, and others for the World. Talk to him only of the Halfpence which he drops at the Church-Doors, amidſt Crowds to whom he is known; tell him that he has not his Equal for Charity, and then, poſſibly, he may have ſome Kindneſs for you; I ſay, poſſibly; for you muſt know, that *Philoſi* loves only himſelf. Him God has particularly ſeparated from the World, and ſelected out of all the worthy Part of Mankind, as the Object of his diſtinguiſhing Love; him God guides with his right Hand, leaving Satan to lord it at pleaſure over other Men. In what is *Philoſi* better than *Athanaſius?* the latter makes God a ſupine Being, whom nothing can move, leaving the World to go on at random; and *Philoſi* thinks that God's Eyes are only upon him, and that he is the ſole Object of his kind Providence.

The divine Creator formed Men for one another: To be of no Benefit to one's Neighbour, is counteracting the End of our Being; 'tis a Reproach upon God, as if he ſent us into a World where we had no Buſineſs.

Traſimon returns home from Sermon with Fury in his Looks, and a worſe Temper; if his Wife and Children offer to ſooth him with their affectionate Careſſes, he ſtorms at them, and fiercely breaking from their Embraces, flies to his Cloſet, where, in a ſuperſtitious Agony, he ſtrips and diſciplines himſelf to the Purpoſe; theſe are the precious Fruits of *his* hearing Sermons: Sure *Traſimon* does not think God to be the Father and beſt Friend of Mankind. Can it poſſibly come into

his

his Head that ſuch a Treatment of himſelf can be pleaſing to God? Strange! was not this the very Practice of *Baal*'s ſtupid Prieſts, to obtain a Favour from that falſe God? *Traſimon*, I muſt tell you, that you are a worſe Man than either *Ariſtarchus* or *Athanaſius*; bad as they are, their Guilt does not come up to your's. The *American*, not acquainted with *you*, affirms, there is no ſuch Perſon in being: Here's one of your Countrymen who carries it extremely fair to you, publiſhes every where that you have put him upon ſome ſcandalous Actions; with which of the two would you be moſt diſpleaſed? certainly Obſcurity is more eligible than Infamy.

Impious as thoſe Errors concerning the Eſſence and Attributes of God are, Men have not ſtopped there; in the Darkneſs and Depravity of their Hearts, they run into the moſt execrable Crimes, covering their Enormity with ſpecious Names. Their Children they devote to *Avarice*; they have their ſecret infamous Sacrifices; and the Vigils they obſerve are Scenes of an unbridled Brutality: Hence the utter Neglect of all Decency, all Order in their Marriages, and whole Tenour of their Lives. One kills another out of Envy, or injures him by Adultery: Hence the Confuſion, Murder, Violence, Theft, Deceit, Treachery, Tumult, Perjury, Oppreſſion of good Men, Forgetfulneſs of God, mental Impurity, Miſcarriages, conjugal Variances, Divorces: Hence the Impudicity and Adultery which univerſally fill all Places.

Eaſe reluctſ againſt the Conſtraint of Religion, and Ignorance cannot digeſt its Principles. The Chriſtianity of the many, ſays one, is no more than accidental; I leave mine only to Reflection: This was his Talk ten Years ago; and yet his Re-

Reflection is to come. Another ſhaking his Head, ſays, I am a Chriſtian, and really, not at all ſorry for my being ſo; after all, the meagre Abſtinence-Diſhes will not go down with me; Fleſh I muſt have. As I love to play, I play; and my Fortune allows me to play deep. A Ball diverts me, a Play amuſes me, and the walks recreate me; ſo to thoſe Places I go: Sermons make me dull; I leave my Room there to others: A High Maſs never fails to tire me, and that as certainly brings on the Head-ach, ſo that it would be no leſs than Cruelty to force me to ſuch an Attendance; beſides that, Maſs is only for your low liv'd People: Now, I, at three Quarters after Twelve, trip away to a Low Maſs, where there's the beſt of Company; and this is delightfully convenient both for Time and Place, as then People of Faſhion begin to ſhew themſelves; beſides, in eight Minutes all is over. This muſt be underſtood of Feſtivals and Sundays; for what ſignify the other Days, when not a Soul is to be ſeen there? At Veſpers I am ſure to nod; and as that does not look ſo well in a Church, I ſtay at home. As for the *Saluts*, I do not wholly neglect them, eſpecially the genteel ones; but thoſe which are open to all, I own I execrate; the curſed, brutiſh Rabble are ready to tread you under Foot: Then I am extremely offended at ill Smells. It was well he introduced his Harangue with his being a Chriſtian; or, I am ſure I never ſhould have imputed ſuch a Thing to him.

I cannot but tremble at the amazing Incogitancy of Chriſtians, making no Scruple to rank the dangerous Subtilties of a well-managed Negative of the Exiſtence of God, among the ingenious Exerciſes of the Mind. Can theſe horrible Syllogiſms ever do as much Good to Religion as they

they are known to have done Harm? It is from theſe ſcholaſtic Ventilations on Points of Faith that the firſt Hereſies ſprung; and the ſuppoſitious Doubt of the Monks about the Deity, gave Birth to Atheiſm; and from their affected *Pro's* and *Con's*, it daily receives Nourithment to its dreadful Increaſe. Would it not have been better to have reſted in the Safety of a ſimple Faith, than affect the Character of Wit by doubting?

Aſk *Peter* and *Paul* what God is, and they join in the ſame Anſwer, to this Purpoſe:

He is the Spirit of Underſtanding, which is holy, manifold, ſubtile, moveable, active, without Spot, evident, not hurtful, loving the Good, penetrating, doing Good, kind, ſtable, infallible, almighty, ſeeing all Things, comprehending in itſelf all Things, and all Intelligences: Happy he who knows thus much, and no more!*

Is it any particular Stroke of Grace which has brought *Dorimon* to abjure? What am I to think of him, never ſeeing him at Worſhip, but at the Royal Chapel, and there only in Court Hours; nor kneeling, but towards the King? What God has *Dorimon* hatched? for there is no Appearance of Religion in him, but in the King's Preſence.

Whither ſo faſt, *Arſenes?* Whither are you hurrying? Is the Enemy at your Heels? After flying from the Dining-room into the Cellar, now you are ſcampering to a Church: Bleſs me! What ails you? you look like a Ghoſt: Run on; away, and lay hold of ſome Reliquary: Call upon ſome Saint: Make a huge Vow: Truſt both Hands into the Holy-water: Bleſs me! was there ever ſuch a Tempeſt! I find a Thunder-clap preaches home to you. You had as good own, *Arſenes*, that

* Wiſdom vii.

that it is not God, but Death which you fear: Ah! it begins to clear up; now I ſhall ſoon know the Bottom of you.

How judicious and commendable a Cuſtom is it, to inform the Public, by the News-Papers, that ſome Perſons of Eminence go to Church on the ſolemn Feſtivals! Had I been told of ſuch a Cuſtom in *China*, it would have given me a hearty Fit of Laughter; theſe out-of-the-way Creatures, ſhould I have been apt to ſay, to imagine that we wiſe *Europeans* think much that an Emperor is pleaſed now and then to pray; I wonder they did not add, that his Highneſs alſo condeſcends to give himſelf the Trouble to eat and drink.

Were not the Decorations of Sculpture, the Luſtre of Gildings, and the Beauty of Pictures ſufficient to diſſipate our Thoughts, without the Addition of an inervate Muſic? but this may, perhaps, be an Expedient againſt Weariſomeneſs.

To ſay *that the Duration of our Paſſions is no more in our Power than the Duration of our Life*, is making Reformation an arduous Taſk; and placing Virtue on the Creſt of a lofty Precipice. An *Engliſhman*, however, reads the Maxim very calmly, the Thing appears to him quite feaſible, and the Compariſon not at all overſtrained.

A narrow Inſpection into the Way of rooting up the wicked Paſſions, as practiſed by moſt of thoſe who give themſelves any Concern about the Matter, would incline us to think that Dame Nature, as Lady Paramount of all Hearts, had ordered, upon pain of Death, that a good Number of Tillers, of all Kinds, ſhould be left ſtanding.

However, the Paſſions ſhoot up again to a conſiderable Second-crop; and the Meadows of Folly

are

are often ſeen to want the Scythe, even long after the proper mowing Seaſon.

Among all the ſeveral Syſtems in Vogue, there are three more particularly pernicious to Virtue and Society: The firſt makes Virtue and Vice entirely dependant on Laws, and of themſelves indifferent: The ſecond rejects all future Rewards and Puniſhments: This makes no Crime to be feared or avoided, but what leads to the Gallows; and no Virtue eſteemed and obſerved which does not forward one's Drift, or carry Advantage with it: The third, of worſe Conſequence to the State than to Individuals, reduces all Virtues to an inactive Contemplation.

The leaſt imperfect Idea which may be given of the Delight which the Saints enjoy in the Preſence of God, may, (if I may preſume to ſay ſo) be taken from that of a paſſionate Lover with his adored Miſtreſs. Her Abſence appears to me like a Purgatory ſufficiently painful, and her Frowns are no faint Sketch of Hell.

To give, only in Expectation of Acknowledgement, that's Man's Way; but to heap Benefits even on the Ungrateful, to prevent them, to do them good againſt their Will, in this, O my God, I behold thee: But who can imitate thee?

It is not the lonely Carthuſian or mortified Capuchin alone who are to acknowledge God and love him: By whom is he to be more praiſed than by you, ye luxurious Senſualiſts, ye opulent Worldlings, for whom the Earth diſplays her choiceſt Products, who every Day riot in the moſt exceſſive Gratifications, and intoxicate yourſelves with the Drink of Pleaſure? Who might be expected to love him more than you?

Of

Of HONOUR.

AS a Chriſtian, I take upon me to ſay, that next to Religion, Honour bears the greateſt Sway in the World: As a Moraliſt, I find myſelf obliged to own, and without any unwarrantable Degradation of Religion, that Honour acts more forcibly, ſupplants it, and places itſelf in its Seat. Religion has indeed ſtill ſome faithful Adherents, ſome Volunteers in its Service; I applaud their Conſtancy: but how few are they? Can I myſelf be certain that I am abſolutely and ſolely guided by Religion? Another Claſs of Men, and a very conſiderable one it is, have contrived an Alliance between the Service of Religion and that of Honour, and, though in the immediate Pay of the former, are directed in all their Meaſures by the latter; and no Wonder; the Rewards and Diſtinctions of the Hierarchy being at Honour's Diſpoſal.

In ſome Caſes Honour is inſeparably connected with Religion; in others it ſupports and enforces it; and in too many it openly oppoſes it, and ſpurns at it with Contempt.

In Theft, the Law of Honour and Religion is one and the ſame.

The Uſurer and Monopoliſt may be known to be ſuch, but are not held infamous, till openly puniſhed: Have they the good Fortune to eſcape Enquiry, or to buy themſelves off, their Daughters are courted by the warmeſt Sticklers for Honour.

Honour upholds Religion in Civil Life: 'Tis that only which ſends the Multitude to Church on a *Sun-*

a *Sunday*, as a want of Employment brings them to Sermon on an Holyday.

As to Duelling and Gallantry, Honour and Religion are quite at odds; Honour rejects its Maxims as dull and puſillanimous: They claſh in ſo many Points, and agree in ſo few, that between them the Mind is at a Stand.

Honour aſſumes all the Privileges of the ſeveral Virtues, puts on their Garb, and is in Appearance an Aſſemblage of them: Its Principles and Proceedings are the ſame: Were ſuch its Views, it would be the very Creſt of Virtue, as it is the Baſis. It requires a Facility and Elevation in Virtue, Candour in Intercourſe, and Politeneſs in Deportment.

The Virtues for which it declares are all of eaſy Practice, tending chiefly to our own Advantage, and to diſtinguiſh us from the Vulgar; ſo that they are near a-kin to Self-love. Has an Action the leaſt Varniſh of Grandeur or Gallantry on it, Honour ſtands up for it, againſt all the Remonſtrances and Appeals of Religion. If it requires Sincerity, 'tis only the more to ſooth ſelf-love: As what can be more galling than to be detected and poſted as a deſigning Cheat? 'Tis not Diſſimulation, but Lying that it forbids; and as for its favourite Politeneſs in Deportment, 'tis only another Compliment paid to Self-love. Our Pride, of itſelf, without Honour's laying its Commands upon us, ſufficiently affects an external Poliſh; as hereby we take a Flight beyond all former Knowledge, and pleaſe ourſelves with the Imagination of being thought to converſe in high Life: Here lies a Medium; but of which, it is not every one who is capable: Ridicule borders ſo near upon Politeneſs, that the Slip from the one into the other, is imperceptible; and many have long been known

known as Coxcombs, who, in their own Eyes, were no more than decently polite.

This ſame Honour is, beſides, vague and capricious, without any fixed Rule; ſhifting and varying with Circumſtances.

Honour, no leſs than Religion, has its Temples and Altars; its Apoſtles and Miniſters, its Martyrs and Victims.

Says * *Auguſtus* to young *Tartus*, come live with me, I'll be a Father to you; my Wife ſhall be a fond Mother; my Son your Brother; and in my Daughters you ſhall find ſo many Siſters: My Servants ſhall be at your Command; and be your Enemies who they will, I'll ſtand in the Gap againſt them all: But oh, too credulous young Man! How unhappy have been the Conſequences! his Suggeſtions have been a Law to you. He commanded you to croſs the Sea; you did ſo, without heſitating: He ſent you almoſt alone in the Midſt of your numberleſs Enemies, who, to a Man, roſe up againſt you, and baffled your Attempts; and with what Difficulty did you eſcape? In a word, *Auguſtus* betrayed you; and behold how ſoon has he changed his Note! Betake yourſelf, ſays he, whither you pleaſe, I can harbour you no longer; *George*, † *Frederick* and ‡ *Francis* will all fall upon me: The fear of that outweighed all your pathetic Remonſtrances of Honour and Religion: All you have now to do, is to ſet out immediately, or worſe may befal you: What can you hope for after ſuch an abrupt Deſertion? The Play is over, and the Curtain dropped: Haſte off the Stage; ſtifle all Remembrance of the ſplendid Schemes which ſo lately ſwelled your aſpiring Heart: Serenely exchange the Military Robe for the Shepherd's Coat. Inſtead of

* King of France. † King of Pruſſia. ‡ The Emperor.

govern-

governing ferocious Men, tend ſubmiſſive Sheep: Let the Branches of the Beach form a Canopy for the Throne, and the Verdure of Nature ſupply the Place of a Carpet: Take the Crook for thy Scepter; thy Courage, let it be levelled at the Wolves, and let *your Flock* be benefited by your exemplary Virtues. Haſte thee away then: Canſt thou be inſenſible that a Market is made of thee? But in thy Flight, thine Enemies and *Auguſtus* ſhould come into thy Mind, beware of wiſhing *him* any; rather *thank* him for not uſing you worſe.

There is no Heart which has not in it ſome Degree of Virtue; thus we deteſt a Villain, and pity the Misfortunes of an honeſt Man; but is it not when the firſt is obliged to walk, and the latter has formerly kept his Coach?

Of whoſe Invention are the dark Alcoves, the double Curtains, and the private Cloſets? To what do we owe the Privacy of a back Stair-caſe? What firſt contrived the convenient Wardrobes? or ſecured the Doors with Bolts? theſe are all owing to Honour: It is Honour too, which keeps ſo cloſely ſhut thoſe ſcandalous Receſſes, where the laſcivious Paintings repreſent the Corruption of their Owner: It is nothing but Honour which checks the foul Loquacity of the cynic *Diogenon*; and were it not for Honour, a Monk would not be at the Trouble of diſguiſing himſelf in a Woman's Dreſs, to ſteal the Sight of an Opera.

'Tis not an uniform Virtue, but the Concealment of his Vices, which is *Theodeſmus*'s capital Concern. He openly compliments and triſles with Women, but is ſure to go no further with any, whom he cannot truſt as well as himſelf. He may be called a *Sounder*. *Nerina*, *Thiſbe*, nor *Aſpaſia* are the Women for him; one is too vivacious,

cious, the other too indiſcreet; the whole three incapable of Conduct and Secrecy; but *Aſpaſia* he has by degrees ſo modelled, that he already ventures on a private Regale with her; yet he only ſees her clandeſtinely, ſtealing to her in the Duſk; and when once within Doors, all muſt be cloſed; every Door ſhut and double bolted; and not a Curtain left undrawn: Here's Precaution with a Witneſs! yet nothing leſs will do for Honour.

It was commonly remarked about fifty Years ago, on ſome Fribbles of that Time, that nothing were wanting but Ear-rings to make Women of them. But this has been ſuperſeded by ſo many others, which have again diſappeared with the Vapours, that ſometimes I am inclined to doubt whether even Lying-in be an infallible Criterion.

Not a few Vices have been uſhered into Vogue by Honour, under all the Pomp and Dignity of Virtue, inſomuch, that it muſt be a keen Diſcernment which detects the Diſguiſe; theſe are all jocund, ſightly Vices, figuring with ſuch Virtues as are no more than Vices, artfully tricked up, and entirely owe their Currency to their Allurements and Conveniency.

What becomes of Honour and Probity at private Entertainments, at the Gaming-Table, at the Theatres, and other public Diverſions?

All Virtues are not like beautiful Women; were they ſtripped, they would make a ſtrange Figure: How frightful would many of them appear!

Here's one in high Character for Virtue; but on what Grounds! he puts the Spies on a wrong Scent, or conducts his Intrigues with impenetrable Addreſſes; or, he may owe it to the Diſſipations

of his Neighbours, or the Diſcretion of his Comfident.

So elevated is Virtue, that it raiſes a Man to whatever he can be above what he is; whereas Vice tarniſhes the Luſtre of a Throne, and degrades the corrupt Monarch even beneath the virtuous Lackey. Will moral Virtues ſtand the Teſt without the Chriſtian? Whatever is ridiculous we carefully avoid; vicious Habits we eaſily adopt. It was a Taſk becoming the antient Gentry to labour to bring to light the Preadamites out of *nothing*; it diverts me extremely to ſee ſome of them carrying their Pedigree ſo far; but why ſhould I blame them? probably, it was from *nothing* they ſprung.

Says a Friend, *Terona* is a Star of the firſt Magnitude in the Sphere of Learning; if you have a Mind, I'll give you a Sight of him To-morrow; I know a Houſe where he is to be ſeen: Soſtly, I am at a Loſs: Do you mean ſome ſtrange Creature? Why, no; I am talking of that Prodigy of Erudition *Terona*, anſwers my Friend: Oh! go on then. Well, are you for ſeeing him To-morrow? Fair and ſoftly, ſay I again: What ſort of a Man is *Terona?* Is he a good Parent? or fit to make a Friend of? Why, replies my Friend, he has indeed play'd looſe with ſome Perſons, and has expoſed in Epigrams others, whoſe Kindneſs to him demanded another kind of Treatment; as to his Religion, we'll wave it: However, he is an admirable Genius; his Compoſitions are ſo animated, ſo---well, my Friend, favour me with his Works: As for himſelf he is no more than the Copy of a Man; the Original will be welcome to me.

Both Honour and Devotion, ſeparate or interwoven, are often but like a ſlight Gauze, through which

which the Vices are eaſily diſcernable to the obſerving Eye.

Tiphon ſtands much upon his Honour: *A Man of my Honour* is always in his Mouth: As full of it as he is himſelf, nobody elſe would have thought ſo, after being refuſed Admittance into a Club, of which few Gentlemen would affect to be Members.

If an Amour carries with it the Idea of a Conqueſt, there is nothing then which Honour does not permit; it breaks down all Fences; and for ſuch a glorious End, authoriſes any Meaſures.

I ſhould indeed have entirely been of your Mind, that *Liſander*, after dangling away ſix Months in a cloſe Purſuit of the diſdainful *Themira*, would have been tired out, and left her to her Huſband and her own Inclinations. And who told you I thought ſo? anſwers *Alphitas* in a Heat; a pretty Jeſt, truly, that *Liſander* ſhould raiſe the Siege! What could be ſaid of him? Why, nothing to his Diſgrace, I conceive: Nay, after ſuch a Trial of *Themira*'s Virtue, he muſt have the higheſt Eſteem for her. A notable Concluſion, replies *Alphitas*, only I happen to be of a different Mind. Why, ſuch a Counſellor as thou art, is enough to ruin a Lord's Character: How, ſaid I, does it appear to you? To me? anſwered he: Why, as it ought to all the World, that *Liſander* abſolutely forfeits the Character of a Gentleman ſhould he let go his Hold; that it becomes him to puſh his Point till he has maſtered all *Themira*'s idle Scruples. What new-fangled Morality is this? replied I. New! Upon my Word, thou thyſelf art a Novice; why, 'tis the eſtabliſhed Mode. If *Lyſander* had been ruled by me, his Sword would ere this, have been in the Huſband's Guts; 'tis a Scandal to have whiled away an Age about one Woman:

A Pox on him that firſt brought up the nice Word Honour! I'd lay my Life ſome deſigning Poltroon of a Valet de Chambre has his Ear.

Go, ſaid *Holophernes* to *Bagoas*, and perſuade that *Hebrew* Woman that ſhe come unto us; for among the *Aſſyrians* it is a Shame for a Man to be fooled by a Woman, and that ſhe ſhould find Means to get away from him, before he has had his Deſire of her*. What a Precedent is here of this criminal Honour! this has ſurvived all the Strength and Grandeur of that vaſt Empire where it was practiſed: This is now no more; the very Name of *Aſſyria* ſeems ſwept away by Time; at leaſt, it has effaced the Situation of their many proud Cities; but their Flagitiouſneſs is tranſmitted to us in everlaſting Characters; it has been every where diſſeminated, and every where imitated, or rather found, all Nations agreeing in the ſame infamous Maxims. This is the Virtue, the Innocence of antient Times!

How many *Bagoas*'s now-a-days find the Sweets of going in Queſt of Victims to the Brutality of an *Holofernes!* Inſidious Propagators of Lewdneſs and Adultery! Honeymouth'd Seducers of thoſe whom ſtruggling Virtue with-holds on the Brink of the Precipice! ſaying, "Let not my fair Maid make Difficulty to go in to my Lord, to be honoured with him, and to partake of a Banquet with him and be merry."

Ye execrable Tools of Iniquity, is it poſſible that you are tolerated! Tolerated, did I ſay? It is known you are courted, hired and rewarded, beyond the moſt virtuous Services: The modern *Bagoas*'s are neither Eunuchs nor Slaves.

* Judith xii.

De Gregi's Wit would never have been queſtioned, had he ſpared himſelf the printing of a Book with nothing extraordinary in it but the Ridiculouſneſs: The only Way now left to ſave his Character, is to ſpare no Pains nor Coſt to get in all the Copies.

I ſee another Work, of which the Scope is to inform me, that the Directions of Superiors muſt be the Rule of a conſcientious Obedience to God: You may be ſure I ſmile; and without ſetting up for a Conjurer, could ſtake my Life that the Author was no *Novice*.

The pious Man in wicked Company, is uſually more out of Countenance at being ſo, than the wicked Man in pious Company; nay, what is worſe, with the former, the Semblance of ſome Vices ſhall be affected with more Confidence and Nature, than are the eaſieſt Virtues with the latter.

Whatever may be the Reputation of ſome Men, in female Concerns three Fourths of them, at leaſt, may thank the Diſcretion of thoſe Women who made them their Doating-pieces: Really, Gentlemen-Fribbles, this is a very poor Foundation to value yourſelves upon; methinks the Sight of a Cock-Sparrow ſhould ſtrike you dumb.

Cimon ſits down perfectly eaſy with only the Character of *a worthy Man*; and, in all Conſcience, it is more than he deſerves; his Tenure likewiſe is none of the beſt: Take away ſome modiſh Vices, and others artfully varniſhed, and there's the Bulk of his Merit gone: He has, indeed, a commanding Air of Sufficiency, ſupported betwixt Self-Fondneſs and Contempt of others: Then there's a Coach, and ſome fluctuating Hundreds a Year, which of right, ſhould be diſperſed among a Score of paſſive Creditors: And what is there

in all this, that he muſt be cried up as a Non-pareille?

If *Marius* is at the Head of the Republic's Forces, what is that to you, *Sylla*, if you only intend the public Good? Was it ever better defended, and even promoted, than by him? Every Body allows your Bravery, Magnanimity and Capacity; yet what can you yourſelf do more? He has forced the ſtrongeſt Towns to open their Gates, and the fierceſt Enemies to turn their Backs: Is there any thing, *Sylla*, you would have done beyond? Nothing, from your own Word, only you coveted to be the Inſtrument of ſaving the State. Were that your only Motive, there was ſomething Praiſe-worthy in your Jealouſy; 'twas a noble Envy; but here's a Peace at hand; and then *Marius* and *Sylla* will be reconciled: So far from it, that I rather think they'll turn their Forces againſt each other, and be impatient to come to an Action; it is ſo, and *Marius* is ſent into the Manſions of the Dead, an illuſtrious Proof of *Sylla*'s Courage and Ferocity; and *Sylla*, at a Banquet, extolls *Marius* as the only Rival worth his Attention; and is the firſt in praiſing his enterprizing Bravery: They are ſaid, inwardly, to have eſteemed each other; then why this implacable Animoſity? Could no Means be found to reconcile them? yes, the Death of either of them.

What means this Hurry in *Pyrrhus?* Are the Enemies upon the Frontiers? Let him alone, and the Day is ours. Generous *Achilles!* Is it then only to fight young *Ajax*, that he appears in Arms? What can thus ſuddenly have embroiled two, who were no longer than Yeſterday ſo diſtinguiſhed for their Intimacy? Check this juvenile Ebullition. Ah, unnatural Father! it ſeems you yourſelf put

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the Sword into his Hand. *Pyrrhus* will not be ſtopped, and has already reached the Field where *Ajax* was expecting him: Hear me, raſh Youth; conſider that even he who fall, has the beſt on't: The Victor muſt fly his Country; and how many Endearments are there in that Word? Ye frantic Duelliſts, the Enemy treads upon our Ground: If you are ſo free of your Blood, there's a Spot for you: Thither haſten; there it may be ſhed without Guilt. Ah! think what it is to die in offending God: My Words are loſt upon them, they engage, and both fall.

Honour, thou ſanguinary Idol! 'tis by ſuch Deſperadoes thy Worſhip is ſupported: What mighty Things canſt thou then promiſe as a Compenſation to thy Martyrs?

For theſe ten Years has *Paſquin* been making up a ſmall Hoard; and now its completed to the Sum of full 40,000 Livres, the Queſtion is, whether to buy a Houſe, Land, or a Tax-farm: As to a Houſe, he finds the Repairs will run away with half the Rent: Then for Land; it won't yield me Five *per Cent.* and my Money muſt never go at that Rate. Amidſt theſe Agitations, a Place falls very lucrative; but withal ſo ſcurvy, that if the Patent lay in the Streets, no Man of Character would take it up: That's not the Point with *Paſquin:* what does it bring in? why, e'en as much as you think fit to make of it; the very Thing I wanted, ſays *Paſquin*; he pays his 40,000 Livres with more Tranſport than he hoarded them; and however other ſqueamiſh Stomachs might turn at ſuch an infamous Purchaſe, he ſwallows it as a delicious Draught. What is Scandal, Clamour, and Execration to the Privilege of being an authoriſed Uſurer, and of ruining Families every Year *ex Officio?* My Amazement here is not that forty *Paſquins*

ſhould be found in a Kingdom to purchaſe ſuch Employments; but that ſuch Employments are created, and created only for Sale.

If a Man is diſowned by his Relations, it is not on the Score of his Villainy; but that they apprehend he may be ſo unfortunate as not to ſlip his Neck out of the Collar.

So then, *Cræſus*, after three Years Confinement, you are your own Man again; Inſtances of the like have been, yet it is a notable Eſcape, and I wiſh you Joy: A Word to the Wiſe is enough; your Conſcience intimates, that it is not of your Innocence, but that you were ſo deeply involved as to be able to compaſs a Pardon. Greaſe your Lawyer, that's one Way, though he was not the main Inſtrument; 'tis owing to your unbounded Monopolies and Oppreſſions, that your Head is upon your Shoulders. He who has wherewith to buy a Cauſe, is in a fair Way to carry it.

What whimſical Lengths does this Honour run; there's no tracing its Caprices!

Corimon, for this Fortnight, has cloſely beſet the Chief Juſtice; bolts upon him as he comes out of his Cloſet; poſts himſelf directly before him in Court; is ready at his Coach-Door; thruſts Petition upon Petition into his Hands; gives him no Reſpite, dogging him even to his Miſtreſs's Lodgings; theſe Motions ſoon take Air: My Life on't, ſays one, *Corimon* is upon a Divorce: No, no, ſays another, in ſuch a Caſe there muſt be a large Refund; he means, at moſt, no more than to have her forced into a Monaſtery; indeed her Behaviour is quite monſtrous and inſupportable: Theſe three Years ſhe has been inſeparable from *Egiſtus*, both in Town and Country. Who can blame him for----? You are both out, it is not his Wife, but the unfortunate *Leſbia* he aims at; after being

being ſeduced by him out of her Innocence, the poor Creature, coming to a Senſe of her Crime, was ſtruck with ſuch Horror, that ſhe at once, broke with him; now he, forſooth, thinks this abrupt Separation to be an Inſult upon his Honour, and he does not underſtand being made a Fool of by a Girl: Other Men of Honour have their Flings at him; and this adding Fuel to the Fire, he ſwears ſhe ſhall dearly rue her Impertinence; ſhe it is whom he is for ſhutting up, and I dare ſay will carry his Point.

Tomela has married *Clitia*; it is allowed there is no ſeeing her without Admiration; but *Florus* too is particularly taken with her; and, as he has the beſt Poſts at his Diſpoſal, his Favour is alone ſufficient to raiſe a Man. *Tomela* is now only to ſpeak and have: Is he for a naval, military, or civil Employment; would he head an Army, or preſide at a Board, *Florus* is the Man to qualify him for either; for what more did he himſelf know? I underſtand you, you are confuſed that you are not verſed in either home or foreign Affairs; be eaſy on that Head; take your Seat; I'll provide you a proper Clerk? *Craſſus* ſhall look to your Office; you can ſign, and that's enough; many a one, beſides you, acts by his *Craſſus*. Now, all you have to do, is to make the moſt of your Station; it mayn't laſt for ever: Take care and pay yourſelf well for proſtituting the lovely *Clitia* to that old Letcher *Florus*: It's well you made Hay whilſt the Sun ſhined, for *Florus* is given over; he is juſt now dead, and all *Tomela*'s Merit is buried with him: The Poſt, in which he ſo ſeaſonably accumulated Millions, is given away to another, who wants a *Craſſus* no leſs than he did: But pray, if *Craſſus* be a Man of ſuch Abilities, why has he not the Poſt he is ſo fit for? a good

Reaſon; he has no complying *Clitia*, nor Siſter, nor Couſin to diſpoſe of.

The Poors Patrimony is an *European Peru*, a Mine of Gold and Diamonds: The Direction of the Hoſpitals, a plauſible Name for an immenſe Fortune. The Director ſucks the Blood of the Poor, the Adminiſtrator devours him. A born Adminiſtrator muſt needs have an excellent Heart; this is a Truth the Poor daily experience.

Geronte's Stock is at preſent not very large, but he is a rare Fellow at improving it: A Spark, of a good Family, who is in a Negotiation with an Actreſs, waits upon him; and the more urgent the one ſhews himſelf, the more oppreſſive the other is ſure to be: At length, as a Favour, he furniſhes him, upon a good Bond, at Five *per Cent. per* Month; deducting beforehand the Intereſt from the Principal, which he takes care to reduce, by one means or other, to one half.

'Tis not a Thing of Yeſterday to make the moſt of the Neceſſities of thoſe who apply to us for Aſſiſtance.

We find *Jacob* himſelf acting upon none of the moſt honourable Terms, and that with *Eſau* his own Twin-Brother.

Jacob had prepared ſomething to eat; when *Eſau* returning from the Field, very much fatigued, ſaid to *Jacob*, Give me ſome of that red Pottage, for I am quite ſpent. *Jacob* anſwers, make over to me then thy Birth-right: *Eſau*, in his Extremity, anſwers, I am dying; and what will my Right ſignify to me? Swear to me then, ſaid *Jacob*; and *Eſau* ſwore to him, and ſold him his Birth-right: Then *Jacob* gave *Eſau* Bread and Pottage, and he did eat and drink, and went his way, little concerned at having parted with his Birth Right.

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Whoever is under the unhappy Neceſſity of making any Propoſal to another, ſhould let nothing of himſelf be ſeen; let him cover his Eyes and put a Bridle upon his Tongue: If he lays open his weak Side, he may be ſure to be ſqueezed to his very Soul.

There is no Safety till our irregular Appetites and Fancies are brought under; every one about us is on the Catch to turn them againſt ourſelves: I tremble to think what Diſaſters they bring upon us. Inſtead of ridiculing *Eſau*, let us do better; let his Example put us upon our Guard; ſome *Jacob* or other may find a Way to ſupplant us in our Birth-right.

Traſillus's Conduct is a rare Sketch of the Oddities of this ſame Honour: *Melita*'s Beauty and Virtue had ſo ſtrongly engaged his Love and Eſteem, that as his Happineſs was wrapped up in her, ſo he thought he ſhould do himſelf Honour in marrying her; accordingly it was moved to her Parents; and afterwards the whole Town ſaw them at the Play, the Walks, the Ring, and every other Place of publick Reſort; no Notice was taken of it, at leaſt, not to cenſure, ſome commended him. But after Marriage——Then ſome People ſeemed as ſuddenly to awake; to rub their Eyes; and when they came to ſee, the Cry was; Is that he? Ay, can it be? Is that *Traſillus*? His appearing in public with his Wife the firſt Week was overlooked as a conjugal Weakneſs; but, beyond that, 'tis all a Jeſt. Accordingly he is pointed at: *There's the fond Huſband for you!* How's that! *That's he who is proud to be ſeen in the ſame Coach with his Wife; and muſt needs be gadding about with her every where!* At leaſt, ſays one, I'd draw up the Blinds; ſuch ſneering, ſuch joaking about it is there, that, at laſt, *Traſillus* hears of it: A falſe

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Baſhfulneſs gets the Aſcendant; he grows aſhamed of the Regard he has ſhewn his Wife; he can no longer prevail upon himſelf to appear in public with her; and though he may ſtill love her, he is reduced to loll alone in his Coach; and if he dares venture on the natural, and, I ſhould think, commendable Pleaſure of having her with him, all muſt be cloſe. What could *Traſillus*, or rather, what would the Public have him do beyond this. If he gave his Company to that noted Coquette *Ceſonia*, there would be then ſomething to be ſaid for Raillery; the Reaſon would be apparent; here it is inconceivable: I dare ſay, I could have the Effrontery to hand along *Sophronia* herſelf.

A Woman of Diſcretion and Virtue will ever be an Honour to her Huſband, let the World's Tongues run as they pleaſe, were it poſſible ſhe could be ten times more his Wife than ſhe is.

Nicetas outdoes *Traſillus*; he has married *Aphronia*, and one of the Marriage Articles, which ſhe chiefly inſiſted on, is, that ſhe ſhall not be debarred from other Amours; of which extraordinary Privilege ſhe makes a large Uſe, *Nicetas* religiouſly obſerving the Stipulation.

The Talk is, that *Lyſias*, after a Six Years Separation, has made up Matters with his Wife; and it naturally follows, What will become of *Proſoris* and *Ægina*, whom he has kept ſo laviſhly all the while? Become of them? anſwers one of his Cronies, he'll ſee them o'Nights, and where's the great Difference?

An honeſt unfortunate Tradeſman finds it no eaſy Matter to ſhelter his Old Age in an Alms-Houſe; nor is it leſs difficult for the battered Soldier, who has loſt an Eye and a Leg in the Service, to get into the College of Invalides: What

What ſignifies the Probity and Misfortunes of the former, or the Wounds and Services of the latter! Great Men muſt be applied to; without Recommendations, all the Merit in the World will not avail a Ruſh. Who would imagine ſo, by * * * 's having a Penſion on the Crown-Lands paid him without fail every Quarter? Why, where then lies his great Merit? The Anſwer is, he has been the means of bringing twenty of his Accomplices to the Wheel. Let who will then, for me, plume themſelves with being State-Penſioners, when ſuch Scoundrels as he are on the Liſt.

Of

Of the SUMMUM BONUM.

IN order to give a juſt Idea of the *Summum Bonum*, the neceſſary Preliminary is to bring all the different Sentiments into one; and that, I am told, is as impoſſible as my Undertaking itſelf is extravagant: It would be wrong in me to diſpute it; yet methinks I perceive a Medium, which is to give every one an Inſight into this *Summum Bonum*. That's juſt as eaſy as the other; Is there any ſuch thing in Nature as ſo true a Good, the Poſſeſſion of which ſo completely fills our Heart, as to leave no Vacuity for a Deſire which can bring any Alloy upon its Sweetneſs? Yes.

Let me explain myſelf: The *Summum Bonum* imports a fixed determinate Object, and ſo univerſal as intirely to engroſs us, and leave us not the ſlighteſt Attention to any other Circumſtances. In that ſupreme Object all Thoughts muſt center; it muſt employ our Reflections; from it our Deſires, our Affections, our Likings muſt not preſume to ſtray: Does not this ſufficiently exhibit what is the *Summum Bonum*; or muſt I ſpeak more plainly? To what can ſuch an extenſive Definition appertain, but to Virtue? It evidently is Virtue alone which can rid us of all thoſe extravagant Deſires, which diſturb the Enjoyment of ſubordinate Goods; therefore the *Summum Bonum* is Virtue.

To

To how many Trifles is the Idea of the *Summum Bonum* proſtituted! and how many do we daily ſee rueing their Miſtake! It would be ſuperfluous to moralize on this, as the World readily undeceives itſelf. A Deſire ſuddenly ſtarts up, takes Fire like one of thoſe Meteors which blaze in the Air, but which a ſingle Puff of Wind diſſipates. We have wiſhed eagerly; our wiſhing is over, or rather placed on another Object: Can that be the *Summum Bonum?* But, to take a nearer View of its Falſity, let us examine its Cauſes and Conſequences.

To rate the Value of the ſeveral Objects, of which that Idol *Summum Bonum* is framed, is a Matter of ſome Perplexity; as Age, Humour, Circumſtances and Neceſſities form the Eſtimate, and all in manifeſt Oppoſition.

At three Years of Age, a little Windmill; at ſix, a Battledor and Shuttlecock, were all that little *Albinus* deſired; but, as he grew up, his Deſires enlarged; he wants other Play-things: When he came to School, with what impatience did he compute the next Holiday!---'Tis but two Days, ſays he, after to-morrow; one only is paſt; to-morrow, and then for it. 'Tis come, and what then? this precious Day inſenſibly elapſes, it is paſt, and nothing remains of it; future Play-days produce the like Agitations. But at length he is taken from the ſcholaſtic Reſtraint, and now begins the Æra of ſuppoſed Happineſs. Had he at this Time, been talked to of the *Summum Bonum*, he would frankly have anſwered, I have it. He rejoices in the Freedom and Indulgences of his Father's Houſe; and, having Money for aſking, he is perfectly ſatisfied. Continue ſo, *Albinus*, enjoy this raviſhing Liberty; you love Expence, and you command your Father's Purſe; ſo you cannot

cannot fail of being happy. You are ſo, *Albinus*; are you not? What, not a Word! I thought you had nothing left to wiſh for: Ah! I perceive a Symptom of Uneaſineſs; what ails you? I love, ſay you; I adore *Iſabella*; my Life depends on her. *Iſabella!* I know her; equally amiable in her Perſon and Mind, and of a noble Family; a moſt worthy Choice: 'Tis only breaking the Matter to your Father, and ſhe is yours. Both Parties agree to the Match; and, to heighten the Splendor of it, beſides a large Eſtate, you are put into two or three conſiderable Employments. Now I may congratulate you on the Accompliſhment of all your Wiſhes. He is married to *Iſabella*, on whom his Life depended: A Week after (I allow him ſufficient Time to improve his Happineſs) is he in the ſame Mind? The adorable *Iſabella*, to whoſe Charms, in the public Eye, Marriage ſeems to have given freſh Luſtre, is now his Wife, and he grows indifferent: He paſſionately ſtrove for her, obtained her, and ſhe is no ſooner in his Arms than he diſlikes her. Of what new Happineſs does *Albinus* ſtand in need? Let him but ſpeak, it will be procured. *Iſabella* is fair; perhaps he would have liked her better, had her Complexion been leſs ſo. Is that all? methinks, ſays he ſometimes, a fair Woman is not to be named with a brown one: And had *Iſabella* been ſuch, he would have ſaid juſt as much of the brown. She is his Wife, and ſo 'tis perfectly in Taſte. What can fret him thus! He bluſhes! Oh, I have it; he's ſmitten with *Corinna:* Does he conſider that *Corinna* is *Iſabella*'s Couſin-german; and of how long ſtanding is this ſecond Wound? the Day after his Wedding. Such Vivacity! ſuch Wit! ſuch Allurements! exclaims he: Whereas he ſhould rather contemptuouſly ſay, Poor Artifices!

fices! which *Iſabella* ſcorns to put on. He is urged to ſuppreſs ſuch a guilty Inclination, and promiſes ſo to do. This Promiſe is ſucceeded by Letters to *Corinna*, whom, at the ſecond Rendezvous, he brings to a Compliance. Now is *Albinus* again at the Height of Happineſs? as far from it as ever. A little trumpery Wench, an Intimate of *Corinna*'s, whom ſhe brought along with her, ſparkling in his Eyes with Wit, charms him on the Score of Novelty, for Uſe has tarniſhed all *Corinna*'s Allurements: In four Days he maſters this Intimate: At length, it is to be hoped, he is contented and fixed. Don't his clouded Looks plainly ſpeak the contrary? Now is he madding after that thorough-paced Coquette *Iſmenia!* Thus *Albinus*, in his Queſt of the *Summum Bonum*, has quite loſt Sight of it. His own virtuous Wife doats on him; he deſpiſes her; and is hooked in with a giddy Creature, who only makes a Jeſt of him.

Albinus's Summum Bonum depended on his Conſtancy and Fidelity to the deſerving *Iſabella*. His Enjoyment of her was but ſhort; and ſo ſupremely wretched is he, that the Loſs of her gives him no Manner of Concern.

The natural Fickleneſs of Man no leſs diſqualifies him for the Enjoyment of what he calls the *Summum Bonum*, than this Caprice for the Attainment of it. No Subſtance without Virtue; and as little Happineſs.

Had *David* the *Summum Bonum* in his Eye, when, forgetting his Wives and Concubines, and even the diſcreet *Abigail*, whom, after *Nabal*'s Death, he had married, he gave way to a Paſſion for *Bathſheba?* Had ſhe been ſingle, he might have taken her alſo to Wife; but, being married, it was utterly againſt the Law. But ſuch is the Frenzy

of

of Appetite; this hitherto pious Prince ſends for her; Paſſion is never at reſt; ſo far is it from being a Good, as many unhappily imagine, at the Inſtant of its quickeſt Delight, it is known to ſtrike the deepeſt Wounds. *Bathſheba*'s Interview with *David* declares itſelf in a Pregnancy; ſhe informs him of it; he is on the Rack, not only how to conceal it from *Uriah*, a fond Huſband, and a Man of ſtrict Honour, but how *Bathſheba* may eſcape the Puniſhment the Law inflicted on Adultreſſes. Should this come to the Huſband's Knowledge, and he proſecute his Wife, there's no ſaving her. *David* at laſt imagines that he has hit upon a Way to elude both *Uriah*'s Suſpicions, and the Law's Severity; which is, to order *Uriah* from the Army, and to ſeem to allow him Leave to go home and ſleep with his Wife. His Affection, and the Endearments on her Part, aſſured them of the entire Succeſs of the Stratagem, and diſſipated all their Fears of thoſe Extremities which at firſt ſtared them in the Face; he would then readily believe the Child, of which ſhe was pregnant, to be his, and ſo the Affair might blow over. Thus are Matters concerted; *Uriah* is ordered home, and ſoon after appears at Court. *David*, after the Neceſſary Queſtions concerning *Joab* and the People, and the Circumſtances of the War, with a Smile of ſeeming Goodneſs, bids him go home to his Houſe, and waſh his Feet. *Uriah* leaves the Palace, and a Collation is diſpatched after him from the royal Table; but, ſo far from returning home, he ſpends the Night with the Officers upon Duty. *David* is no ſooner told of it, than he ſeems kindly to upbraid him: After ſuch an Abſence, ſays he, would it not have been better to have gone home? But the generous *Uriah* diſdains the Offer; the Arc of God, *Iſrael* and *Judah* are

are under Tents; my Lord *Joab*, and my Lord's Servant, lie on the bare Ground, and ſhall I go home and eat and drink and lye with my Wife? By thy Life, and by the Life of thy Soul, *Uriah* will do no ſuch Thing. Gallant Warrior! How worthy is thy Reſolution! This is an Exactneſs in Duty without a Parallel! But *David* and *Bathſheba* are diſconcerted; the Stratagem for concealing their Crime is in danger of miſcarrying, by *Uriah*'s Firmneſs. *David* allows him another Day, invites him to Supper, and plies him with Wine, but ineffectually as before: *Uriah* is ſtill the *hardy* Soldier, and went and lay in the Corps de Garde. What Reſource is now left for *David* to ſave his deareſt *Bathſheba!* the baſeſt of Villainies! Ah! *Uriah!* what an unworthy Return to thy Services is now meditating! Had'ſt thou been more ſupple in point of Honour, the moſt diſtinguiſhing Marks of royal Favour had been heaped on thee; thy Generoſity is thy Ruin. Great Men are ſure to make their Inferiors ſmart, for ſetting up an examplary Pattern. *Bathſheba* as readily comes in to the Murder of her Huſband, as her Seducer writes his Death-Warrant, which *Uriah* himſelf carried: This unfortunate Victim to Honour and Duty is further impoſed upon to deliver to *Joab* a Letter to this Purpoſe: "Poſt *Uriah* at the Front in the Heat of the Battle; and ſo order Matters, that, being forſaken he may be killed." Every thing anſwers; the Beſieged make a Sally, and *Uriah* is deſerted in his hot Poſt, and killed on the Spot.—The King is informed of it by an Expreſs; *Bathſheba* mourned for her Huſband; but when the Formality of that Time was over, *David* took her into his Houſe, and ſhe became his Wife, and bare him a Son. *David* now ſhould have been contented, after the Length, he had run to

make

make himſelf ſo; but is true Content to be found under a Load of Guilt! the Thing that *David* had done diſpleaſed the Lord, and the Prophet was ſent to declare his Puniſhment in the Death of the Child; and that, for the Blood of *Uriah*, the Sword ſhould never depart from his Houſe. What an accumulated Affliction muſt this be to *David!* All his Prayers, his Faſtings, and his Tears, were incapable of reverſing the Decree; the Child died, and Remorſe and Anguiſh were long the Portion of the penitent King. Where Virtue is wanting, in vain ſhall we look for the *Summum Bonum.*

Adraſtus is a Man of Figure in the World, than which there cannot be a more tyrannical Maſter; and he is an abſolute Slave to it. He knows it; but he wants the Force of Mind to throw off its Yoke, and emancipate himſelf. He is a Lover of Pleaſure, but Ambition has the Aſcendant; and, his Pleaſures excepted, there is nothing which he has not ſacrificed to it. Though the Decencies, to which his Rank reſtrains him, are often a Weight upon his Paſſions, yet his Addreſs procures him Intervals to be himſelf; then he enjoys them in their full Vivacity, or rather with an Exquiſiteneſs heightened by Obſtruction. He has not omitted a convenient Receſs; and, were it not publickly known that a female Adept in Intrigues, had planned it, I could have ſworn *Adraſtus* to have been both Owner and Architect; nor will one do for him, he has four ſuch Boxes, but in all has unwarily betrayed himſelf by a peculiar Magnificence: Now he is ſtriking out a fifth, beyond all mortal Cunning to detect; where, in a leiſure Hour, he may throw himſelf in the Embraces of Voluptuouſneſs; and, at leaſt by dint of Money, revel in the ſame Liberty as *Sylvander* and *Euſebius*, thoſe Inſignificants,

thoſe

thoſe Wretches who glory in the Appellation, thoſe infamous Examples of the moſt abandoned Profligateneſs.---The *Summum Bonum*, on which *Adraſtus* is intent, is quite another Thing from that of *Sylvander* and *Euſebius*; the latter are all for noiſy Pleaſures, the former ſeeks his in privacy.

Flavius deſpiſes his Kinſmen, as too uxorious; he takes ſufficient Care not to be reproached with the like Facility. His Lady never is ſeen at any public Place but under his Wing: If ever he ſpeaks to her, 'tis to ſet before her the Indiſcretion of her Siſters, and the Levity of her Mother, ſure to cloſe with a ſolemn Admonition to be as unlike them as poſſible. If this be the Way to make her virtuous, ſo much the better for them both; one Thing it may probably do, *Flavia* will be more cautious, if not more virtuous, than her Mother and Siſters, who indeed have groſly expoſed themſelves. Poor *Flavius!* will the Cry be; no, no, his worſt Sore, what galls him moſt, is this; having bought the blooming *Hebe* of her Mother, (and t'was a round Sum ſhe coſt him) he put her to board in a Convent; here nothing was ſpared for a genteel Education; ſhe had her muſic and dancing Maſters, and the moſt celebrated too; the young Creature is certainly a little Maſter-piece of Wit and Beauty: At length a mortified Nun acquaints *Flavius* that *Hebe* is marriageable; this tranſports him to Extacy; a Lodging is taken for her, with Servants and an Equipage; thither he carries her in Triumph, nor did he leave her till very late at Night, and after vowing, amidſt a thouſand Endearments, that he would make her Fortune, and not fail to be with her early in the Morning. No ſooner was he at home, than he began to fret at his unſeaſonable Delicacy: What a ceremonious Fool was I? I'll e'enriſe to-morro w, and

take

take her e'er ſhe wakes; but 'tis now paſt Midnight, and the Streets are dangerous.—'I will do as well to-morrow; and ſo falls aſleep. You conclude *Hebe* has been faſt Hours ago: No, ſhe has other Things in her Head: *Flavius* is to be duped: Down Stairs ſhe ſteals a tip-toe, in a half diſhabille, to throw herſelf in *Theotimus*'s Arms, who was waiting for her: This Eſcape had been long ſince agreed upon, and was now happily executed: Where's the Harm of bilking *Flavius?* All ſhe knows of him is his Care and Expence in breeding her up, and he has been continually repreſented to her as a vile Seducer, who, in all his Show of Goodneſs to her, meant no more than his own Gratification; ſhe thinks ſhe can do no better than to give him the Slip, and commit herſelf to the Director of thoſe holy Women from whom ſhe has been taken; he, it is not to be ſuppoſed, can have any Deſign upon her: After he has been at the Pains of giving her ghoſtly Inſtruction during ſix Years, would it not be ſomething perverſe in her to diſobey him? They move off together; and ſhe'll ſoon feel that, Fortune excepted, ſhe is no loſer by the Exchange: Nay, as to Fortune itſelf, *Theotinus* has his Reſources, and *Hebe* would not be the firſt whom he has provided for. So much for her and her new *Mentor*.---- Now *Flavius* awakes, with a full Reſolution, ſays he, of not being ſo ſtupid as over-night. He rings, and though it is ſcarce Day-light, *Archer* muſt turn out; this *Archer*, of all his Servants, is a kind of Confident, after a very critical and troubleſome Poſt: Fly, *Archer*, ſays the Maſter, and ſee how it is with the *Child*; away without loitering, and be back in an Inſtant. *Flavius* grows impatient, follows *Archer*, and gets to the Place

Place almoſt time enough to be the firſt to hear of the Treachery: The Ingratitude, the Villainy, ſays he, of the little Puſs! Where to ſeek her? Who ſaw her elope? Are no Tidings to be had of her? The ſhorteſt Way is to be eaſy: She is irrecoverably loſt to him. *Theotimus* is a Hold-faſt; he's like the Lion's Den. Is this then the *Summum Bonum*, which has coſt *Flavius* ſo much Money and Trouble? If this does not, what can cure him of his Folly? What indeed! for this is at leaſt his twentieth Diſappointment.

The Height of *Theophron*'s View in putting on the Band, was only that, ſome time or other, he might get into a little Chapel: eight or nine hundred Livres, ſaid he, will be a very pretty Competency: I ſhall ſo hug myſelf in it! As for any thing beyond, much good may it do thoſe who have it. His very firſt Benefice proved an Abbey of ten thouſand Livers *per Annum*; and, by means of a powerful Couſin of his, he is in a fair way of getting the Mitre; yet is he continually buzzing about at Court, and keeping a Look-out after fat Vacancies. Three Abbeys he has already, and expects ſoon to ſtep into a fourth, and then a Dioceſe.

What's the Matter with *Manlius?* That Sprightlineſs, for which he was remarkable when only a Centurion, has quite forſaken him. I am ſure he cannot complain of Fortune; he no ſooner had a Tribune's Commiſſion, than he was preferred to the Command of Legions; nor here did his Preferment ſtop; ſoon after he ſaw himſelf Conſul. What further Ambition has he? Sure his Heart muſt be too full to admit of any new Deſire: You think ſo; but may not a Hankering after the aboliſhed Dictatorſhip be at the Bottom of his Chagrin?

There's

There's *Martius* too, he has done all that Man could do to build himſelf an imaginary Happineſs. After taking care of *Nancy*'s Education, and bringing her up to his Humour; though ſhe ſprung from the loweſt, and had not a Shilling Fortune; he married her, and doubted not of being happy with one who was in ſo many Points obliged to him. He Brings home with him, one Day, a roſy forward Churchman, who in a ſhort Time from the Huſband's Acquaintance, became the Wife's Gallant; and who taking Opportunity by the Forelock, carried off at once *Martius's Nancy*, and Plate, and ſtrong Box. Into what Errors does this eager Purſuit of the *Summum Bonum* lead us? Unleſs Virtue be our Guide, we only grope in the Dark; and 'tis well if we don't get many a ſevere Hurt.

Peretta, conſcious of her enchanting Face, her inexhauſtible Wit, of as complete a Perſon as ever Eyes beheld, hurried from the Country to Town, her View was no leſs than the Conqueſt of *Baſil*; and at firſt Sight he appeared inclined to wear her Chains. The Victory was thought to be in her Hands; ſhe received innumerable Congratulations; her Mind was taken up with Equipages and a Houſhold; it was ſo ſure, that ſhe was upon hiring Domeſtics, and giving Orders to Tradeſmen: Precipitate Creature! She was not enough to *Baſil*'s Taſte; the Pleaſures of the Mind and Heart can make no Impreſſion upon his groſs Humour; there muſt be ſomething more material for him. A female *Bacchanalian*, who can drink Hand to Fiſt with him, who has Table-wit, Double Entendres and Conundrums at her Tongue's End; theſe are the taking Accompliſhments with him: Indeed he has given a notable Sign of it by marrying ſuch a one as *Spurcilla*.

It

It is rumoured in *Honorius*'s Neighbourhood, that he is ill; the Neighbours are ſuch a good-natured Set of People, that they love him only from being uſed to ſee him: Morning and Evening they crowd about his Door, with Looks full of Concern; or ſmiling with Hopes of his Recovery. He is at the laſt Gaſp, ſays one; there's no need of repeating it, it may be read in the dejected Countenances all about; yet he gets the better on't; this is no leſs manifeſt from the Alteration of Faces. A Stranger, upon hearing this, will be apt to ſay, Why, this *Honorius* is *well-beloved* of his Neighbours; Probably, anſwers another, he was very kind to them: Is there no Love then but from Gratitude? If I miſtake not, I ſaid *Honorius* had good-natured Neighbours.

Would you diſtinguiſh yourſelf, *Amintas?* Do Good then. Would you be looked upon as an extraordinary Perſon? Bid adieu to the abſtracted Sciences; leave Chemiſtry and Metaphyſics to others; ſtudy no kind of Philoſophy; break with *Deſcartes* and *Newton*; laugh both at the *Plenum* and *Vacuum*; ſide neither with *Attraction* or *Impulſion*: Once more, would you be a moſt extraordinary Perſon? do Good.

It is a current Saying, that, *to extinguiſh the Paſſions, is to deſtroy Nature*; their Brutality only it is that Religion proſcribes; all its Injunctions tend to their Exaltation and Refinement: It conſults our Satisfaction, may I not ſay our Delight, in abridging us only of criminal Pleaſures, and conſequently permitting us the beſt, the moſt exquiſite, ſuch as are without Alloy. What are thoſe which begin with Uneaſineſs, and terminate in Remorſe? ſurely no better than real Pains, coloured with a bewitching Varniſh. In a Word, the Pleaſures which Religion allows, are the real

Supports of Nature; and 'tis the genuine Offspring of the former who alone do Honour to the latter! whilſt all others depreciate it, as a rugged Tyrant, and traduce this favourite Child of Heaven as an Enemy to the Deity.

Poor *Philicon*! how deſponding! how wretched are his Looks! Is his Melancholy then which gains ſo faſt upon him, beyond all Cure? Theſe three Years has he been ranging over *Europe:* and for what? That's not ſo much as gueſſed at even by his Father or Mother; perhaps ſome of his Intimates might get the Secret from him: Intimates! where ſhould he have any? He ſhuns every one, and bolts himſelf up in his Chamber for whole Days, without Converſation, or even Food. There's no treating this atrabilarious Humour to any Purpoſe, whilſt the Cauſe continues unknown; and unknown it is like to continue. At length a fortunate Fainting ſeizes him; at the Noiſe of his Fall the Family run up, break open the Door, find him lying upon the Floor, and near him the Picture of a fine Woman in Miniature: This at once clears up the mighty Secret; his Father wiſely ſecures the bewitching Piece: *Philicon* is brought to himſelf, rolls about his Eyes for the Picture, and all that can be got from him is, *My Picture, a ſmall oval Picture.* His Father, in Tears, queſtions him in the Affair; but his Anſwers are ambiguous, and ſerve only to afford a Conjecture that he is in Love. Tell me the Perſon, ſays the kind Parent; nothing ſhall be wanting in me to make you eaſy: A fruitleſs Queſtion! would one imagine that he himſelf does not know her! Moved at his Father's Agony, "Sir, ſays he, 'tis a Box I found at a Ball; I was charmed and raviſhed with the adorable Figure: Ever ſince I have been loſt to myſelf; after beating

ing all *Paris*, I ſpent three Years in running over *Germany*, *Italy*, and Part of *Spain*, to find out the divine Original: I don't yet deſpair of it, and wait only for Health to proſecute my Search; for without ſeeing the Beauty repreſented in it, there's no Enjoyment of Life for me." Well, but ſhe may be married, or in a Nunnery, or dead, anſwers the Father; and how abſurd is it to fall in Love with ſo uncertain an Object! "No, no, replies he, my Heart aſſures me of the contrary; and I know I can truſt to that." But what's more uncertain than always to give Credit to one's Heart! Curioſity increaſes; the Picture is more nearly inſpected; and who ſhould this divine Object turn out, but the celebrated *Gabriella d'Eſtree*, Miſtreſs to *Henry* IV. Where's *Philicon*'s Love now? At firſt he has no Conception of what they tell him; by Degrees he is brought to be convinced of it; and then perpetually with lifted Eyes exclaims, Oh, happy Times! that ſaw ſuch a Beauty! Why was I then unborn!------Thus the Sum of his Happineſs lies in Wiſhes as paſſionate as extravagant, that he had lived to ſee thoſe enchanting Eyes, without conſidering that his own would have been cloſed a Century ago. Yet *Philicon* is not alone; there's *Timocrates* dying for *Tamitilla*, who has been married theſe three Years; and if ſhe underſtands herſelf, he may as well be in Love with a Picture. *Euphorbus* too, enamoured with the blooming Abbeſs *Zelia*, who may thank her Friends if not her Beauty, for the Croſier; now if ſhe keeps to her Vows, is not *Euphorbus* as arrant a Madman as *Philicon?*

It is daily read of, and yet can hardly be conceived, that, for fifteen hundred Years, there was a civilized poliſhed Nation, full of very large populous Towns, where neither Gaming-Tables,

Plays, Maſquerades, Breakfaſting-houſes, or Places of Entertainment, were ever ſeen.

Would you know how far it is from *Paris* to a Country, where what is done here in the Day, is there done in the Night? Not above four ſhort Leagues; and perhaps much leſs. Half a certain Fauxbourg is faſt aſleep, when the Font-neuf is all alive; at *St. Dennis* you riſe, when in a Part of the *Marais* 'tis but juſt Bed-time. Sometimes a thin Partition only ſeparates a Shop from a Palace.

This is being happy, ſays *Batalus*; no Wife, no Children, no Squalling, no Incumbrance: Well, a ſingle Life approaches neareſt to Heaven. Now but obſerve the happy Man; he roves from Woman to Woman; he tires himſelf in plaguing others with his Viſits. All is well with him; when in one Afternoon his Name has been taken down at the Doors of half a dozen of his Intimates, who, he was ſure, were not at home; and of as many Women, whom he has had the good Fortune to miſs of; afterwards he crowns his Felicity with an humble Viſit up three Pair of Stairs to *Lais* and *Chloe*, under the Auſpices of *Amphion*, who goes along with him to ſquare the Party.

What a Multitude of Circumſtances muſt be brought together to form a petty Happineſs in this World! It is not a little Matter will ſatisfy five Senſes! and under that, who does not think himſelf hardly dealt with?

Of all our Senſes, Sight is infinitely the quickeſt; the Eyes have a certain Affinity with the Soul; however they are affected, the Soul inſtantly partakes of the Senſation: The Smell, as more material, has but a diſtant Correſpondence with it; 'tis the Sight which heightens the Reliſh of Pleaſures. At hearing a fine Voice, the Ear cannot but

but be delighted; but, for my Satisfaction to be complete, I muſt ſee the Perſon who ſings; if ſhe is beautiful, her Voice improves upon my Ear; I gaze upon her, and I liſten now only to extol.

The moſt rugged Temper is pleaſingly ſoftened at a Concert of fine Hands; yet much more delicate are the Touches, more inſinuating the Modulations, and more exquiſite the Impreſſions of a ſweet Voice; the Sound of the Voice of a pretty Woman, is indiſputably more harmonious than any Undulations of Air, however modified by the fineſt Inſtruments. What are *Corelli*'s, *Guignon* or *Baptiſta*'s beſt Performances to a Duette by *Le Maure?* Our Senſes ſide with the Songſtreſs; the Sympathy of the two Sexes improves the Delight.

A Concert, where the Voices of *Le Maure* and *Pelliſſier* are accompanied with the Inſtruments of *Guignon* and *Blavet*, is Perfection; the Ear can deſire nothing more on Earth; yet this does not include perfect Happineſs; there's a great deal behind ſtill. We have five craving Senſes; to ſatisfy them all is an arduous Work; yet, unleſs this be done, the others will be clamouring, and that ſpoils all.

At a ſuperb Entertainment, all the Senſes may come in for ſomething; with the vocal and inſtrumental Muſic, the Eye likewiſe may find its Gratification.

The Flower Pots ſo ingeniouſly arranged in the Saloon, diffuſe their Fragancy to the Smell.

The Taſte, I am ſure, loſes not its Share; the whole Skill of Cookery is employed in Food the moſt delicate for its Regale: Burgundy and Champaign add their high Flavours, and the rich Deſert finiſhes the Collation. But, with all this Profuſion, the Touch yet remains unſatisfied.——

May I preſume to dwell a little on this exquiſite Senſe? Oh! 'tis not ſafe; ſeductive Touch! I dread thy Infection. Muſt each Senſe be ſatisfied, *Cleobulus*, to complete your Happineſs? What! will not four ſuffice; muſt ſomething ſtill be found for this, or all the reſt be diſregarded? Well then, *Cleobulus*, the Touch alſo ſhall have its Object; handle thoſe charming Fruits; let me recommend this Peach to you: There's Velvet: have you felt it? What means then that Sigh! is ſomething ſtill behind! What, another Sigh! Ah, *Cleobulus*, thus it ever is with Man; never further from true Happineſs than when he imagines he is in Sight of the Goal. Your Eyes betray you; the lovely *Caliſta* can alone give you the true Pleaſure, as it was from her only all the others derived their Value; ſhe is your Muſic, your Fragrancy and Feſtivity; for four long Hours have you gratified the other Senſes, and muſt this alſo be ſatisfied? Here let me draw the Veil, and with the Wiſeman conclude, Wine and Muſic rejoice the Heart; the Eye is taken with Beauty, and beholds it with Raviſhment; the Perfumes alſo give a delightful Smell, but Wiſdom is above them all.

Of this Wiſdom, Liberty and Tranquillity are Appendages; and ſuch is the Delectation they produce in the Mind, that, this deſirable State once attained, it is not to be exchanged for that of him, whoſe Senſes all daily receive the moſt raviſhing Gratifications.

Ergametes is ſprightly and ſportive: And is he no more? Who would think that he was not alſo deſigning, or that *Clariſſa* could be ſafe with him? Any of the Sex might be ſo, *Clariſſa* alone excepted. But I know the Bottom of *Ergametes*, he loves Pleaſure; but then, without any Afterclap; fain would he be gathering Roſes, but he's afraid of

of the Prickles. There is ſomething of Happineſs in ſuch a Caſt, but far enough from the *Summum Bonum*.

In the full Career of flighty Gallantry, *Polydore*, becauſe 'tis the Cuſtom, has married young *Hortenſia*; and, becauſe 'tis the Cuſtom, he has put his Bride in the Way of giving him Heirs, which ſhe has done in two lovely Boys; and, for the very Reaſon which ſhould have linked him more cloſely to her, has he left her; he has returned to his former Courſes. Poor *Hortenſia* was too full of it to be ſilent; but he turned it off with a Banter. A ſnug Box without the City, and a fine Houſe within, could *Polydore* miſs of Happineſs? he had his Intrigues, and that drove her to the like; and, as if they had gueſſed each other's Wiſh, they have given a mutual Releaſe, and very quietly concluded on a Separation. They have lived on different Sides of the Water theſe ten Years, both draining, if I may ſo ſpeak, every kind of Pleaſure to the very Lees. Now Deſire is ſatiated, and Reaſon begins to make itſelf heard; they are for making up Matters; their former Affections return upon them, and their Duty has all the Piquancy of Novelty: After, with much ado, breaking through the Fears of a miſtaken Baſhfulneſs, as Probity ſometimes is ridiculous, they have at laſt had the Courage to live together, that is, in the ſame Houſe. Well, *Polydore*, you think yourſelf now mighty happy; and yet that Kind of Happineſs, in which you live, how greatly falls it ſhort of Perfection!

The perfectly happy Man is he only who, with holy *Job*, can ſay, "I made a Covenant with my Eyes, why then ſhould I think upon a Maid! If I have ſuffered my Heart to be deceived by a Woman, or if I have laid wait at my Neighbour's

Door, let my Wife be diſhonoured by another, and let her be expoſed by a vile Proſtitution. If I have with-held the Poor from their Deſire, or have cauſed the Eyes of the Widow to wait in vain: If I have eaten my Morſel by myſelf, and the Fatherleſs not partaken thereof; for Compaſſion has grown up with me from my infant State, it came forth with me from the Womb: If I have liſt up my Hand againſt the Orphan, when I was encompaſſed with Power, let mine Arm fall from my Shoulder-blade, and let all the Bones thereof be broken. If the Land which I poſſeſs cry againſt me, or the Furrows thereof complain: If I have eaten the Fruits of it without Money, or have afflicted the Heart of the Huſbandman, let Thiſtles come forth inſtead of Wheat, and Thorns inſtead of Barley.

This is the happy Man; but where is he to be found.

Of

Of the SUMMUM MALUM.

NO where is the *Summum Malum* more common than among thoſe who imagine themſelves poſſeſſed of the *Summum Bonum*; 'tis by *Virtue* alone, a ſtable, entire Contentment is to be attained; and, by the Rule of Contraries, the *Summum Malum* is Vice: This is what we little dream of; for all our Complaints turn upon Accident, and our Sentiments of Evil declare themſelves in thoſe inſolent Murmurs againſt Providence, which break out for mere Nothings.

Who will ſay that the *Summum Bonum* is enjoyable without Virtue? Are we ever ſo abſolutely ſatisfied as to account it ſuch? Were there no Deficiency, what do Deſires mean? This is the Way of the World, as to Evil; upon any little Ailment, we careſs, complain and nurſe up ourſelves: Another's Evil is nothing to ours, and our Good is as far below his; the Prick of a Pin, in our own Finger, is a worſe Wound than a Stab in the Heart of our moſt intimate Friend.

Human Life is by Providence compounded of Good and Evil; the latter is always predominant, Good becoming Evil to us by our Abuſe of it. To complain of the one, or to boaſt of the other, I don't know which to blame moſt; as they are not *our* Works, they ſhould be received without Pride or repining.

Accidental Evils we account hard and grievous; yet, ſuch is our Fantaſticalneſs, that we deliberately ſtrike out others, as if our Meaſure of Happineſs

pineſs was not filled up. The Deſire of Good, the Purſuit, the Uſe of it, the very Good itſelf, I aver it again, are to us ſo many additional Evils.

The Principle of the beſt Things alters, loſes its Force, and even becomes totally corrupt. I and many others are acquainted with an Invention, which was originally meant as a genteel Remedy to a Kind of Frenzy, under which a Prince laboured; and now, by the Abuſe of it, cauſes and feeds ſuch Giddineſſes as are judged to be paſt all Cure.

Whether *Menelaus* or *Picard* be the Maſter, might admit of a Wager: The latter corrects, interrupts, ſilences, and takes the Story out of *Menelaus*'s Mouth. He bargains before his Face, retracts his Proffer, contradicts him: Well, but he is at Wages; that's a haſty Deciſion; for 'tis he is the Caſh-keeper, and ſtints *Menelaus*. Let but *Picard* throw off his Great Coat, and I'd lay two to one on his Head.

What Pride began, Faſhion has cenſured, and Licentiouſneſs exploded: *Xanthus* plumed himſelf in the Blazon of his Arms, as ſplendidly diſtinguiſhing him from the upſtart Freedman; they glared before, and behind, and on the Doors of all his Carriages: His Son is miſtaken for *Andronicus*, who feathered his Neſt in the laſt Revenue-farm, and whoſe Father was a Slave of his, and for *Apulus*, a Receiver-General. The Paintings and Enrichments of his Coaches, like theirs, are finiſhed in the higheſt Taſte; yet they are not known from one another, which is what *Xanthus* always aims at, and is content to be known for himſelf at the Public Entry of an Ambaſſador.

A good Piece is printed abroad, but the whole Edition ſeized: However, the Public may be very eaſy; the great Underſtanding of the Govern-

ment

ment will not permit ſuch rare Things to be buried; after being new modelled, it is printed again, and publiſhed with Licence. Can ſuch a vigilant Government be ſufficiently commended?

There's *Lycoris* juſt appearing in the gay World, like an opening Roſe; ſcarce were the firſt Leaves diſcloſed, when *Guniphilus* caſt his Eye upon her. Should I ſay he was ſmitten with her, 'twould be a Thunderclap to *Melania*, who three Years ago left her Huſband to live with him; to be ſure, handſome Preſents have been made, if not a Settlement for Life. *Melania* had certainly been diſcarded, when, moſt fortunately for her, an *Engliſh* Lord ſteps between, vaſtly outbids *Guniphilus*, and carries off the blooming *Lycoris* that ſame Night. Never any Perſon, *Guniphilus*, did thee a better Turn than this laviſh Rival: With *Lycoris* you had been an undone Man.

Does *Alcidamas*'s Vow of Celibacy reach no further than that he ſhall not marry? Moſt certainly; elſe would the Commander of a religious Order have kept little *Doris* theſe ten Years, and a ſimple Knight boaſt that *Clelia* is his Miſtreſs? A very eaſy Vow, truly! At firſt I never could think of this Act of ſuppoſed Rigour but with Concern; now I muſt think of wiſhing him Joy.

What Eſtimate can be made of thoſe Friends which Wives procure us? They are pretty much of the ſame Caſt with *Holophernes*'s Officers, who at the Sight of *Judith*, cry'd out, "Who would deſpiſe this People, that have among them ſuch Women! It is worth fighting againſt them for their Women to be ours.".*

Stately Seats on the Hills and in the Levels will not ſatisfy *Padilla*: Theſe, many a Princeſs or a

* Judith x.

Ducheſs

Ducheſs has. She's a Fairy, and muſt have her moving Palace: She diverts the Courſes of the Gold and Silver Mines; at her Command Men ſtart out of the Earth, and others are buried alive in its Bowels; the very Elements are ſubject to her. Who is this *Padilla?* An Empreſs! A Queen! What is ſhe? Say rather, what is ſhe not?

Tell me, *Menander*, which, in your Account, is the true, and withal the moſt common Evil in the World? Mine, ſays he; indeed to him 'tis the greateſt, becauſe it goes the neareſt to him; and in itſelf his Caſe is the moſt ſenſible.

I had three Children, continues he, all extremely promiſing; the dear Creatures dropped off one after another in the Prime of Life: This Loſs was ſoon followed by that of my Eſtate; my Employments and Honours are all gone; no wonder that the Wreck of ſuch a flouriſhing Fortune ſhould impair my Health: Theſe two Years have I been confined in this Part of the Country by an Illneſs, of which, to all Appearance, I ſhall never get the better. Relations, Friends, all are dead to me; nay, worſe than dead, for they muſt not ſo much as hear of my Name; and I am looked upon as dead, except by an old moroſe Cynic, who, I believe, calls upon me only to plague me with his tedious Commentaries on my former Conduct. This, then, is the Sum of all your Afflictions! No, 'tis not. What, ſtill more Loſſes? I have not loſt enough; my Wife ſtill ſticks by me. How! is not Mrs. *Menander* a Solace to you under your Diſtreſſes? The very reverſe; there lies all my Diſtreſs; take her too, merciful Heaven, and I ſhould be happy! Did you but hear how ſhe thunders in my Ears, "Where's my Fortune and Jewels?" my Reſignation, with her, is

Lethargy

Lethargy and Puſillanimity; ſhe curſes the Hour of our Marriage, and calls out for my Death.—— Was ever Miſery like Mine?

Of all the Evils which have befallen *Menander*, the heavieſt is that his Wife is ſtill living. Next to the infernal Fiend, who, to our Misfortune, is as crafty as he is malignant, no Evil can come up to a wicked Woman, and not ſeldom is ſhe his Engine. Let this ſerve for a Sample of his cruel Artifice.

God who is righteous in all his Ways, having permitted him to try the Patience and Fidelity of *Job*, this Veteran in Miſchief and Wickedneſs immediately falls to work; it is not long before that Prince is ſtripped of his numerous Herds and Flocks, which brought him in immenſe Riches; ſome are carried off by Robbers, others deſtroyed by Fire from Heaven; three Men who alone had eſcaped the Conflagration and the Robbers, are the Meſſengers of theſe lamentable Tidings: Whilſt the laſt of theſe was ſpeaking, comes a fourth, with an Account that all his Children, no leſs than four Sons and three Daughters were buried in the Ruins of one of his Seats, where they were feaſting, and with them all the Domeſtics, himſelf only excepted.

Job, with a proper Senſe of ſuch Diſaſters, firmly made Head againſt this aſſaulting Fiend; ſo far from breaking out into any undue Grief, he compoſedly proſtrates himſelf before the ſupreme Diſpoſer, *the Lord*, ſays he, *gave, and the Lord taketh away*; *bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.*

All Hell rang with rancorous Howlings at the Diſappointment; but the Craft of the pitileſs Manager was not exhauſted, and concluding *Job* to be one of thoſe indolent Men, who, if they are but free from bodily Pains, are very eaſy about other

other Accidents, he applies for Leave to try him in his Body; 'tis granted, but not to touch his Life.

Behold then holy *Job* covered with purulent Sores; but the moſt afflicted and moſt patient of Men, never departed in Thought or Word from the devout Ejaculation uttered on account of his former Afflictions; *the Lord gave me Health, and the Lord hath taken it away; bleſſed be his Holy Name.*

Had *Satan* ſwept away his Wife, together with his Children, without any Wrong to *Job*'s Character, it is probable he would alſo, and not without a Mixture of Joy, have ſaid, The Lord gave me a Wife, and the Lord hath taken her away; bleſſed be his holy Name.

But the infernal Spirit knew the Termagant too well to commit ſuch an Overſight; beſides, as for any Reſignation to God on this Head, he could not be ignorant that many Huſbands would rejoice in being put to the Trial; ſhe was reſerved as his ſtrongeſt Battery againſt the holy Man, the Engine with which the Fiend was to make his laſt Aſſault; for, poſſibly, Experience might have taught him what ſtill holds good, that there is nothing like a wicked Woman for bringing a Man into Damnation.

Job, on his Dunghill, bleſſed God amidſt all his Sufferings, though his Fleſh was rotted from his Bones, and his Limbs ſwarmed with Worms; he bears the Stroke with inextinguiſhable Devotion: But how will he ſtand his Wife's Tongue!

This Lady was of a paſſionate, gloomy and malignant Diſpoſition, inconceivably vain, haughty and exceptious; of little or no Devotion, and of a low narrow Genius: What Convulſions muſt the Ruin of a ſplendid Fortune cauſe in ſuch a Conſtitution!

It

It would be naturally imagined that a Woman, with ſuch Habits, muſt turn the Brain of the moſt ſedate Philoſopher; and this Fire the Devil took care to enflame by a copious Infuſion of the bitterest Virulence. Thus fitted for Miſchief, this Woman, going to *Job* on his Dunghill, pelts him with Complaints, Reproaches, Invectives, Clamours and Accuſations; curſes his Life; wiſhes for his Death; and, what was worſe than all, turns his Piety and Reſignation into a Jeſt.

This Rage, to St. *Chryſoſtome*, ſeems ſo much out of the Courſe of Nature, that the good Father doubts whether it was not the Divil himſelf in the Figure of a Woman.

Were this Doubt admitted, would it not afford Room for a Broad Suſpicion, that the Devil now-a-days, and not ſeldom, practices the ſame Diſguiſe to make our Dwellings too hot for us. To me he appears to have ſo great a Stroke in moſt of our modern Marriages, that I am inclined to think the venerable Father has hit the Mark.

The Fury of *Job*'s Wife, like a bilious Fever, had its Paroxyſms, which were only increaſed by her Huſband's Equanimity; like *Argantes*, who never ſtorms ſo loud as when ſhe ſtorms alone; her Huſband viewing the Tempeſt of her impotent Rage with a ſtoical Contempt.

Admire this holy Man! ſuperior to Injury; unmoved amidſt the combined Aſſaults of Wife and Devil; her Aſperity is anſwered with the ſweeteſt Serenity: "We received, ſays he, the Favours of Heaven with Gratitude; it becomes us then to bear its Chaſtiſements with Patience."

A waſpiſh furious Woman proves to have been *Job*'s moſt real Evil: His Flocks and Herds are drove away or deſtroyed; his Children are cruſhed under the Ruins of his Seats; his Health languiſhe-,

guiſhes, and Bitterneſs preys upon his Body; a Dunghill is his Throne, and his Sceptre turned to a Potſherd. Can there be any Aggravation to a Cataſtrophe like this? Yes, moſt certainly; and one worſe than all the reſt; his Wife: She was the only Evil which could draw a Sigh from *Job*; reſigned under all the other, deplorable as they were; this was the only one he ſeemed to feel; this was his *Summum Malum*.

How lamentably has this *Summum Malum* ſpread! *Job's*, in this particular, are to be found every where.

To withſtand Injuries is eaſy; it is even natural to bear up againſt Contumely. *Job* had gone through a ſevere Courſe of Patience, which might have hardened him againſt the Clamours of a Scold; yet were they the Cauſe of his moſt galling Evils. Had *Satan* gone another Way to work, I am confident, from daily Experience, he muſt have carried his Point. Had he practiſed upon *Job* the ſame inſidious Seducements, which brought to Effect his fatal Plot on *Adam*, that holy Man's Fidelity would have given way.

Pains and Moleſtations are far from acting upon us ſo forcibly as Pleaſures and Endearments. Patience alone is a Match for them; but, to ſtand our Ground againſt the Inticements of the ſofter Paſſions, 'tis not Moderation, Temperance, Chaſtity, and Devotion, all together, which will do; every thing goads us on; our Senſes betray us: To reject the Baits of Voluptuouſneſs; to ſhield the Heart from the penetrating Careſſes of a Woman, is little ſhort of a Miracle.

Adam is placed in the delicious Garden of *Eden*; his Amuſements were all his Work, and his Pleaſures his Neceſſities; ſupine, without Softneſs; indolent, without Sloth; laborious, without Pain; ſenſual,

ſenſual, without Weakneſs; voluptuous without Paſſions; temperate, amidſt Luxury; calm, amidſt Delights: Thus early enervated by an habitual Senſuality, no vigorous Efforts, no obſtinate Reſiſtance, is to be expected from him againſt the Tempter. The Serpent opened his Trenches with *Eve*; her he ſoon brought to his Lure; for when any Wickedneſs is to be done, a Woman ever meets the Devil half way. *Eve*, duped by the Serpent's gay Appearance and ſoothing Flatteries, ſets about deceiving her Huſband: No Frown or Pouting now; the imperious Look, the ſilly and the awkward Geſture, are laid aſide; theſe, this apt Scholar of Satan knew did not ſuit the Affair in hand: Sweetneſs expanded on her Forehead; Tenderneſs and Languiſhing in her Eyes; Perſuaſion on her Tongue; Complacency in her Geſtures; and Embraces at her Fingers Ends: The ſportive Graces and Smiles, juſt appearing under that winning Modeſty, which the Hand of Temptation itſelf had ſpread over her whole Perſon, gave irreſiſtible Luſtre to it.—I want a Name for her.

Thus fatally beautiful *Eve* trips it to her Huſband; and, with a fond Embrace, Here, my dear Friend, ſays ſhe, receive from my Hands the lovely Fruit, as a Token of my Affection; I know 'tis impoſſible you ſhould refuſe me. The Command of Heaven recurs upon his Mind as an Admonition; he draws back; yet (the too frequent Preſage of Compliance) he heſitates: *Eve* however is piqued at his Delay, and, betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, Is this, ſhe ſays, the Love you have for me? How can you be ill-natured? In what have I offended my deareſt *Adam?* Who can do more to pleaſe you?—*Eve*, anſwers he, I love you as well as ever; and, amidſt all the Varieties of the glorious Creation, nothing charms me like thyſelf. Well then, replyed ſhe, take

take and eat the Fruit. *Eve*, ſaid he, God has forbad me.----The pious Anſwer indeed ſilenced her; but, with the fatal Fruit in one Hand, ſhe careſſes him with the other, and reaſſumes her fond but deſtructive Toying with a Kiſs, a Sigh, and ſupplicating Glances. The Fruit is naturally beautiful; but its Richneſs improves, when offered in the lovely Hands of the Woman. *Adam* cannot forbear admiring; which *Eve* no ſooner obſerves, than, like a notable Woman, eggs him on, pointing out in it all the Beauties of * *Calvil*: See what a Skin! there's a Colour! Then, haſtily opening it; The delicious Pulp! it would be a thouſand pities for ſuch Juice to be waſted: She diſcloſes the Inſide of the Fruit, and that's enough for *Adam* to taſte it. God and his Commands are now no longer in his Thoughts; he forgets himſelf; and Oh! Diſobedience ever to be lamented! he bites it with Attention and Rapture; And thus by his impious Uxorioufneſs for ever ruined himſelf, and his whole Offspring.

Every where is *Adam* cried out againſt; yet, where is the Place in which the like is not tranſacted? it is yet daily exhibited in all Countries, and amongſt all Ranks.

If *Job*'s Wife was that good Man's *Summum Malum*, *Eve* was *Adam*'s, but in a ſurer Way, and which her Sex have been careful to keep up to this Hour. How many modern *Adams* bring Deſtruction on themſelves and Families by humouring their *Eves!*

The Careſſes of a lovely Woman do much more Hurt than all the Clamours of the Obſtreperous.

* A celebrated Beauty.

The

The latter I grant to be inſupportable, yet is the former moſt to be feared: From her all Vices are derived; ſhe is the Engine of all Misfortunes; and to be the Huſband of ſuch a one makes the Caſe worſe; Duty and Religion ſo linking us to her Careſſes, that they cannot be ſhunned or eluded without a Kind of Crime.

A fine Woman, beloved, and ungovernable, with a Spirit diſdaining the Curb of Reaſon, what a Scourge! what a Curſe! what an Evil! what a *Summum Malum!* even to the worthieſt Man! and the more he is ſo, the more is he to be pitied.

Of

Of MARRIAGE.

THE foregoing Definitions ſeem not improperly to introduce that State which is their natural Centre: No where are they both more conſpicuous than in Marriage.

How delightful is the Idea of an Union, entered into under the Auſpices of Religion and Reaſon, cemented by a Similarity of Tempers, Proportion of Ages, and Equality of Conditions, and cheriſhed by mutual Complacencies! This is indeed a Source of true Good.

What a wild Proſpect ariſes from a Marriage where Intereſt or Paſſion joined the Hands, where jarring Sentiments alienate the Hearts, and which mutual Neglects diſſolve! Here is the Torrent of true Evil.

It is not good, we are told, that Man ſhould be alone; an Helpmeet was therefore provided for him.

No Condition for a Man ſeems more natural than that of Marriage; 'tis the ſole End for which his whole Frame and Texture ſeem calculated; all his Senſes, with an imperceptible Violence, draw him to this Union: There is conſequently no State which is civilly entitled to more Eſteem and Honour, yet of all perhaps it meets with the leaſt. This Diſparagement is owing to the Spread of Debauchery, which has eclipſed its Dignity, and decried it as a Gulph of inevitable Dangers; thus, being dreaded, it is deſpiſed and ſhunned.

A miſtaken Vanity often puts us to a great deal of Trouble, which, for our Intereſt, might be better ſpared. The rich Man is for having the World know the utmoſt of it: With what Rapture does he compute the Rents of his Farms, or the Intereſts of his Stocks! His Houſe is never quiet from Entertainments, only to make the Parade of his Plate; and all the Gueſts muſt ſee his curious Cloſet, that they may take Notice of his ſtrong Box. Thus, inconſiderately opening ſo many Inlets to Envy, know, thou vain Creature, that, if thou haſt a Daughter, thou'lt quickly be obſeded by Suitors, and ſhe incircled by Adorers; or, if a Son, he's the general Mark; *Rhoe* and the young Ducheſs are at Daggers drawing about him; the Actreſſes are in a Flutter, and countermining each other; happy that Girl to whom he profeſſes Courtſhip: He is ſimpered at in the Walks; not a Mother but compliments him with the Elbow-chair and the Upper End of the Table, and withdraw to give their Daughters the fairer Play to make the moſt of themſelves, and he to make what he pleaſes of them; and all he does is to diſappoint hearty Lovers, who wiſhed for nothing more than joining Iſſue, and to ſpoil many a good Match; and at length my Spark is charmed, fixed, fettered and captivated by *Agatha*; now, thank your Oſtentation for ſuch a Daughter-in-law. Nor don't imagine yourſelf made Amends by your Son-in-law; the high-born *Deiphobus* vouchſafes to give his Hand to your Daughter, in great want of that Million which is to be her Portion: If he admits her to his Bed the firſt Night, 'tis not ſo much from Duty, Religion or Love, as from a vicious Appetite; a Roſe is a Roſe, whereſoever it happens to grow; though it ſprang from a Dunghill, betwixt a Cucumber and a Toadſtool, ſtill is it a Flower

beautiful

beautiful and charming, an Object of Delight; I mean only for a Day. It is an ephemeran Taſte, without a To-morrow, extinguiſhed in the Gratification, like that he had for *Thais* and *Palagia*, two Girls of the Town, whom he followed only to be talked of, and ſoon after turned them upon the Street. If *Deiphobus* happens to call to mind, once in his Life, that he is your Son-in-law, and that your Daughter is his Wife, 'tis in your Preſence, and no leſs than a thouſand Pieces is the Purchaſe of one Night's conjugal Duty: Hard is this Fate of your Daughter, that you cannot daily afford ſuch Memento's of his Duty; he remembers nothing of it; he will not; there muſt be ſuch another Offer to refreſh his Memory.

Oſtentation may be ſaid to be a Bait for Enemies; we are poſſibly in no Danger of a rapacious Son-in-law, or of a lewd and laviſh Daughter-in-law; yet, let us not fancy ourſelves out of the Reach of all Harm: The Inſtruments of Envy are without Number: Imagine only the Havock of a Law-ſuit, can you think of it without ſhuddering!

Marriages are often ſaid to be appointed in Heaven, before they are contracted on Earth. But how, as a Chriſtian, can I believe ſo? for, ſcarce are a Couple come together, than they begin to ſee, and manifeſt to the World, that they are utterly miſmatched, claſhing in Sentiments and Inclinations; ſomething beyond Indifference; a Contempt for each other: Can bountiful Heaven have any Hand in this? No, 'tis that there is not at moſt one Marriage in ſix, where the Purſe, and a hot Fit of Paſſion, are not more attended to, than Religion and a rational Happineſs.

Aga-

Agathocles has for theſe five Years prided himſelf in being every Fair One's humble Servant; the Huſband's Terror, the Lover's Rival, and the young Widow's Relief; if he was conſtant for a Week, 'twas with an Object whoſe Charms had all the Advantage of the Bloom of Youth. If ever he dropped a Look upon a Woman of twenty-five, 'twas but by way of Interlude, without any Attachment. He is reported to have had a Tariff from fifteen and under to twenty, and from which he never departed, not ſo much as for Frolic; and ſo practiſed was he herein, that there was no deceiving him; he had attained to ſuch a Preciſion in Phyſiognomy, that, under all the Daubery of Paint, and the Diſguiſe of Art, he could read the Date of the Regiſter. At the Name of a Woman of thirty he was ſeized with a Qualm: What a Life has he led the poor Viſcounteſs *D*----, for having, in her twenty-ſeventh Year taken upon her to mention his Name ſomething myſteriouſly! and not only ſo, but carried her Affectation ſo far as to clap her Fan over her Face, as if ſhe bluſhed in naming him: Did not he alſo deluge the Town and Court with his Banters on a certain Preſident's underſized Lady, who, though turned of twenty, had forſooth, as he uſed to ſay, the Effrontery to pitch upon me to be the Tool of bringing her into Play again; ſcandalouſly ſpreading about, to the infinite Prejudice of my Character, that ſhe had a Rendezvous with me.

This extreme Nicety of *Agathocles*, in Point of Age, made it be concluded that he would never marry, or that nothing under one of the three Graces could induce him to it: yet, married he is, but to whom? Would you imagine that after all his Inſolencies, the Bride of this ſcornful *Adonis* is no other than the antiquated *Hecuba*. Here, it

is

is plain, can be no Liking, no Sympathy; there is a Diſcordancy in the whole: Granted; but it is, and ſupremely ſo, what is called a rational Marriage. Rational! Yes, what more rational Courſe can *Agathocles* take, than to make himſelf Maſter of thirty thouſand Livres a Year by a ſingle Monoſyllable? thus at once is his ſhattered Fortune repaired, a thouſand Difficulties terminated, a Stop put to three Warrants, and an Attachment ſuperſeded; is not this, of all Reaſons, the moſt reaſonable? Poſſeſſed of the Spoils of four Huſbands, of whom *Hecuba* is the wealthy Widow, beſides the Perquiſites gained from half a hundred Gallants, which make no ſmall Sum; ſure *Agathocles* muſt be vaſtly fond of a Wife, by whom he is freed from all Incumbrances, and raiſed even to Splendor. And you think ſo? But the Truth is, *Agathocles* has ſold himſelf to Vexation, and *Hecuba* has purchaſed Contempt and Deſpair. This is rating Men very low, and Injuries very high.

If, on the very firſt Day, he is diſguſted, what will the ſecond produce? What Kind of a Huſband will *Agathocles* make ten Years hence? On the Eve of their Marriage he had Eyes to perceive every Wrinkle in *Hecuba*'s Face. On the Wedding Day the doating Creature had the Folly to fancy herſelf an Object of Love, and the next Day he was ſurfeited with Teazings about the Fidelity and Fondneſs ſhe required of him. Poor Man! ſay you; 'twill coſt him many a hard Struggle to be a good Huſband. Bleſs me! was there ever ſuch a Novice! Let *Agathocles* alone; he knows what Game he has to play, and that it will coſt him nothing, if he does not ſet up for Singularity; he had laid his Scheme before the Marriage; and the thirty thouſand Livres a Year, inſtead

inſtead of making him uſe his Wife the better, will only cauſe him the ſooner to forget her, and launch into every Diſſipation: Is your Probity offended at ſuch Meaſures? Really thou art an old-faſhioned Fellow; you would have *Agathocles*, who is but five and twenty, ſtick to an old Woman of ſeventy; let him; all the Fellows of Spirit in Town will be upon his Back; he'll be jeered out of his Senſes: And if the World, in its great Good-nature, could overlook the Ridiculouſneſs of his Marriage, as a Point of Intereſt, ſhe would ſtill remain an indelible Blot in his 'Scutcheon.

No Ingratitude breaks out ſo ſo quickly as that of purchaſed Huſbands; it is premeditated and planned even before the Benefit is received, nor is there any ſo authoriſed, or rather, it is the only one which is applauded. Gratitude betwixt two ſingle Perſons is ſtill ſo far in repute as to be accounted a Virtue: But Marriage alters the Point, there 'tis Weakneſs; and 'tis well if ten Years hence, it does not come to be looked upon as a Vice. I am ſure the Faſhion ſeems to be at preſent taking large Strides towards it.

Agathocles follows the beaten Track; what he calls his good Taſte revives in all its former Keenneſs at the Sight of a forward young Girl; for Peace ſake his Wife is obliged to retain in her Houſe a Chambermaid, who, ſhe is conſcious, ſerves for a double Purpoſe, whilſt the Wench, *Hagar* like, deſpiſes her Miſtreſs, at the ſame Time that ſhe diſdains the Authority of her Maſter.

His criminal Commerce with this *Liſette*, he thinks perfectly juſtifiable, on the ſingle Circumſtance of *Hecuba*'s Age; 'tis no more, ſays he, than what *Abraham* himſelf did; but can he plead

the ſame Reaſons for entertaining in his Houſe the Partner of his ungrateful Adultery, as thoſe of the Patriarch in reſpect of *Hagar*; he had received *Hagar* from the Hands of *Sarah* herſelf; it was at her Intreaties alone that he bedded with her; and when afterwards *Hagar* had brought him *Iſhmael*, whom Heaven itſelf had bleſſed, ſhe no ſooner began to exalt herſelf againſt her Miſtreſs, than *Abraham*, far enough from upholding her in her Petulancy, leaves her Puniſhment even to *Sarah* herſelf: The Peace of his Family demanded the Abſence of his Servant; and, like a good Huſband, he immediately turned her away. 'Tis here, *Agathocles*, the Example of *Abraham* ſhould be imitated; baniſh from your Thoughts every Remembrance of *Liſette*; diſmiſs her, and deprive not *Hecuba* of thoſe Duties for which ſhe has given you ſo valuable a Conſideration.

Leander, an old Batchelor of ſeventy, has lampooned *Hecuba* on her unequal Match; he could never mention it without a Fit of Laughter, and entertained ſeveral Companies with ſome tolerable Reflections on the Event. Who would not have thought him the fartheſt in the World from ſuch a Weakneſs? Him who had hitherto kept himſelf ſingle; who was, as it were, the licenſed Banterer of all Bridegrooms, and the Cenſor of thoſe advantageous Widowers who could marry when their beſt Days were over: He who was the *Apollo* of moſt of the Ballads on the ludicrous Subject, and who never failed to promote a mock Serenade to every Couple in the Neighbourhood, is it not ſtrange that he ſhould not hold out till Death? with one Foot already in the Grave, he had but a Step further. The charming *Liſa* has inflamed his frozen Heart; he has begged her of her Parents as an invaluable Favour, and, to his Misfortune, he

he obtained her. Beſides a large Settlement, ſuch Pin-money has been ſeldom heard of; this Whim he further palliated with a Compliment to his Conſtitution, as not admitting of Continency; and yet the very next Day they fly to ſeparate Apartments; ſo unſuitable a Couple would indeed be much too near one another in the ſame Chamber! What! can *Leander* imagine that the Conſummation of his Marriage with *Liſa* is his vow of Chaſtity? Can he think that St. *Paul* had ſuch as he in his Eye, when he ſaid, *it is better to marry than to burn?* Has he Warmth enough to come within this Aphoriſm! Young *Liſa* it is perfectly adapted to; without Marriage, burn ſhe naturally muſt; whilſt *Leander*, inſtead of quenching, is all the Time increaſing the Flame. What an unnatural Union! No Wonder that *Liſa*, the Widow of a living Huſband, ſhould, even on her Wedding Day, long for the Moment when her Marriage Contract is to take Place: her only Pleaſure is anticipating the Enjoyment of her Dowry, which ſhe could wiſh had been better earned: However, ſhe has already fixed upon a Partner; and, as a Proof of her Candour, gives him Earneſts of the Bargain: What leſs can be expected from Marriages where the Years are ſo diſproportionate?

Leander alſo is not without his Excuſe, and confidently quotes *David* as a Precedent: With what Grace, *Leander*, can you ſhelter yourſelf under that auguſt Name? Is there any reſemblance in your Caſes? The holy * King, in his Wiſdom and Equity, had releaſed his lawful Wives from their conjugal Bonds. Emaciated by the Auſterities of Repentance, and the Fatigues of

* 1 Kings i.

War, his natural Heat was too far exhauſted. The Phyſicians, never wiſer than when they ſtudy Nature, and enter into our Wants, were of Opinion, that the only Method for preſerving the royal Life, was to recruit it with artificial Spirits, but lenient, natural and ſympathizing; and this wonderful Effect was to be hoped for from the continual Cohabitation of a young and beautiful Female with the King. Among all the Virgin Beauties of *Iſreal*, *Abiſhag* the *Shunamite* was choſen; her Age, Temper and Conſtitution beſt correſponding with *David*'s Infirmities. To avoid the Appearance of Scandal, the good Prince took her to Wife before he made her his Bedfellow, though he uſed her only as a chaſte Companion, whoſe kindly Spirits were to ſupport his Life.---- Upon ſo rational, ſo well-grounded a Connection, St. *Jerome* cannot forbear crying out, "Who is this *Shunamite*, this Virgin, the Heat of whoſe Conſtitution can revive lifeleſs Senility? What muſt be the Sanctity of that Virgin, when the Heat which emanes from her makes no ſenſual Impreſſions?"

Ye *Leanders* of the Age, ye worn-out old Men, when upon ſuch Motives you enter into diſproportionate Marriage, chuſe *Abiſhags*, and not a Mouth will be opened againſt you; but ſuch *Abiſhags*, as like her, marry you only to keep you warm; would ſuch a one though be as ſafe with you, as the chaſte *Shunamite* was with *David*? It is not likely the Danger would be great; but would the Mind carry away its virginal Purity? Your libidinous Impotence kindles Conflagration beyond your Ability to quench, or theirs to bear, and ſtimulates them to call in Help from other Quarters.

If the Diſproportion of Years throws a Ridicule on theſe two Marriages, here's another no leſs ſingular, where Intereſt, that Soul of the World, that wonderful *Proteus*, acts a moſt notable Part.

Arontius has juſt married *Florina*, as a wary Man would have bought a Farm; he would not fail to examine the Leaſes, Building, the Soil and Income. *Arontius*, with no leſs Attention, enquired into *Florina*'s Talents, her Uſe of them, and weighed to what Account he could turn them. It cannot be ſaid that he has bought a Pig in a Poke; he was not only appriſed that ſhe had been three Years in an odd Kind of Seminary; it was his chief Inducement to profeſs Love, and marry her; others before him have had the ſame Humour? and as for the Ridicule of it, what cares *Arontius* for it, 'tis his Fancy. With a ſlender Eſtate, a little more Birth, a thin Varniſh of Honour, Conceit in abundance, and brazened by a ſuperficial Knowledge, to figure among high Company, was what he had long been aiming at; this his Marriage has done at once, and among the Tip-top. An eaſy, or, in the faſhionable Term, a reaſonable Huſband, who, with a pretty Wife, underſtands himſelf, and is not for making a Pother, will ſoon ſee himſelf made a -----of.

Florina's Acquaintance is made up of Dukes, Counts and Marquiſſes; ſhe has Preſidents for Patrons, and Treaſurers are to be found amongſt her beſt Friends. Here's uſeful and creditable Acquaintances for you; *Arontius*, what a Legion of Friends does your Wife bring you! But is it too expenſive in your Circumſtances to appear among them? *Florina* takes that upon herſelf; let me but alone, ſays ſhe, and you ſhall be ſeen with the beſt of them. Every thing goes through

her Hands; from her he even receives his Pocket-Money; ſhe directs his Pleaſures; he makes Complaint, and in return is Maſter of his own Houſe, when his Wife is upon a Party elſewhere. The beſt of Cheer, delicious Wines, fine Furniture, elegant Equipages, rich Liveries, and all through *Florina*; it muſt be owned there are few better Farms. Thus *Arontius*, by keeping his Temper, is in ſtrong Intereſt; careſſed by his Wife, though ſhe has no Eſteem for him; and, as belonging to her, has Acceſs every where.

Should *Arontius* take upon him to be a Man, and hold a tight Rein over ſuch an advantageous Woman, Treaſurers, Preſidents, Marquiſſes and Dukes would riſe up againſt him: The Cry would be, A ſowr *Miſanthrope!* A ſuſpicious Churl! it's ten thouſand pities ſuch a Woman is coupled with a Brute. The *well bred Man* is now a Scoundrel; a Beggar ſet on Horſeback; unworthy of any Wife but a Strumpet or a Fury; a Coxcomb, who is not ſenſible of his own Happineſs. For my Part, I cannot but think were he to purchaſe a Separation with his own Money, it would be well laid out; infinitely better indeed is his Caſe, than that of ſome whoſe well-grounded Remonſtrances to their Wives have been known to coſt them their Liberty.

Of all who marry, there are few or none with any other View than their own ſingle Gratification. Intereſt claps up Matches with the Old, and Paſſion quickly procures Huſbands for the Young; on either Side there's neither Love nor Eſteem; and from theſe it is, after all, that true Happineſs muſt come. What can be expected from ſuch Motives! Either he abuſes his Benefactreſs's Credulity, or becomes a Victim to her Conſtitution. An Appearance of Love ſhould be obſerved

ſerved towards the former; here Diſſimulation is lawful; is commendable; and the Exceſs of one's Love ſhould be concealed from the latter: A moſt ſage Admonition! pray, who can follow it?

Poor *Cephalus* is bewitched with *Galantis*, that inexplicable Medley of Coquettry, Affectation and Prudery: Miſtreſs of a thouſand little Artifices, ſhe has made him purchaſe Leave to be her Huſband, by two Years of the tameſt Submiſſion and meaneſt Services. *Cephalus*'s Father would not hear of ſuch a diſgraceful Match; but his conſtant Son was no ſooner his own Maſter, than he put the finiſhing Hand to his Folly: He married *Galantis*; this threw him out of all Favour with his Relations, but ſo little to his Concern, that he made a Jeſt of being diſinherited; he valued himſelf on throwing up a Parcel of dirty Acres for Love, as ſomething new, and a Proof of the Heroiſm of his Paſſion. It may be thought that conſiderable a ſuch a Sacrifice is, he finds an Equivalent in the Wit, the Good-nature, the Obedience, the Affection and Fidelity of his Wife; were it ſo, far be it from me to blame him: His Condition is enviable: A Mind of ſuch a Turn is cheaply bought at the Loſs of only twenty-five thouſand Livres a Year; it muſt be an immenſe Inheritance which is not over-paid in ſuch a Wife. But Matters are upon a very different Footing. In the two Years of Courtſhip, *Galantis* was but a Hypocrite in Coquettry artfully varniſhed over with Simplicity and Demureneſs; but, once his Wife, ſhe has thrown off the Maſk, is a noted Coquette, and has the Effrontery to profeſs herſelf ſuch. Her Beauty, which was *Cephalus*'s Pride, and from whence he expected ſuch extatic Pleaſures, is now his Shame and Torture; that Wit, which was to irradiate a gloomy Hour, in-

creaſes his Deſpair: Prudery has given up its Place to Aſſurance; and what completes his Wretchedneſs is, that he muſt not give Vent to his Vexation, but ſupport the Credit of his diſgraceful Choice by a cheerful Carriage; he muſt praiſe the Woman he deſpiſes. It is now a Year, that, worn to a Shadow by inceſſant Grief, for *Galantis* gives him inceſſant Cauſe, he has been chewing the bitter End of his Obſtinacy, and wiſhing that Death would kindly effect a Separation, which he has not the Comfort of expecting to bring about by the uſual Methods.

There is no Venture like that of cloſing with a Miſtreſs in Oppoſition to Parents. Such a Diſobedience, turning the deaf Ear to the joint Calls of Nature and Intereſt, is a Sacrifice, which, of all others, the Perſon beloved can never overpay. But with what Attention ſhould the Heart of her, for whom ſuch a Step is taken, be ſounded, be looked into? for once taken, there's no drawing back.

As moſt Courtſhips are little better than playing at *Blind Man's Buff*, the Stiffneſs of Fathers in theſe Caſes is generally commendable; both Prudence and Duty call for the Interpoſition of their Authority to reduce their Children to Reaſon, and ſave them from thoſe Misfortunes, into which want of Experience, and the Heat of Youth, would plunge them; Indulgence is not to be hearkened to in Times of ſuch Dangers; their Prerogative muſt be exerted.

But theſe Duties and Prerogatives are not without Limits; they vary according to Circumſtances; a generous Heart may ſometimes balance betwixt filial Duty and Gratitude: On which Side then ſhould the Scale turn? on that where moſt has been received, and conſequently where the greateſt Obli-

Obligations lye; that any Perſon can ſtand in Competition with the Father for the Son's Gratitude, ought to be held a Paradox; 'tis he that ought to bluſh for his Son's Faults.

St. *Paul*'s Injunction to Children *to obey their Parents* is followed with an Admonition to the latter, *not to be bitter againſt them.* Let me not be thought by this to be lifting up the Standard of Rebellion for Children againſt Parents; all I mean is, to reſcue the Sentiments of the former from the Tyranny, the imprudent Tyranny of the latter.

Floridor was of a haſty Diſpoſition; his Heart was tempered for the ſoft Impreſſions: He was juſt entering upon that dangerous Age, when Pleaſures wear a ſeductive Appearance, and Prudence is wanting to direct the Choice; he felt Deſires, intimating a Happineſs, which at firſt he could not clearly comprehend; but the Vivacity of his Genius ſoon explained to him, that the Languors of his Heart were the Motions of a powerful Attraction towards the Sex, and which runs through all ſenſitive Beings. This Diſcovery of the Object increaſed the Intoxication; his Senſations became ſo vivid, that, to feed his Flame only with ideal Amours and romantic Fancies, appeared to him a State of intolerable Miſery. Determining to launch beyond chimerical Satisfactions he fell in Love, and with the whole Sex, however contracting himſelf gradually, he had ſo much Self-Government, as to bring himſelf within the Compaſs of the firſt Law; and, with the moſt pure Intentions, ſettled his Thoughts on Marriage. Would one imagine that when, in the moſt reſpectful Manner, he imparted them to his Father, that they ſhould meet with no other Anſwer than a Laugh; that even his Mother ſhould make

it the Joke of the Table among her Goſſips? the Reſult of whoſe ſage Deliberations was to threaten him with the Laſh for ten Years to come. Nature kept on its Courſe; for Obſtacles only ſerve to excite its Violence; and *Floridor*, to forward Matters by bringing them to a Conſiſtency, paid his Addreſſes to a young Lady of an unexceptionable Diſpoſition, and of a Family, both in Character and Rank, on a Level with his own. He broke the Matter to his Father, who again treated it with Inſult, and Intereſt ſuggeſted to him an Evaſion, from the Diſparity of Fortunes. Eaſily is the Heart opened, but to cloſe the Wound is extremely difficult. This drove him to juvenile allies, and even to Licentiouſneſs; yet, amidſt continual Whirl of Pleaſure, he maintained his Opinion of Marriage; ſo full was he of it, that he ſquared his Intrigues by it: Except the Diſguſts, Flights, and Jars of lawful Conjunctions, every thing elſe was managed as betwixt the fondeſt Couple; there was Complacency without Reſtraint, Affection without Folly, Reſpect without Meanneſs; in point of Conſtancy and Fidelity, ſo delicate, that he would have been ſhocked at a bare Thought to the contrary.

Thus completely qualified to give and receive conjugal Happineſs, he frequently renewed his Inſtances to his Father; but the more he intreated, the more harſhly was he denied. After roving ten Years from Paſſion to Paſſion, leſs guilty than unhappy; licentious as a Man, but never departing from his innate Regard to the Law of Order; turned out of his Father's Houſe by the Advice of ten Fools or Knaves; on the Brink of running Lengths, againſt which his Heart reluctéd, a propitious Hand ſnatched him from the Mire of Vice, and brought him out of the foul Darkneſs of Error:

Error: No ſooner were his Eyes open, than they were ſtruck with the Image of Virtue, diſplaying its native Lovelineſs in *Zara*, without Caprice or Affectation; to Virtue he becomes zealouſly devoted, from the engaging Example of the Fair One. It was not Paſſion, but the cooleſt Examination, which brought him to own the lovely *Zara* to be what ſhe is, and to offer her the pureſt Veneration. With fewer Beauties than Qualities, without Dignity of Birth, or the Magic of Fortune, this valuable young Woman has fixed his Heart by her Charms, and reinſtated his Reaſon by the Influence of her own Intellects; with this Curb has ſhe checked the Bounds of a Temper which was taking Head with ſuch Precipitancy: She has ſo mollified his Impetuoſity, given ſuch a Gentleneſs to his Deportment, and ſet ſuch decent Bounds to his Profuſeneſs, that he is quite another Man; and all theſe Benefits ſhe has crowned with the Hopes of her Hand.

Either a Man is loſt to all Reaſon, or the Woman whom he loves may reclaim him from the Extremity of even habitual Diſſoluteneſs, only by giving him ſuch ſoothing Hopes.

It is Women who make us what we are; with all our Boaſts of Freedom we are little better than Copies of that Sex. Are they wiſe, how eaſily do they make us worthy Men! *Zara* has great Goodneſs, and ſee how readily *Floridor* renounces his Errors at her Feet! the Neceſſity of ſuch a Sacrifice made the Difficulty diſappear.

And here let me appeal to Fathers, to thoſe who have Nature in them, what *Floridor* is to do: With what Grace can he refuſe a Hand offered to him; and where the moſt important Benefits already received are a ſure Earneſt of the ſweeteſt Felicity? Would not Submiſſion to his

Father's

Father's Humours be a Weakneſs? I know it goes hard with *Floridor* to diſobey! Into what painful Plunges is many a worthy Man brought by the Caprice of others! one Virtue claſhes with another, and a Compliance with either has the Nature of a Vice; a diſobedient Son, or an ungrateful Lover, one or other he muſt be: Diſpaſſionately weigh theſe oppoſite Obligations; and if thou doſt err, *Floridor*, let it not be without uſing the Means to act right.

The firſt of all Laws, enjoined by God himſelf as the Baſis of Nature in the terreſtrial Paradiſe, and the only one dictated in the State of Innocence, was this: *Man ſhall leave his Father and Mother, and cleave to his Wife, and they ſhall be one Fleſh.* Let this Law be but literally obſerved, and, amidſt all domeſtic Incumbrances, not a few of our Marriages would reſemble that of the terreſtrial Paradiſe. By this Law, Bounds are ſet to the Power of Fathers, and the Submiſſion of Sons. God does not ſay only, thou ſhalt not hearken to thy Father and Mother; *but thou ſhalt forſake them, and cleave to thy Wife; and you ſhall both be but one Fleſh.* Where does the Scripture preſcribe ſo cloſe a Connection betwixt Son and Father?

The Duties of Gratitude take the Lead of thoſe of Birth, and very juſtly, as ariſing from voluntary, free and determinate Benefits; whereas the others are grounded only on fortuitous and independent Circumſtances; often on ſuch as are involuntary, unexpected, and againſt the Grain.-----Taking a Walk by the Sea Side, the Storm caſts at my Feet a Caſket of immenſe Value, which I apply to my own Uſe; is there in this any Ingratitude towards the Loſer? it is to Chance, or Providence, I owe my Riches, not to him: I never was in his Thoughts; he knew nothing of me:

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The Will is the Eſſence of a Kindneſs, and the Tie of Gratitude. Life is no further a Good, than Parents attend to the Welfare of their Children; and ſurely an Evil can lay no Claim to Gratitude.

Obedience ſtands in its full Force; it is commanded; but it reaches not to Marriage; the Inclinations are without its Juriſdiction: Nor is this all; God has allowed Children, the Precept is ſtill ſtronger, he has expreſsly commanded them *to forſake their Fathers and Mothers to cleave to their Wives.*

Your Choice, *Floridor*, lies betwixt a hard-hearted Father, who has forſaken you, and the tender *Zara*, who has been as a fond Parent, and a Friend to you. Call to Mind the Right of thoſe endearing Appellations which ſhe has acted up to with ſuch Affection; that will ſhew you the vaſt Debt you owe her; accept of her Hand, and 'tis diſcharged: But the Laws will not allow you to be thus grateful till your thirtieth Year: very odd Laws to ſtint Virtue to Years! Perhaps they are only meant againſt Vice, as ſuch reſpect them; but don't forget your infinite Obligations to *Zara*; marry her; you cannot fail of being happy.

Harmonizing Diſpoſitions, correſpondent Inclinations, ſimilar Sentiments, a noble Diſintereſtedneſs, a reciprocal Eſteem, of which Friendſhip lays the Warp, and Love guides the Woof; theſe are the bliſsful Ties which unite *Zara* and *Floridor*; they want nothing but their Parents Conſent to aſcertain their Happineſs. Who knows? Is there no being unhappy with it? then they may be happy without it.

Soſinna is rich with the Subſtance of twenty exhauſted Families; this, increaſed by his Management of the public Monies, and his Good-Fortune

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in having never ſuffered ſo much as by a ſingle Bankruptcy, is inveſted with a Poſt of Dignity, and at the Head of a Scheme, of which the Villainy is of a Piece with its enormous Profit; yet his Views reach further; they muſt be propagated in his Son; that is, whatever his Inclinations be, they muſt give way to the Ambition of his Father, who is for marrying him; and of all the World to whom do you think? to a wretched Face, with a deformed Body, ſuſpended betwixt two diſlocated Hips, and theſe mounted upon diſtorted Legs. The Deſcription falls ſhort, believe me; the Pigmean Figure might be ſhewn at a Fair, and Money got by it. *Soſinna* has ſelected this for his Daughter-in-law. Ay, but what ſays the Son? Has he ſeen her? Yes, once or twice, through the Grate of a dark Parlour, where he could juſt diſtinguiſh her, and ſeated to the beſt Advantage: No further does he know of her, except that ſhe's of Family, and related to ſome Houſes of Figure. Sure the Son's Happineſs can be of no great Account with *Soſinna*: Is it in Nature for him to love that groteſque Dwarf? He knows the contrary: O impious Father! O forcible Ambition! muſt Religion ever be expoſed to your Abuſes; be proſtituted to give Validity to your Crime, and to ſecure your Depredations?

What a rational Joy warms my Breaſt, when, opening the Scriptures, I find that all Times were not ſo abandoned: There I ſee a Tenderneſs and Wiſdom in conjugal Meaſures, to which our wretched Age is a Stranger.

Abraham does not ſtay till the Heat of Blood has led his Son into criminal and diſgraceful Intrigues with the Daughters of *Canaan*, well knowing that no Good could come from an Intercourſe which God had forbidden; no ſooner is *Iſaac* marriage-

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able, than, like a prudent and affectionate Father, he looks out for him; he orders his Steward into *Meſopotamia* to procure a Wife for his Son. A Fortune is not the Queſtion with *Abraham*; nor is *Iſaac* curious about her Beauty: what both Father and Son are moſt concerned about is, that ſhe be not one who may draw down the Wrath of God on *Iſaac* and his Family: This was the Sum of *Eliezer*'s Inſtructions. On his Arrival whither his Maſter had ſent him, God himſelf takes care, to indicate to him her whom he had choſen for *Iſaac*, the lovely *Rebecca*, and being introduced to her Parents, he plainly acquaints them with the Occaſion of his Journey, and at once deſires their Daughter for a Wife to his young Maſter; no Inquiry is made into the Circumſtances of the Family from whence he came; it is enough that they are good People, no further Queſtion is aſked. *He is a Man fearing God*, ſays the candid Negotiator, without any artful Amplifications. They know all they deſire to know. *Iſaac* fears God; that's Wealth; *he* is the Man for *Rebecca*; and her Diſcretion Virtue and Piety place her upon a Level with *Iſaac*.

'Twas not becauſe ſetting one's ſelf off with the Virtues, or perhaps with the Produce of the Crimes of our ſuppoſed Forefathers, was a Practice unknown to thoſe ſimple Times, that *Abraham* and *Iſaac* are ſilent as to the Extraction of the Perſon, whom they are deſirous of receiving into their Family: Virtuous themſelves, Virtue in their Account was every thing.

Can a Perſon take it into his Head that the Virtues of his Great-Grandfather intitle him to Diſtinction and Reſpect? Such a one will give himſelf no Trouble about improving the Inheri-

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tance. It is for Virtue alone where we are wanting in Ambition. The ſenſeleſs valuing ourſelves on what we derive from our Anceſtors, diverts our Thoughts from any manly Endeavours to keep it up: In general, he who wears an hereditary Coronet, would not weigh in the ſame Scale with him whoſe Patent was ſigned but Yeſterday. His Pride is the Effect of his Levity; a little Recollection would ſoon lower his Creſt.

Piety, Conformity of Sentiments, and Parity of Condition, joined *Iſaac*'s and *Rebecca*'s Hands, and they were happy; and what indeed could diſturb an Union entered into under ſuch ſacred Auſpices. If modern Marriages be ſubject to Diſcord, if Divorces be ſo frequent, only conſider the Views of Parents, Relations, Guardians, or even of the Parties themſelves in concerting them, and the Wonder will not be, that ſome Marriages prove unhappy, but that the Diſorder is not more general.

Of the POWER *of* HUSBANDS.

NO Power is of ſo antient a Date as that of Huſbands over their Wives, eſtabliſhed by the Mouth of God in Paradiſe; it is a Part of the Puniſhment denounced againſt *Eve*, the firſt Wife, and who deſervedly was the firſt put under the Yoke of that Law, which ſubjected her to her Huſband: "Thy Deſire ſhall be to thy Huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee."

This Power is not leſs natural and reaſonable than that of Fathers over their Children; it is more extenſive; not clogged with thoſe Exceptions which limit the other; the Power of Fathers, by the Laws of all Nations, ends at a certain Term of Years; whilſt that of Huſbands laſts till Death.

An Abuſe of either Power leads to Tyranny; this to Confuſion; a Wife, or Children being equally impatient of Slavery. There are Regards due to them from Huſbands and Fathers; but theſe very Regards have their fixed Points; Weakneſs here is a Breach of the Law no leſs than Rigour.

Marital Tyranny in *France* is like a Baſtard-Child, without Shelter; 'tis an exotic Vice which will never root; it meets with too little Countenance ever to be naturalized; the gentle Admonitions of Mamma's and other Females check its Spread, if ever it begin to ſhoot; all the Sex join Hand in Hand to pluck it up. Softneſs, Thanks to the Ladies, has got Footing every where; not a Family is free from it; and Huſbands are now hardly more than Half-Women.

Behold

Behold *Timantes* on the Bench; there's a Judge, indeed! What Seriouſneſs and Majeſty! His ſteady Countenance ſpeaks the extraordinary Perſonage: It is eaſily to be ſeen that he fully knows all the Dignity of his Poſt: It may be thought he knows it too much; he is always the firſt in Court, and ſtays the laſt; and with very good Reaſon; for 'tis the only Place where he is Maſter. It affects one, the Court riſes, and *Timantes* returns to his Houſe, I had almoſt ſaid to his Wife's Houſe: Now for a Metamorphoſis, hardly to be imagined. With his Robe the juridical Loftineſs is laid aſide; Fear and Abaſement take Place in his ſneaking Countenance, and his reptile Carriage might become a Woman who was afraid of her Huſband, if any ſuch there are. He ſeems ſo far to have forgot being a Man, that one would think he in reality was not one; and does a Woman's Slave deſerve that auguſt Name of Majeſty? How does *Timantes* beſtow himſelf at his Return? He betakes himſelf to his Cloſet; his retired Hours are preſcribed to him, being pretty near the Time of my Lady's Aſſembly: And who is the Manager within Doors? Who ſhould be but my Lady! His Cloaths, both Colour and Faſhion, are all by her Directions. Whatever Officer or Servant is wanting, the Place is filled up by my Lady; 'tis to her all the Tradeſmen muſt bow for the Payment of their Bills; all Repairs are by her Order. The Route is held at my Lady's, the Supper was at my Lady's, all the Talk is of my Lady; my Lady is the only Perſon regarded; as for *Timantes*, he is of no further Importance than to give a Title to my Lady, and Liveries to her Footmen; the very Soul of the Court, and a Cypher at home.

Timantes, how is it you debaſe yourſelf thus? 'Tis no more, ſays he, than Complaiſance; and

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that at leaſt is the Huſband's Duty; 'tis the Command, ſays he, with a grave Emphaſis, of St. *Paul* himſelf; *Huſbands, love your Wives as your own ſelves.*

The beſt Maxims are abuſed; every one wreſting them to his Humour and Intereſt. *Timantes* thinks he is no more than complaiſant: What muſt be thought of *Montalto*, the very Reverſe of *Timantes*, who makes himſelf known to be Sovereign in his own Houſe; an eaſy, frank, agreeable Companion; a ſurly, paſſionate, inſupportable Huſband; 'tis but on a few Days of the Month that his Wife would be taken for ſuch. Milliners, Sempſtreſſes, and Mercers apply to him; he appoints all her Servants, and is ſure to ſupport them againſt any Diſlike of hers: However reaſonable, he uſes her with ſuch impertinent Overbearingneſs, that a cold *Madam* is the beſt Word he can beſtow on her. The Grand Signior does not look ſo ſuperciliouſly on the meaneſt Slave of the Seraglio. Why did *Montalto* marry, ſay you? to keep up his Name and Eſtate; that End being anſwered, his Lady has been obliged to kill Time with Knotting. Well, what do you make of *Montalto?* Is he no more than what a Huſband ſhould be? You think him a meer Brute; and his Wife looks upon him as her Tyrant; but tell him ſo, and his Anſwer is, I am Maſter, and that St. *Paul* makes him ſo; Does he not ſay, *Wives, be ſubject unto your Huſbands, as unto the Lord?* And what do I do but keep my Wife in Subjection?

Again, there's *Orgon* in Behaviour not unlike *Montalto*; his Principles the ſame, but his Ends different. His Poſt puts it in his Power to do a great deal of Miſchief, which he does; and ſome Good, which he does not. It is your Misfortune to get into his Clutches; and knowing him to be

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ſoon prepoſſeſſed, and not ſo eaſily brought off from what he has once imbibed, you wiſh to have him informed of your Caſe, but are at a Loſs to know how. Buy him of his two Cabinet Counſellors; he is at their Diſpoſal: Theſe are they with whom he concerts the Miſchiefs he may do, and upholds them in all *they* do; they are tractable People, and will let you have a good Bargain of him: But, ſay you, I require no Injuſtice? beſides, I am known to my Lady; would not that be the beſt Way? The very worſt; my Lady is only his Wife, a Name of little Sway with him: Like *Montalte*, he married her only for the ſake of Children; and he would look upon any Intimation of Advice from her, as a preſumptuous Invaſion on his Authority. Were this nothing but Firmneſs of Mind, *Orgon* would be an upright Judge; as his Wife muſt not offer to ſpeak, and you know no body elſe, get acquainted with his Valet de Chambre; he is his *Mentor*, his Prime Vizir; or rather away to pert *Marcenilla*; the low-lived Huſſey, at ſeventeen, is Judge *Orgon*'s Oracle; he, who is above fifty, and a Veteran in Buſineſs, is directed by a Girl; and her Caprice and Corruption determine his Decrees.

Such are the Abuſes, and withal very common, of the Power which God and Nature confers on Huſbands; we have in Scripture a Paſſage which proves this Superiority of Man to be not entirely arbitrary, and that there are Junctures when a Woman has at leaſt a Right of Remonſtrance. The Fact is ſingular, and well worth noticing.

Never did the World ſee ſuch a Diſplay of Magnificence, Plenty and Splendor; ſuch Decorum, and ſuch Liberty, as at the Feaſt which *Ahaſuerus* made at *Shuſhan*, the Capital of his Dominions; the

Feaſt

Feaſt for the Princes and Nobles having laſted a hundred and fourſcore Days; for the firſt ſeven the royal Feaſt was general; every private Perſon in the City was treated like a Prince, during this Week of Munificence.

For the Preſervation of Order which is the Soul of Feſtivity, the King had wiſely appointed Moderators at each Table, that no-body ſhould over-drink himſelf, or be compelled to drink beyond his Inclination. *Abaſuerus*, Legiſlator-like, had not included himſelf in the Law, or conceived that a Moderator at his Table would not comport with his State; however, ſuch an Officer would not have been unneceſſary; for, in the Effuſions of his Heart, at the Sight of the Flower of his Subjects, his Majeſty tranſgreſſed the Law, which he had with ſo much Care preſcribed to others.

Heated with Wine, and elate with the Pomp of the Feaſt, it came into his Head, that a Sight of his beautiful Queen *Vaſhti* would be a great Addition to the Luſtre of it, and complete the Joy of his Gueſts, of all Ranks.

Ahaſuerus had here no Rivals to fear; but, in any other than a King, it might have cauſed his Prudence to be called in Queſtion. Many a private Perſon has dearly paid for the like Oſtentation. What's become of *De Cour* ——, who made a Show of his handſome Wife? A Huſband who is ever crying up his Wife's Beauty, and inviting his Acquaintance to applaud his Taſte, is ſomething like a Jeweller who expoſes a curious Gem to every Body; the one tempts Gallants, and the other Thieves; and, accordingly, they'll ſoon find their Minds haunted with Fear and Jealouſy.

But

But the Order is given, and *Vaſhti* receives a Meſſage from the King, that ſhe would gratify him, and appear in Public in all the Enſigns of Majeſty. An experienced Courtier artfully ſuggeſts to her, that ſhe is the only Queen in the whole World, whoſe Huſband would pay ſuch a Compliment to her Beauty.

Vaſhti, at that Time, was entertaining the Ladies in her Palace, with no leſs Pomp, Plenty, Delicacy, and more Order, than at the King's Banquet.

What droll Times were thoſe! cries *Soſtrates*; Where can be the Pleaſure without a Mixture of Sexes! who will might have been there for *Soſs. Polixena* ſeconds him: There's an Entertainment indeed! a Queen, a Country *Joan!* What no Men! how muſt the Glaſs go about! the Duce a Joke or Catch was there, I ſuppoſe! Lord deliver us from ſuch Fools of Queens! Right, *Polixena*; *Vaſhti* was no other; and ſo fooliſh was ſhe, that ſhe poſitively refuſed to comply with the King's Order.

Virtuous to a Delicacy, and more ſcrupulouſly obſervant of the Laws of the Land, and the Decencies of Cuſtom, than the Will of an inebriated Huſband, ſhe accounted it her Duty not to expoſe herſelf to the Eyes of ſuch a Multitude, whoſe Preſence would have confounded her.

Kings always are Kings, and will be ſo; and never more than when they are the leaſt worthy of it: The beſt of them are for playing the Tyrant in their Cups; a commendable Action, by a wrong Turn given to it, gets the Appearance of a Crime: Happy the People who can appeal from the King when intoxicated, to the King when ſober! Still more happy, where that ſcandalous Difference is never ſeen.

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The Report of the Queen's Refuſal, though entirely commendable, the King was not capable of viewing in its true Light of exalted Virtue; but conſtruing it Perverſeneſs and Diſobedience, flies into a Flame; ſome ſmall Remains of Reaſon however checked him; he calls a Council amidſt Veſſels flowing with Wine; what Moderation or Wiſdom is to be expected at that Time? Unhappy Queen! to be tried by a Junto of ſeven Miniſters, all as mad as their Sovereign.

The *Premier*, who very probably had too much of a Wife, and was more minded in the Royal Cabinet than at home, being a Man of Addreſs, made a State Affair of a private Difference, in order to produce an Edict which might reſtore and ſecure his domeſtic Authority.

Later Times have alſo ſeen Edicts decorated with Flouriſhes on the public Good, and the Service of the Prince; which, in reality, were contrived only to gratify the Views of Miniſters.

This was the Drift of *Memuchan*, the Chief Miniſter: "Dread Sovereign, ſaid he, this Diſobedience of the preſumptuous *Vaſhti*, beſides being immediately injurious to your Majeſty, may become of very ill Conſequence to the whole Empire: A Secret it cannot be; and when ſpread abroad, unleſs it be duly puniſhed, all the Wives in the Nation will lay hold of it, as a Precedent, to make light of their Huſbands Authority The Metropolis mimics the Court, and is itſelf the Model of the Country. The Queen has ſet the Example, it will be immediately adopted by the Princeſſe; the Ladies will next give into it, and from them it will pervade the Commonalty: Thus the Contagion will become univerſal; and the meaneſt Wife will ſet up to be no leſs Miſtreſs in her Cottage, than *Vaſhti* in her Palace. Moſt juſt is your Majeſty's Reſentment

Reſentment as to its Cauſe, and highly proper as to its Conſequences. If I may ſpeak my Opinion, the public Order abſolutely requires that *Vaſhti* ſhould be declared to have forfeited her Dignity, and to be lawfully repudiated, having by her Frowardneſs rendered herſelf unworthy of your Heart Throne.

Here's a Queen, whoſe only Faults were a firm Virtue and a delicate Modeſty, ruined by the Artifices of a deſigning Courtier; the firſt, but not the laſt Victim of that Kind.

The other Miniſters, no leſs fond of lording at home than *Memuchan*, and might ſtand in equal need of a Proclamation for that Purpoſe, unanimouſly applauded his Zeal for the Emperor's Honour, and his Concern for the public Order: Such a Decree, ſay they, being drawn up and publiſhed in the Forms of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, will be irrevocable; and ſome Clauſes expreſly enjoining all Wives whatſoever to pay the moſt reſpectful Homage and entire Submiſſion to their Huſbands, will render it of wonderful Benefit in all Families.

The Edict, ſo novel in its Tenor, and ſo excellent in its Regulations, was made public without Delay; the World had never ſeen ſuch a one before, yet has it ſince ſeen Times, when ſuch a one would not have been unſeaſonable.

It was ſent into every Province, according to its reſpective Writing and Language; and after ſetting forth the formal Depoſition of the unfortunate *Vaſhti*, it concluded with this fine Maxim: *Every Man ſhall bear Rule in his own Houſe.* Unhappily, by length of Time, it has grown quite out of Remembrance.

The Wives muſt certainly have carried it with a very high Hand; ſince the next Day, on the

Review

Review of this important Deliberation, when the Council, being freſh and faſting, were more ſerious and diſpaſſionate, it paſſed *nem. con.* too plain a Proof that ſuch a Reformation was abſolutely wanting throughout the Empire.

How the Huſbands ſhouted at the Proclamation may eaſily be conceived; the Word with them then was, *I will have it ſo*; and their *dear Halves*, taking warning from *Vaſhti*'s Fate, became more pliant and ſocial.

I cannot bring myſelf to think that the Benefit was ſo great as might have been expected from the profound Wiſdom and Equity of the Edict: The marital Authority, when once loſt, is of all others the moſt difficult to be recovered; it too often happens that the Cauſe of its Declenſion ſtill ſubſiſts in the Puſillanimity or Brutality of the Huſband, who wanting either Firmneſs or Moderation to make himſelf obeyed, the Wife takes the Staff in Hand, keeps it, and uſes it with the more Fury on account of the harſh Attempts to keep her under: Another Reaſon is, that Condeſcenſion and Kindneſs in the Sovereign, and Tenderneſs and Reſpect to the Subject, are the Foundations of this Authority; and that generally neither Party has a Grain of either.

Were a great King to iſſue ſuch an Edict in our Days, little Oppoſition would be made to the Regiſtry! How many Huſbands would rejoice to find themſelves Maſters of their own Houſes? How many Families would be turned upſide down; or rather ſet to rights!

No longer then would *Mamucan* be tormented at home with two Tables, two Beds, two Apartments, and in thoſe of his Wife another Maſter beſides himſelf; his Steward's daily Account no longer loaded with the monſtrous Expences of

my Lady; Articles into which he muſt not preſume too narrowly to enquire. Then *Mamucan*, wholly taken up with his own Affairs, in his waking Intervals, which would alſo be leſs frequent, might calmly ruminate on them undiſturbed, and no longer would then my Lady's nocturnal Revels be the Occaſion of uneaſy Dreams to him.

But why ſhould I think of reforming *Mamucan*'s Houſehold, when he himſelf is ſo indifferent about it? For what is he actually about? His Authority ſinks at his own Home, and riſes at the Marquis *de B*-----'s, whoſe Place he fills in the Marchioneſs's Apartment; he controuls all his Accounts, pays all, from my Lord's Taylor to his Son's Preceptor; yet this is no more than what Councellor *D*----does within *Mamucan*'s Doors; and 'tis only for playing the ſame Game with others, that he frequents the Marquiſs's. You perhaps could not digeſt this Way of being eaſed of the Fatigue of a Houſhold; but *Mamucan* does, he likes it, and is of ſuch overflowing Gratitude, he thinks he can never do too much for his Subſtitute.

The Aſcendency of Wives is carried to ſuch a Pitch, and the marital Power at ſo low an Ebb, that, to put the Edict in due Force, and aſſert its Prerogatives, would occaſion a Revolution beyond any Parallel in all Hiſtory.

Of all this, the Concluſion is, according to the wiſeſt of Men, who yet fatally experienced their inauſpicious Influence, that "he who finds a good Wife, hath found a Treaſure and the Lord hath given him a Spring of Delight."

Of

Of Ambition.

NEXT to Love, a more active, more eager more general Paſſion than Ambition, is not I believe to be found; nay, may it not even be allowed the Preference; for Love, how often is it uſed as no more than as a Bridge to Ambition!

The Draper not only has his Cloaths ſtretched to the utmoſt, he charges his Journeymen to be careful of the Inches at the End of every Yard: And what's his Drift in theſe illicit Profits? To multiply his Bags, till he can purchaſe an Employment to which Nobility is annexed: Well, but this is being only an official Nobleman; no Matter, 'tis ſtill being a Nobleman, and that's his Aim.

Grandeur and Opulence carry with them ſo much Merit, and every one is driving at them in ſuch a Hurry, that the Ambitious ſwarm in all Places; there is no ſtirring abroad without being joſtled and elbowed by them: If in Company, they ſuperciliouſly interrupt you: What's the Town to them? They'll poſt themſelves on the Stage, facing the Audience; the Play indeed they don't act; but they act ſuch Parts of their own, that, if attended to, would convey an excellent Moral.

The Dignity of the Miniſtry! the Veneration due to Religion! Veneration to Religion as much as you pleaſe; but as for an Eccleſiaſtic, what is he? one who ſays his Breviary, becauſe he is paid for it; and thinks every Day an Age till he gets

himſelf well enough provided to leave the tireſome Duty to a Curate; who goes about it juſt as a Manufacturer takes the Shuttle in Hand.

The Military! what ſplendid Ideas riſe in the Mind at that glorious Name! the auguſt Nurſery of Heroiſm! the Element of Courage and Generoſity! the Seat of Magnanimity! Such Virtues enrapture me at the firſt View; I ſee Trenches forced; the Enemy's Troops attacked with the moſt intrepid Fury: How reſolutely they mount the Breach, and puſh on the Aſſault! 'Tis they who defend their Country, and chearfully ruſh on Death in the Service of their Prince. Something very fine is there in all this, but the End ſpoils the whole. The private Man ſtands Sword and Bullet for Five Pence a Day; runs the Riſque of being knocked on the Head to keep himſelf from ſtarving; the Lieutenant leaves his Cottage in hopes of being a Captain; and the Captain faces any Danger to be a Colonel; the Colonel expoſes his Perſon, and ruins his Eſtate, in hopes of being a Brigadier: And what's the Drift of *Tullius*'s open Table but to be made a General?

The Gown is a Badge of that which, in the whole World is the moſt ſacred, and at the ſame Time the moſt neceſſary, I mean Juſtice; the Explanation may be neceſſary to prevent Miſtakes. Can there be any Sight more venerable than a Court of Juſtice? the Caps, the Furrs, the Mace, the Habits even of the lower Officers, have an Air of Grandeur! Every thing is ſo great, that, how Kings could voluntarily diveſt themſelves of ſuch a ſtriking Branch of their Prerogative, is wonderful. Let us turn the Tables: Not to mention the illegal, diſgraceful and flagitious Sollicitations, what means that young Counſellor by his early Attendance in the Judge's Antichamber, and hurrying

hurrying away from thence to the Hall? or that rapacious Attorney, who, when he allows himſelf any Sleep, dreams of nothing but Arreſts, Diſtraints and Proſecutions? There's another Limb of the Law ſtarting from his Bed to peruſe a Caſe recommended to him by ſome Great One, and to throw it into a Form which is ſure to perplex the Subſtance: Why the needleſs Diligence of that Preſident, who is every Morning the conſtant Plague of the *Parliament Coffee-Houſe*; 'tis all Ambition, Thirſt of Power, an impotent Avidity after Honours.

The Expences of the Government run high; the Exchequer is low, and all Reſources exhauſted: This glorious War, as it is called, impoveriſhes the Crown; what Victories we get, our Enemies take care we ſhall pay for, and every Town we take is a dear Bargain: Then there's the Navy quite gone to Wreck; the Cavalry muſt be re-mounted; and what Numbers of Recruits are wanting to complete the Infantry! Where will Money be found for theſe Charges? and there's no doing without them. Be eaſy; many zealous Patriots, who can command Millions, offer to ſupply all the wants of the State. Say you ſo? theſe then muſt have the Quinteſſence of *Roman* Virtue in them: *Roman* Virtue! no; they are the Leaches of the State, taking Advantage of its Neceſſities; glutting themſelves on the public Diſtreſs. Well, Ships are launched, the Cavalry is re-mounted, and the Foot completed; and what of that? only now we are in a Condition of loſing more; our Triumphs drain us, and *they* fatten on our Wants. Amidſt our Laurels we are ſtarving; much do they value our Execrations, whilſt every Delicacy of Nature is ſeen on their Tables. Where is there Furniture like that of

their Town and Country Houſes? the very Ceilings exhibit ſome grand Piece of Painting: Dukes are ſeen to marry their Daughters; their Sons are at the Head of Parliaments, or have the Mitre: Inſatiable Blood-ſuckers! unnatural Monſters! Parricides!

Public Good, Patriotiſm, Bravery, Sanctity, Juſtice, Liberality! mere Varniſh of Ambition! as pleading, fighting, trading and preaching are no more than its Inſtruments.

No Diſguiſe will do; Ambition makes a Buſtle, and breaks out into public View: The generality are no better than Wicker Baſkets; however cloſely worked, ſomething of what is within will ſhew itſelf. Joy or Grief equally betray us; nay, any thing of an Indifference more than uſual, or a Diſſimulation ill acted, lays us open.

The Enemy is in a Trap; hemmed in on the Right by a Wood, where Care has been taken to throw in a Body of Infantry, and to fell the Trees to hinder their Retreat; on the Left is a River, let them offer to paſs it, there's Part of our Army to face, and a warm Battery to flank them; they will have to do with the beſt Legions of the Republic; they are our own, unleſs they can force their Way through us: The Victory is certain; there will be a Booty! the Diſpoſition was made by the experienced *Claudius*; let him be but well ſeconded, and the Day is ours.

Antony, ſtimulated by his impatient Ambition, will be ſure not to contribute to his Rival's Glory; he orders the Legion under his Command to advance; and ſo, very conveniently for the Enemy, maſks the Battery which galled them; that, had he been paid for it, he could not have done them a better Turn; nor are they wanting to make the moſt of it; for, ſounding the Charge, they amuſe him

him whilſt the heavy Baggage moves off, by Ways which had been cowardly forſaken; and Victory, being rejected by him, declares for the Enemy. His Ambition betrays him into a Series of Blunders, which he thought to expiate by his oſtentatious Death, and that was the greateſt of them all.

What could bring gouty *Timon* twice a Week to Court? ſome Motive of Importance ſurely! that he ſhould twice a Day hobble up the great Staircaſe: poſſibly, Devotion to his Prince; a Deſire of paying due Homage to his Virtues, which drew him out of Town. Is he for taking him as his Model, to do all the Good he can by an honourable Behaviour in his Deportment? What indiſpenſable Obligations had he under all his Infirmities, to crawl up ſuch a Flight of Stairs? Or was it only by way of Exerciſe? Nothing of all that: There was a Vacancy which he put in for, and to obtain it, has done what he ſhould not, as well as what he ſhould; he has not ſo much as overlooked the Yeomen of the Guard's good Word; and *Laura*'s Parrot was plentifully ſupplyed with Biſkets; every thing helps to get Favour: But *Philintus*, without ſtirring from his Fire-Side, is inveſted with the Employment which *Timon* had been ſoliciting for two Years with no ſmall Expence, Pain and Ignominy: His perſonal Merit pleaded for him, I won't ſay without his having any ſuch Wiſh; and all poor *Timon* has got by ſo many Journeys, Bows and Preſents, is the poor Satisfaction of having frequently jaunted his Gout betwixt *Paris* and *Verſailles*, and done more to get rid of it than he would for any of *Dumoulin*'s Preſcriptions; that's ſtill ſomething, it will be ſaid, and there might probably have been a Cure, had *Philinthus*'s Preferment been delayed four Years longer.

Is it a happy Remorſe which has induced *Moncade* to quit the Finances? Does he at laſt relent at having a Hand in fleecing the People? I hope 'tis a real Converſion, and that he'll refund: Let me tell you it would be ſomething very noble; but this is talking at random; however, he is upon a Contract for an Office to aggrandize himſelf and his Children; one is created a Count, the other a Marquis; he could be glad a *Peerage-Dutchy* were to be ſold. He calls his two Sons, *My Lord*, and *My Lord Marquis*; they have their ſeparate Equipages and Houſholds; a Name in *ille* muſt be had for him; his Father is not to know him, and he would fain forget himſelf. His firſt Wife has long ſince been dead, and now he lays out for Quality: He marries a Lady with an ample Stock of Coquettry, beſides a Temper tolerably fit to make him mad; ſhe already heartily deſpiſes him: looks upon him only as a Hind, to whom ſhe does Honour; or, at moſt, as a Farmer who manages her Lands; and we ſhall ſhortly ſee him ſcold at *her* as a Beggar of Quality whom he keeps for Show. *Moncade*'s Paſſion is fervent, but the Blood of the *M------s* will hardly mix with his, and his Children by his new Bride may be of nobler Birth than he ever dreamed of.

What ſhall we ſay to *Argenes*, who, leaving Thouſands of Souls for whom, as under his Charge, he is anſwerable to God, no leſs than for his own, and of whom ſome might have benefited by his Sermons, goes away and diſplays his *Norman* Eloquence and *Gaſcon* Solidity on a Stage, where he neither has, nor could expect to do the leaſt Good, being an utter Stranger to the Manners of his Auditors, and induſtriouſly avoided inſinuating any thing of the little he could not but know from common Fame: Then what carried him thither?

thither? To preach haughtily on that Humility which he ſo little practices, and to a Set of Folks who leave it to the Lay-Brothers; to inveigh againſt the Age, the Want of the higheſt Honours whereof ſours his Temper; to thunder, but diſcreetly, againſt Ambition, to which there is not a more impatient Votary; it was Ambition which ſent him on the Journey; but how galling is its Yoke! Who can expreſs the excruciating Application in which *Argenes* has laid himſelf out, to attain the Art of preaching up God without ſpeaking of him, or at leaſt only in praiſing Men? How has he tortured his poor Imagination, in degrading and disfiguring the Truths of Religion! that they might be underſtood ſo as to be believed no further than ſuited, eſpecially ſo as not to cauſe any Uneaſineſs in the Conſcience.

Well were it for him, had he harangued to a deaf Auditory; they themſelves would have been no Loſers. What Diſgrace and Anguiſh would it have ſaved him! His Journey itſelf was loudly ridiculed; his miſplaced Erudition hiſſed! Theſe might afford many edifying Reflections for Humility: What a Rebuff was this to a Deſire of Applauſe, and an Avidity after Preferment! This, *Argenes*, write on the Tablet of thine Heart.

Thus the four Conditions in the World, betwixt which there is the leaſt Harmony, are found to agree in aiming only at Honours. Soul and Body, Virtue and Reputation, are readily ſtaked when they call for them; yet this is not all: Honour, which ſometimes directs Ambition, is often ſacrificed too; that Idol of the World ſees its Temple falling into Ruin, and its Worſhip exploded to gratify a more powerful Deity. If Virtue does not preſent an Opportunity for Advancement, rather than fail, the moſt infamous

Offers will be embraced, the moſt ſhocking Crimes perpetrated. 'Tis an open, plain, beaten and frequented Road, and where we are ſure to meet with good Company to keep us in Countenance.

Daphnis was once but a ſlender Sort of a Squire; a Fowl in his Yard might at one Stretch have flown out of his Territories; his Seat, as he called it, was nothing but a ſhabby ruinous old Houſe, and a dirty Ditch ſerved for a Canal; but he had a Wife, and that's a great Article. How ſhe ſprung up in the World has been a Secret to me; but, Muſhroom-like, ſhe was ſeen here; for the Day before there was no Token of ſuch a Phenomenon. It was but one Step from Turkey-coop to Town, and from thence to the Temple of Fortune. The ſame had been her Siſter's Good Luck; ſhe expected and welcomed her; and what was a Prodigy, they ſhared the Favours of the Idol, as it were in Partnerſhip, without any ſeparate Intereſts. The Artifices of this little capricious Thing turned to as good Account as the Beauty of others; ſhe was rather agreeable than handſome; thoughtleſs than ſprightly, and had more Cunning than Wit; this indefatigable *Mole* has worked her Way with a Rapidity that is ſeldom ſeen. Her cunning Heart eaſily received every convenient Impreſſion; and the Leſſons ſhe ſo readily imbibed, ſhe as dexterouſly carried into Practice. Theſe are the Talents which have mended Matters with *Daphnis*; it's his Wife who drew him from the Mire of his Hole; where, for any thing in himſelf he might have lived and died; to her are owing thoſe Preferments by which he carries his Head ſo lofty, and eclipſes all his former Equals.

A handſome Wife, in all Times, has proved a powerful Recommendation to the Huſband: When

Abraham

Abraham was journeying into *Egypt*, he told *Sarah* that her uncommon Share of Beauty made him apprehenſive that the *Egyptians*, upon obſerving her as his Wife, might contrive to make away with him, in order to come at her: It is my Requeſt therefore, ſaid he, that you would paſs for my Siſter, that upon your Account theſe People may ſpare my Life, and deal kindly with me. When they came into *Egypt*, ſhe appeared very deſirable in the Sight of the *Egyptians*; and *Pharaoh* being informed of her diſtinguiſhed Beauty, ſhe was taken from *Abraham* and carried to Court. Great Kindneſs was ſhewn to *Abraham*, for her ſake, and all manner of Cattle, and Men and Maid Servants were given to him. But the Lord ſmote *Pharaoh* and all his Houſhold with very great Plagues on account of *Abraham*'s Wife; and *Pharaoh*, ſending for him, ſaid, "Why haſt thou dealt ſo with me? Why didſt thou not let me know ſhe was thy Wife? Why did'ſt thou deceive me by calling her thy Siſter, who I might have taken to Wife? I reſtore her to you, however; take her, and go thy Way."

A conſiderable Fortune is ſeldom to be made, we find, without a Woman; the Dukes and Lords of *Egypt* make their Court to *Pharaoh*, by informing him of the beautiful *Sarah*, and commending the Charms of her Perſon.

Abrahams there are many; very few *Pharaohs*; but all Courtiers are entirely like thoſe of *Egypt*.

Abraham went to ſojourn in the Land of *Gerah*; there *Sarah* was to paſs for his Siſter: *Abimelech*, King of *Gerah*, made therefore no Scruple to order her to be brought away to him. But God came to *Abimelech* by Night in a Dream, and ſaid to him, Thou art a dead Man, becauſe of the Woman which thou haſt taken; for ſhe is a Man's

Wife.

Wife. *Abimelech* immediately riſing, though it was before Day, ſent for *Abraham*, and ſaid unto him, Thou haſt done unto me what thou ſhould'ſt not have done.—He anſwered, I thought ſurely the Fear of God is not in this Place, and they will ſlay me for my Wife's ſake; and yet indeed ſhe is my Siſter; ſhe is the Daughter of my Father, though not of my Mother; and ſhe became my Wife.—And *Abimelech* gave to *Abraham* Sheep and Oxen, and Men and Maid Servants.—Afterwards he ſaid unto *Sarah*, I have given thy Brother a thouſand Pieces of Silver, that whereſoever ye go, you may always wear a Veil over your Eyes, and remember that once you was taken from him.

Excellent *Abimelech!* great was the Wiſdom of thy Preſent! few Princes imitate ſo worthy a Pattern; fewer Women would think themſelves much obliged to them if they did; a Veil is one of thoſe Preſents a Woman would think herſelf little benefited by.

It is not every Child which takes Warning from the Faults of Parents: *Iſaac* came to dwell in the Land of *Gerah*; and when the Inhabitants aſked him who *Rebecca* was, he readily anſwered, my Siſter; fearing to own her for his Wife, leſt their Paſſion for her might prompt them to murder him.

What can be more delightful than to live with a Wife, who, in ſaving or promoting us, has uſed no other Means than her Virtue! But this is a very rare Caſe.

The Fiſh will be known through all *Martial*'s Skill; he may ſoak and cleanſe it till he's tired; its foul Nature will remain; all the Sauce in the World won't take away its muddy Quality.

No,

No, no, *Criſpin*, the glittering Coach in which you drive about your boaſted Bride with an Air of Triumph; all her Jewels, and the illuſtrious Genealogy which has been contrived for her, will not anſwer thy End. Well is it known what ſhe was, what ſhe is, and your ſcandalous Sale of yourſelf in marrying her.

It is no uncommon Thing, that the Deſcendants of thoſe worthy Perſonages who acquitted themſelves with diſtinguiſhed Capacity and Honour in the chief Employments of the State, come to fill the ſame Stations; but the Merit does not prove hereditary: Their Humanity and Condeſcenſion is degenerated into Cruelty and Haughtineſs; inſtead of their Gravity, we ſee nothing but Superciliouſneſs; the Mildneſs which they mixed with their Denials left no Diſcontent upon the Heart: Now a Favour is a Rarity, and granted with ſuch Moroſeneſs, that the Perſons obliged could almoſt wiſh they had met with a Denial. They endeavoured, by Affability and Gentleneſs, to endear themſelves: And not a Perſon of Senſe but loved them: But theſe who affect to be Idols, are delighted with a Gang of hypocritical Worſhippers; they truckled to Favourites, but without Baſeneſs; whereas, ſay their Deſcendants, who are our Equals? They died, as I ſaid, at the very Summit of Dignity; and *Liſmon*, their Son, their Grandſon, their Heir and Succeſſor, is fretting his Life away at one of his Seats, diſcarded by means of a Favourite, of whoſe Ambition, if not the only, he has been the laſt Victim.

Diſtant Relation, momentary Acquaintance, old Friendſhips, every thing is practiſed to gain Acceſs with a riſing Favourite, what may an own Brother expect? and an Uncle no body will forget.

A warm

A warm Poſt has fallen to *Ariſton*'s Lot as it were caſually; the Surprize was ſo intoxicating, that he immediately loſt all Knowledge of himſelf, aped the Man of Parts, and conceited arduous Deſigns to be his natural Province. The Benefit of this Miracle extends to his whole Family: My Brother! ſure I may be allowed to make him the better for my Advancement: His Promotion cannot be ſaid to be accidental; there's a ſtrong Reaſon for it; he is *Ariſton*'s Brother: But the Cry is, why did not *Ariſton*, with all his Power, if he was for preferring his Brother, pitch upon an Employment where he would have been anchored in ſure Ground, without the Mortification of ſeeing him outed within a Year?

Welcome *T*----------! My Dear Uncle, I'm glad to ſee you; I am in Favour, and you ſhall be made ſenſible of it. Are you for Money? or would Lands and Titles pleaſe you better? But you ſhall have all three; the Well is mine, 'tis only letting down the Bucket. I could provide for you handſomely in the Army; 'tis pity you are no Warrior, and that you can reliſh nothing but the quiet Uniformity of a Country-Life: May I aſk you if you know that one ſtrait Line falling upon another makes two Right Angles, or two equal to two Right Angles? Could you handle a Pair of Compaſſes? But what ſignifies it whether you do or no: I own you for my Relation, ſo ſet up for a Builder, and I'll engage Buſineſs will flow in upon you.

Inſupportable *Varius!* How he bridles! The Coxcomb ſalutes no farther than a Look, and puts the Women out of Countenance with an inſolent Stare; yet a Folly ſhews itſelf amidſt his ſtately Arrogance, and all the Conceit of Self-love runs through his Talk and Deportment. There is no need

need of explaining theſe Airs by a formal, *My Siſter the Marchioneſs:* they are ſufficient Indications that, one way or other, you are related to great Folks; if it be not the moſt reputable Way, ſtill you are related; and the worſt often does as well as the beſt. You are continually fancying yourſelf a Perſon of Eminence: Now, *Varius*, be but continually giving, and you ſhall be whatever you deſire: However, no more of your Fancies, eſpecially let them not model your Behaviour.

By his Sagacity and Wiſdom, *Joſeph* roſe to be Governor over all *Egypt*; and no better Proof could be how well he deſerved his Exaltation, than the Moderation of all his Meaſures: As the Famine was yet to continue for ſome Time, and *Pharoah* had ordered him to ſend for his Family, he received his Father and Brethren with the moſt affectionate Joy, and gave them a cordial Welcome. All the Inſtruction he gave them before they were introduced to the King was no more than to ſay, that they were Keepers of Sheep; and that all the Favour they requeſted was, that they might be allowed to ſettle in the Land of *Goſhen:* Accordingly, at their Audience, they punctually kept to what *Joſeph* had put in their Mouths. The wiſe Prince referred their Caſe to the impartial Integrity of his Miniſter; adding, if thou knoweſt any capable Perſons among them, make them Rulers over my Cattle.

The amphibious *Clarus* puts on the Garb, and affects the Behaviour of one Profeſſion, whilſt he receives his Titles and Income from another: He is an eccleſiaſtical Soldier in Town; he's Monſieur l'Abbè! if there's a War, *Clarus* goes a Volunteer, though he deſerves a Commiſſion, facing the Enemy, and laying about him as ſtoutly as the beſt of them; when in Quarters, he appears with Sword

and

and Feather at Court, and is often ſeen in the ſame Berlin with *Nais*, of whom he has trick'd *Chryſippus*, who was ruining himſelf for her.

Artemon is like a Man at *Poliſh* Draughts in the Hands of a ſkilful Gameſter: How many Snares are to be avoided! what Art muſt be uſed in conducting its Motions before it comes to be kinged! that Advantage obtained, he threatens all about him, takes to the Right and Left, and begins to clear the Board; when a Man, ſlily ſtealing along from the fartheſt Row, comes upon his Back, and takes him off, as he had juſt before done ſo many others.

Fortune ſometimes ſlips into Inattentions at her Game, which they whom ſhe frowned upon take Advantage of, to make themſelves Amends.

The Reward often comes too ſpeedily: Strange as it may ſeem, I have known a Scheme received with general Satisfaction, and ſeconded with Ardor; yet the Projector would gladly retract it, and rues his Haſtineſs in making it turn to too good an Account.

What, in the Name of Wonder, ſays one, is *Theobald*'s Vocation? Is he yet ſhort of what he imagines God has called him to? Is he deſtined to get yet ſomething higher? I hear it anſwered, it was the Inſinuations of *Lucinda* and *Argenice*, which occaſioned his Vocation: Away, genteel Stripling, ſaid they, with the Habit of the World; he frankly made a Stand, imagining that he muſt alſo renounce its Pleaſures; but they taught him better Things, and two Days after he was tonſurated, I wiſh you Joy, Monſieur l'Abbe; but within a Week he's a Biſhop; and not long after the World lifted up their Hands to ſee him a Cardinal: That's ſurely enough, *Theobald!* Why ſo!

Argenis

Argenis and *Lucinda* ſtill like me, and I'll make the moſt of it; here's an honeſt Gentleman very ſeaſonably gone to his Reſt, which makes a fine Vacancy, and it ſhall go hard if I don't fill it: Pray who fitter? Certainly, *Theobald*, you have all his Genius: you were let into his Secrets; and you have often lent him a helping Hand, though it was on ſome ſcurvy Emergencies; and there are few fitter to make his Death leſs rejoiced at: But then 'tis ſuch a dainty Bit, and ſo many Hands are ſnatching at it, that I queſtion whether any Taſte of it will fall to your ſhare; however, he ſucceeds him, and well was it for him that this Vacancy did not fall out later; for now *Theobald* is ſinking: *Argenice* and *Lucinda* never think of any Increaſe of their Age, though he is grown old in their Service: A Man of three-ſcore is an Eye-ſore to them; they look cold, and this draws the general Contempt upon him; ſo that at length he prudently takes himſelf away, and retires to his Dioceſe, to avoid the Shame of being ordered thither: Your Dioceſe, *Theobald*; there it was that God called you twenty Years ago; that was your Vocation; but they who are the better for your Removal, may thank *Argenice's* Frowns, and *Lucinda*'s Contempt; 'twas they only which ſent you thither.

Antoninus's Life would ſeem a Paradox to any who are not acquainted with the Ways of the World; this Fellow, being in want of Bread at home, very prudently turned Footman: His Maſter to the Aſtoniſhment of High and Low, is ſent for to Court, whither *Antoninus* accompanies him; never was a more fortunate Journey, he comes in for ſome Snacks of Contracts, Tenths and Exciſes; Opulence pours upon him from various Streams;

Streams; he, who had not a Rye Loaf at Command, now keeps open Table ſix Days in the Week, and ſuch a Table, that the Nobility, when they have a mind for a Sample of refined Epicuriſm, reſort thither without Invitation: But alas! at laſt he dies! and leaves behind him Caſh, Seats and Lordſhips, to Nephews who knew nothing of him, and who are little qualified to make a right Uſe of his Accumulations.

Haman is an Inſtance that a ſettled Happineſs is not to be expected; he had Honours, Riches and Reputation to Satiety; he enjoyed himſelf with Exaltation in the midſt of a numerous Family; he had engroſſed the Heart, and governed the Affairs of his indolent Sovereign, who minded only Pomp and Women; he was the People's Terror, and the Idol of the Nobility: All this was *Haman.*

Mordecai, though poor, being without any Expectations or Deſires, refuſes to bow to this Idol; and *Haman*, regardleſs of the Proſtrations of his common Worſhippers, has Eyes only to ſee the noble Haughtineſs of the *Jew*; it fills him with a rancorous Rage: Thus he who can deſpiſe Fortune, has in reality more of it than he who knows not how to enjoy it.

A haughty Miniſter makes uſe of the King's Name, and takes Advantage of his Weakneſs for his own Aggrandizement; the People ſhall be made to feel that they are Slaves, is his Maxim: But would there not be a little more Prudence in endeavouring to give them Cauſe to forget they are ſo?

Haman, bloated with Grandeur and Reſentment, haſtens to *Ahaſuerus*, and repreſents the Pride of *Mordecai* as an Indignity even to the King himſelf,

and

and that his Honour requires the Chaſtiſement of it: The King gave Credit to the Inſinuation; he had no Time for Examinations. The lovely *Eſther* was in Expectation of him; he haſtily ſigned an Edict drawn up under *Haman*'s Direction; and 'twas almoſt pardonable: For could a King waſte the Hours with a Miniſter, when Love preſſed him on to the Apartments of the Object of his Soul!

The fatal Edict then is diſpatched over the Empire, for a general Maſſacre of the *Jews*, even to the unoffending Infant, on one and the ſame Day and Hour. The Order occaſions Speculation; ſome openly accuſe them of forming a deſperate Plot againſt the State; the wiſer Part whiſper, that their Money and Poſſeſſions are the Things aimed at; for who could imagine that the Refuſal of a Bow from a private Perſon was the Foundation of it?

How miſerable is the Nation that is under the Government of a premier Miniſter, whoſe Maſter contents himſelf with being a nominal King in his Apartments?

Mordecai is not alarmed at the Edict; he puts his Truſt in the King of King, and to him he humbles himſelf. *Haman* grows fierce at his Intrepidity? his great Revenge is to be ſatisfied before the appointed Day of the general Execution; he immediately therefore ſets about forwarding it; a Council of his Creatures is held, who are unanimous for a Gibbet fifty Cubits high in the Court of the Palace to hang *Mordecai* on.

But *Eſther* is ſoon acquainted with the Preparations, ſhe ſets *Ahaſuerus* right, as to *Haman*'s Conduct, lays open his Drift, and thus brings the King not only to repeal the bloody Edict againſt

againſt the *Jews*, but to order his haughty Favourite to be hanged on the Gibbet which he had deſigned for the Innocent.

Power is no more than a Loan from Fortune, which ſhe often beſtows on us to require it again with ſevere Intereſt. Ye great ones, turn your Eyes towards *Haman*'s Cataſtrophe; and learn that an exalted Station affords Enemies in greater Numbers than Flatterers.

Of

Of FRIENDS.

AS there are invincible Antipathies, ſo are there irreſiſtible Sympathies, and both equally unaccountable; the firſt ſhun all Intercourſe with the Object of them, and the latter can never be too cloſely united.

If we happen to meet with any one, againſt whom there is a natural Antipathy in us, we are uneaſy till we have got clear of him: Do we hate him? Perhaps not; but from ſome internal and involuntary Movement too ſtrong for all our Efforts againſt it; the Sight of him fills us with Diſguſt. Our warmeſt Friendſhips are often founded upon the ſame whimſical Foundation.

Are we caſually introduced into a Company? it is natural to give a Look at every Perſon? from this Look, our Heart is often brought to a deciſive Preference perhaps for one ſingle Perſon above all the reſt; this Diſpoſition ſhews itſelf moſt towards Perſons of the ſame Sex. If a Party at play comes on, we intereſt ourſelves in the Game, paſſionately wiſhing the greateſt Luck imaginable to ſome whom we never ſaw, or perhaps heard of before, and not leſs heartily as much ill Luck to others, who are as little known to us; and if the former have the beſt on't, we cannot forebear our Congratulations: What can be the Origin of ſuch a ſudden and ſtrong Prepoſſeſſion? To me it appears unfathomable; Similarity of Diſpoſitions it cannot be; we were utter Strangers;

gers; for the ſame Reaſon, as little can it be any Conformity of Sentiments, or Agreement of Humours. What then is this Power which ſo forcibly impells us, and often againſt our Wills? 'Tis a Sympathy; the Queſtion then is, what this ſame Sympathy may be? for as to any thing of it but its Conſequences, we are in the Dark; a ſhort Converſation, after the attractive Impreſſions of the Sympathy, is ſufficient to knit as entire a Friendſhip as a Twelvemonth's Commerce betwixt thoſe who firſt ſaw each other with Indifference.

Some Unions and Connections are formed without any efficient Sympathy, and where the Parties felt nothing of that inward Senſation which preſides over Friendſhip; theſe plainly owe their Origin to Diſpoſitions, ſocial Delight and Intercourſe, and from the Conveniency of the Term and its common Acceptation.

If, and certainly it is ſo, the moſt natural, moſt ſenſible, and moſt ſatisfactory Joy be to ſee one's ſelf beloved, it conſequently deſerves our utmoſt Attention, all the Means within our Power; any Neglect of it returns upon us with keen Reproaches: Man's natural Fondneſs for Pleaſure ſhould prompt him to procure himſelf this, of all the moſt exquiſite.

Agathon and *Euticha* were happy in a warm reciprocal Friendſhip, at leaſt ſo they thought: Their Intimacy took Root ſo early as when they were School-fellows; and afterwards meeting again at College, and performing their Exerciſes together, it acquired freſh Strength. *Agathon* was all for Pleaſure, in which *Euticha* heartily concurred with him; it was not long before this Similarity of Diſpoſitions grew to the moſt cordial Friendſhip,

ſhip, by the Abilities which each of them ſhewed in conducting a very critical Intrigue; it was followed by many ſeparate ones, though betwixt them there was no Secret; their Purſe and Equipage were common, their Rank equal, they lived in the ſame Houſe, the ſame Taſte in Dreſs, the ſame Diverſions, the ſame Miſtreſſes. This was carrying Friendſhip as far as it well could be; the World accounted them excellent Friends, and they themſelves were ſo perſuaded of it, that they had ſworn a thouſand Times, that nothing but Death ſhould part them; lamenting that Friendſhip could be carried no further. This pleaſing Life had gone on for three Months, when *Agathon* began a Kind of Reſerve towards *Euticha*: they had hitherto been inſeparable; now *Agathon* takes his Tours by himſelf, wrapped up in Contemplation; or if with *Euticha*, not a Word drops from him, unleſs in anſwer to what *Euticha* may aſk him, and that always far enough from the Purpoſe; makes and breaks Appointments with him, that he may the better attend others, which now lye nearer his Heart; till *Euticha*, finding himſelf no more than a Dupe to him, watches *Agathon* ſo effectually, that he diſcovers his Affection for *Alicia*, and that 'tis ſhe which engroſſes the Hours ſo lately devoted to a Friendſhip, which Death itſelf would have been thought ſevere to have brought to a Period. *Euticha* had ſeen *Alicia* a thouſand Times with a Perfect Indifference; but now, piqued at *Agathon*'s Coldneſs, ſhe appears quite charming in his Eyes; he begins to kindle, and one Look inſtantly ſets him on Flame, another Love being all that *Alicia* wanted to turn off *Agathon*, *Euticha*'s Addreſſes are countenanced, and ſhe is denied to *Agathon*. He ſtorms at his unknown Rival; he'll lay him dead at the Feet of that ungrateful Woman;

man; and his Vigilance ſoon informs him that this Rival was no other than his *Euticha:* This only animates his Revenge; they are both reſolute; they ſeek each other; they meet; and they each fall a Sacrifice to the fatal Paſſion of the other.

Full twenty Years was this three Months Intimacy growing up; and ſuddenly is cut down by a Cataſtrophe equally diſmal and infamous.

The Friendſhip of Youth is all Life! all Flame! Have you ſeen a Brace of theſe good Friends meet at the Play; their hearty Smacks ſhall be heard all over the Houſe; and the ſame Evening, upon a mere Nothing, compoſedly cut one another's Throats. 'Tis only in Speculation that the Contempt of Life is Heroiſm; Conſcience, the Defence of our Country, and the juſt Service of our King excepted, 'tis ſupremely culpable; if Honour is to be included, what prudent Reſtrictions ought to be ſet to it? To expoſe one's Life in Revenge is Frenzy; to die for one's Paſſions is wicked and diſgraceful: If it be ſaid, This is reducing Honour very low; my anſwer is, Can it be reduced too low?

Well might the young Men of this forward Age cry, *Lord ſave me from my Friends, 'tis of them only that I am afraid.*

Giddineſs begins the Connections of young People; and if Licentiouſneſs ſometimes conſolidates them, it much oftener breaks them to Pieces. It is allowed; but there's *Crater* and *Acteon*, is not their Friendſhip unexceptionable? If ever two Perſons had all Things in common, 'tis they. I know it; but, under Favour, this Community may meet with an Abridgement: Under the Roſe, where would be the Wrong to Friendſhip, if *Acteon* was to except his Wife? You ſtare; well,

well, know then that *Crater* is rather the Wife's Gallant, that the Huſband's Friend.——By an unexpected Turn of Fortune, *Acteon*'s Effects were in Danger of being ſeized; this coming to *Crater*'s Knowledge, who had been a long Time in Love with *Acteon*'s Wife, and waiting only for an Opportunity to break the Matter to her, was not wanting to lay hold of the preſent Exigency, and drove away to make *Acteon* a ſincere Offer of any thing within his Power: Under all his Embarraſſments, the Huſband dares not accept it; but the Wife was more condeſcending to *Crater*'s ſeeming Generoſity; to her it was that all was given, and from her he likewiſe has received all. She took upon herſelf to repay ſuch a ſignal Favour, and has theſe ten Years been daily diſcharging it with a Punctuality and Good-will, of which ſhe is not the only Inſtance. *Crater* is every Day at *Acteon's*, who cannot ſup without him; he is his beſt Friend, the moſt agreeable generous Man; and often allows ſufficient Time for his Wife's Gratitude to his Benefactor: Here's Return! Here's Senſibility! Can there be any thing more complete! The World is full of this, as it is of Friends like *Crater*, whoſe Conſtancy in Friendſhip is owing to a very different Paſſion. How many are generous to the Huſband only for the ſake of the Wife!

There's a Kind of Connexion, which is properly but half Friendſhip; one of the two Perſons always furniſhing more than the other, or rather furniſhes the Whole; ſo that only one of them loves thoroughly, aud the other may be ſaid rather to permit himſelf to be loved, than to love.

This is the Caſe, when one has Ability, and the other is under Neceſſity: There's a Sharping in Friendſhip, which one is not immediately aware

of; the Heart becomes captivated by the inſinuating Ways of a deſigning Man, who conducts his Plots with ſuch Grace and Addreſs, that we unfortunately ſink into a Habit of loving him, whilſt he taſtes the Sweets of our Bounty: He is a Friend, ſuch a one as it is; but when once we diſcontinue it, he is an Enemy, and none of the ſafeſt.

With all our Kindneſs, we are too often found to be only pampering Ingratitude: If ſome grow tired with giving, it is a Pain to others to be known to receive. To inveigh againſt ungrateful Perſons is only an Air either to be thought capable of doing Good, or to palliate our Want of Humanity; as to Benefactors, they are ſeldom mentioned, it being an Acknowldgement, that we have been obliged to apply to them; and our Pride will not bear our Neceſſities to be made a Table-talk of.

Ingratitude, however, ſeems warranted by the Benefactors themſelves; they beſtow with ſo much Baſeneſs, they ſell the leaſt Favour at ſo high a Rate, and with ſuch mortifying Circumſtances, that it is little to be wondered if the Perſons obliged, receive them with a ſuitable Diſguſt, and both deſpiſe and deteſt ſuch inſulting Patrons.

To a Heart indued with rational and generous Sentiments, Gratitude is a pleaſing Duty; But it is with great Difficulty that Self-Love is brought to any Senſe of a Kindneſs, tho' beſtowed in the moſt engaging Manner.

" Happy the Man who is capable of giving a deal of Happineſs, ſays one, in making Thouſands of ungrateful Perſons:" And I ſtill ſay, it is invaluable in him, if, among ten thouſand Benefits, one lights on a worthy Man.

Avarinus and *Gripardo* were Brothers in Iniquity; from petty Clerks they found Means to buy

buy Directorſhips in the ſame Apartments; what with under-farming the Taxes, and other Dexterities, they have made their Way to over-grown Fortunes. Their Methods of Embezzlements, Frauds and Oppreſſions exactly tallied; they concerted them together; ſo that they who curſed them, thought that *Avarinus* and *Gripardo* were linked together in a perpetual Confederacy. The former gives a Hint of a Scheme for new Duties, and the other having wormed him out of the Secret, applies himſelf Night and Day to reduce it into a ſpecious Plan: It is laid before the Council, and paſſes without *Avarinus* knowing any thing of the Matter, till the Edict betrays *Gripardo*'s Hypocriſy. *Avarinus* is bent on Revenge, though it may fall upon his own Head; he delivers in Memorial upon Memorial againſt him. Oh! Intereſt! 'tis thou which giveſt and takeſt away our Friends!

Do you complain that, for ten Days paſt, *Agapet* has not been near you; that you might have been in your Grave for any Care of him; and that you are at a Loſs whether he be living or dead; the public Places alſo, where he was ever diſtinguiſhed by the reſpectable Appellation of *agreeable*, mourn his Abſence; they find ſuch a Want of him, that Meſſages are ſent to his Hotel: He's out, anſwers the churliſh Porter; yes, he is out even for his darling *Herſilia*, his charming Night-Companion at this Box; or for *Dercette*, whom he inveigled to play looſe with the young Duke, who for her ſake is driving to Poverty as faſt as ever did fond Cull for a laviſh mercenary Strumpet. What can induce him thus to withdraw from his Acquaintance, among whon he was ſo much honoured? It muſt certainly be ſome very weighty Affair; to him, indeed, it is a moſt weighty one:

But where do you imagine he has been theſe ten Days? in cloſe Conſultation with ſix Taylors; chalking, cutting, clipping and mangling Stuffs, to ſtrike out a new faſhioned Sleeve, or alter the Turn of a Plait; the Cut of a Coat is his Maſterpiece, and he values himſelf upon it no leſs than* *Le Maitre*, who within twenty Years has made ſhift to get an Equipage and Seat by his Sciſſar. At his Return into the World he is in a perfect Extaſy, and ſo is every body upon an extraordinary Succeſs, like his: The Sleeve at laſt hits his Taſte, and the Plaits quite *degagé*; he puts on the wonderful Suit, the Fruit of ſo much Trouble and Contrivance; he views himſelf with Exultation; his Heart dilates; he anticipates with Rapture the Surprize of his Acquaintance at his exquiſite Invention, and the Compliments he expects on ſo curious a Diſplay of his eminent Talents: He makes the Tour of all public Places, from the *Thuilleries* to the Breakfaſting-Gardens, to ſhew himſelf; and 'tis not to ſee the new Actreſs, ſo much talked of, that he goes to the Play, but to have his Sleeve and Plaits admired. He makes himſelf merry with the Dreſs of his Acquaintance, till they themſelves grow out of Conceit with it; they think themſelves no more than cloathed, and one and all keep Houſe till by a Taylor's Diligence and Ingenuity they are fitted to appear abroad. What a valuable Friend is *Agapet* eſteemed, for giving Patterns of ſuch a ſurpaſſing Piece of Taylorſhip!

All that a Woman minds in a Man are mere Acceſſaries; 'tis the Face or Legs which take with them; as for Wit, if it be but jocular, 'twill do for them: the Heart is what they ſeldom mind, and in that nothing but Love. Is Man's Eſtimate

* *An eminent Taylor.*

of

of himſelf more agreeable to Wiſdom, more attentive to true merit? the coarſer Vices are odious; but as to Irregularity of Conduct, Sallies of Libertiniſm, an abrupt Carriage, they are diliberately indulged, by many accounted Marks of Spirit; and if a Thought happens to be beſtowed upon the Heart, the Main Requiſite is Complaiſance in Abundance; of Probity, no more than will ſecure a Perſon from being the Tool and Jeſt of his Acquaintance.

Where is the Wonder that Intereſt, Ambition, or Jealouſy ſhall ſnap aſunder the Connexions among Men of the World? that a faſhionable Friend ſhould take the Wife's Security for the good Turns he does the Huſband? it is daily ſeen: But is Chriſtian Charity more refined, more detached, from all By-Views in thoſe ſanctimonious Perſons, who preach it up with ſuch Emotion? Any Competition, any Jealouſy of an undermining Deſign; the Gratification of ſome illiberal Freak ſhall excite in them the moſt rancorous Animoſities; they are like the World; Love amongſt them is at as low an Ebb as in the World, but their Lands riſe higher. Were they allowed Weapons, what an Effuſion of eccleſiaſtical Blood would there be!

Theodulus was at the Head of a large Pariſh, and celebrated for his Pulpit Talents: The Huſbands followed him for his Wit, and their Wives for his Perſon and white Hand: His Confeſſionary was ever ſurrounded by Crowds of Females, and thoſe of the firſt Claſs. A Woman of Quality had hired a Hotel in his Pariſh, and *Theodulus* immediately laid out to be her Director; a Dutcheſs among one's Penitents muſt be allowed to make no ill Figure; he frequently viſited her, but not a Word eſcaped about the Direction. No; the

jolly frank Curate was the Man for her Grace, and ſhe appoints him her Director, her Confident and her Friend: Women are for Men of univerſal Abilities. *Theodulus* finding himſelf foreſtalled in ſo good a Cuſtomer, not only diſcharges the Curate, but the more effectually to ruin him, ſpirits up his *dear Daughters* to ſecond his Revenge; and nothing could have ſaved him but the vigorous Interpoſition of his illuſtrious Diſciple.

Eudoxus was never well without *Callidus*, and no Love was loſt: They were brought up together in the ſame School; they met again in the ſame Seminary; they were tonſurated on the ſame Day, and after maintaining together their ſorbonical Theſis, had been at one and the ſame Time inveſted with the Hood. *Eudoxus*, whoſe Intereſt was conſiderable, having timely Notice of a vacant Living, flies to his dear *Callidus* and acquainting him with the Name and Value of it, and by what means he is ſure to ſtep into it, hurries back again as faſt as he came. *Callidus* immediately takes the Field, and turning *Eudoxus*'s Information againſt him, obtains the Benefice; and now this vile Supplanter ſtays at Court, only to inſult with a more public Oſtentation over the Confidence of his unſuſpecting Friend.

He who cannot conceal his Deſigns, and wants the Talents neceſſary to puſh them, has the Choice either to be deceived or to pine away in Deſpair.

Nicander was paſſionately in Love with *Aglaura*, but could not bring himſelf to aſk her Parents Conſent. Be eaſy, ſays *Phorbus* his Friend of ten Years ſtanding, I'll be your Negotiator. *Nicander* hugs himſelf at being in ſuch good Hands; as *Phorbas* is indeed a confeſſed Maſter in the Art of Perſuaſion: he is ſo, and gives a ſubſtantial Proof of it; for within

within a Fortnight he obtains both her and her Parents Conſent to marry himſelf.

What a Deception did *Samſon* meet with by his Wife! ſhe firſt cajoled him out of the Explanation of the Riddle, which he had put to the young Men, let them into the Secret; and then married one of them a particular Friend of her Huſband's, who had accompanied him at his Wedding.

To let our Purſe be open to a Friend, is a ready Way to make him an Enemy.

Amnon, the Son of *David*, conceived a violent Paſſion for the lovely *Thamar*; as he ſaw her every Day, the Exceſs of his Affection deprived him of his Health; ſhe was a Virgin, and an Opportunity of Gratifying his Deſires was difficult to be met with; but *Jonadab*, a truſty Friend of his, perceiving his dejected Countenance, My Lord, ſays he, how comes it that you are ſo fallen away; may I know the Cauſe of ſuch an Alteration? I am in Love, ſaid *Amnon*, with *Thamar*, my Brother *Abſalom*'s Siſter: Lie down then upon your Bed, anſwered *Jonadab*, and feign yourſelf ill; and when the King your Father comes to viſit you, deſire of him that *Thamar* may prepare you Food, that you may eat at her Hand: *Amnon* took the baſe Advice; and *David* was prevailed on to ſend her to him; ſhe came, and found him by his own Contrivance alone in his Bedchamber, where ſhe fell an unwilling Sacrifice to his brutal Deſires.

The execrable Race of the *Jonadabs* is not yet extinguiſhed; our Eyes have ſeen the moſt horrid Effects of their Machinations: Too many Friends are impious Tools, Workers of Iniquity, Go-betweens in Inceſt and Adultery. Do not ye find them ſuch, ye Nobles of the Age, whoſe Hands are full of Gifts? No *Amnon* need ever want a *Jonadab*.

Do our Times afford ſuch Friends as *David* and *Jonathan?* The Prince ſees *David*, a mean born Stranger, entering *Jeruſalem* in Triumph, and applauded as the Deliverer of his Country; and ſo far from entertaining any baſe Jealouſy of his Courage or Popularity, he immediately joins in an affectionate Friendſhip with him; transforms, as it were, his new Friend into himſelf; puts on him his Cloaths, his Armour, his Belt, and his Sword: The Soul of *Jonathan* was inſeparable from the Soul of *David*; the malignant Indignation of King *Saul* his Father, cannot intimidate *Jonathan*'s Friendſhip; he ventures to inform *David* of any Deſigns againſt him; and when drove from Court, the generous Prince uſes all his Intereſt to have him recalled; and even when *Saul* was for piercing *David* with a Javelin, *Jonathan* threw himſelf in the Way to ward off the Stroke. Ye modern Friends, produce Inſtances like theſe! *David*, wearied out at laſt with ſuch relentleſs Perſecutions, reſolves to go over to the *Philiſtines:* At this farewell, *Jonathan*, amidſt the Perturbations which on ſuch melancholy Occaſions true Friends powerfully feel, transfers to him his Right to the Crown, and proteſts that it would give him more Pleaſure to be ſecond to *David* than to be his Superior.

Behold unparallelled Friendſhip and Generoſity! It is the noble Nature of Friendſhip to value the Union of two worthy Hearts above the Pomp of Dominion; but ſuch Friends have long ſince exiſted only in Imagination, it is Advantage which alone directs our Friendſhips; when that Interferes, the other, however confirmed by Years or Actions, muſt give way; here it is that intereſt builds up and pulls down.

You are involved in a Difficulty, from which, without a conſiderable Sum, there's no extricating yourſelf; you confide in your Friend *Theophilus*, from whoſe unwearied Attendance at Church, and the Fervor of an external Devotion you make no queſtion, he will readily aſſiſt you, and rejoice in an Opportunity of doing ſo much good. In this amiable Point of View I admire *Theophilus* as ſomething more than Man, and follow his unfortunate Friend, to have the Pleaſure of being an Eye Witneſs to ſuch Benevolence; but at the Preamble of the Requeſt, *Theophilus* burſts into Tears, and with great Devotion lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, acquaints him it is only in his Power to pray God to be his Deliverer; *Theophilus* does not offer to alledge his Want of Money, for the World he would not wrong Truth to ſuch a Degree: He makes uſe of a devout Subterfuge, which ſerves not only to put by his Friend, but, as he imagines, to give him a higher Eſteem of him: I won't ſay, continues he, that I have not wherewith; Money, Thanks be to Heaven I have, and as much as in my private Way of living is neceſſary; but it is not my own: I hold it of God no more than as a Truſtee for my Children, and muſt be accountable to him; it would be unjuſt and impious in me to uſe it according to my own Temper, which leads me to ſtand every body's Friend; had you aſked me any thing at my own dipoſal, my Duty would have obliged me inſtantly to comply: But as to this, it is not to be thought of; however, let our Friendſhip be ſtill the ſame: The Bell rings in——excuſe me——a happy Deliverance! ſays *Theophilus*; and leaving his Friend all in a Maze, hobbles along to Church, where poſſibly he will thank God that he held out againſt Charity.

How preferable is the *ten per cent* Uſurer, who lends me his Money at a Pinch, when my Credit or the Repoſe of my Family lie at Stake, to ſo preciſe a ſmooth-tongued Fellow as *Theophilus*, with all his Grimaces of Religion!

Of

Of the WORLD.

IT is only in its optical Point that the World will bear looking at. That Infinity of Lights blazing on the glittering Luſtre diffuſe a ſeducing Brilliancy; 'tis a ſplendid Illumination which muſt not be too nearly viewed; all behind the Scene is monſtrous and frightful.

So far is the World from being a ſafe Country, that there is no engaging with it under the utmoſt Riſque of every Thing. Pleaſure and Intereſt are every where upon the Catch; 'tis a Wood lined on all Sides with Robbers, that an Eſcape ſeems impracticable.

The Labyrinth of *Dedalus* was not ſo intricate; we may poſſibly find a Clue for it; but 'tis odds that it breaks before we have got half our Way, and then nothing leſs than a Miracle can ſave us.

Deceit is the ſtrong but ſubtile Chain which runs thro' all the Members of a Society, and links them together; trick, or be tricked, is the Alternative: 'tis the Way of the World, and without it Intercourſe would drop.

The Houſes of the Great in reality are not the moſt chearful ones; there the Owners yawn away the tedious Time, till their more tedious Viſitants relieve them from one Uneaſineſs to throw them into another. If Detraction be not the Topick, the reptile Company afford only Monoſyllables, Shrugs and Burſts of ridiculous Laughter. What Mirth they have, is owing to a futile Turn of Mind, worſe than the moſt compoſed Taciturnity.

Farewell

Farewell then, Society, if you're not thoroughly acquainted with your Aſſociate's Company; for no ſooner is a Society formed, than all the World are admitted; and what follows, but Emulation, Bickerings, and double Dealing? and if female Members be allowed, they are ſure to ſuperadd Jeaſouſy and Scandal; and amidſt theſe Colluſions comes Intereſt, and gives the finiſhing Stroke to the Demolition of this Paper-building; and thoſe who are fit to repair it, laugh at its Ruins.

How ſublime that Stoiciſm which can deſpiſe Life! That Sect deſerves the Name of philoſophical Heroes. All Claſſes ſeem univerſally eager to play at the World's dangerous Game; the Men are ranged as it were on the Chefs Board, the Pawns are ſoon taken off; a Queen is ſometimes ſeen to check a King, and ſhe is often herſelf checked by a Biſhop.

What an inſtructive Leſſon have we in a Child? He tells his Secrets to none but ſuch Children as himſelf; it is from among them only he chuſes his Confidents, and cares not to be free with any other: If ever he careſſes a Perſon of riper Years, 'tis thro' Fear or Intereſt, and even then 'tis not with that ſportive Cordiality which he uſes towards his Equals. Let Perſons of the middle Claſs act thus towards the Great; let us be Children to them, ſince they are Men; and ſuch whoſe Power makes them ſenſible, that upon their abuſing our Confidence, they have nothing to fear from us but ill Looks.

A Child at a Fair is taken with every Thing he ſees; he ſtops at all the Toy-Stands; and every where he muſt have ſomething; there is no End of pleaſing him: Oh the pretty Scaramouch; then for a Shepherdeſs, next a Cuckow, then a Trooper; all

all theſe are thrown by for a gilt Coach and Six; nothing leſs will do: And often 'tis not his laſt Choice which pleaſes him beſt; but Mamma begins to chide him, *Will you never have done? Is it not ſtrange that nothing will pleaſe this Boy?* Do you expect the Boy to be a Man? Or rather will Man never outgrow the Boy? When are we ſo abſolutely ſatisfied with what we at firſt choſe, both with Fondneſs and Deliberation, and may enjoy without Diſquietude, as not to hanker after other Things, and of which ſome to all Appearance ſeem quite out of our Reach?

The Prejudices of our Childhood uſually ſtick ſo cloſe to us, as to determine many of our Sentiments; and will infect our future Behaviour, unleſs got the better of by the Force of a rational Education. Children are often fed by Way of Entertainment, and high Ideas of Delight taught them in the Dainties which are given as a Reward for being good; they are animated to greedineſs, and all the Preſents made them are for humouring it; and they are praiſed for eating *like a Man.* Thus Children are dealt with; and when Men are they to ſhake off theſe pampered Habits?

A Father by an Exceſs of Parſimony gives his Son an Averſion to it; and the Child of a prodigal Parent will neceſſarily have Recourſe to Covetouſneſs.

Irony is the natural Daughter of Truth and Fiction; ſhe has ſomething of both, without any particular Reſemblance to either; and 'tis by this it pleaſes: For were it duly like Truth, what Reception would it meet with? With leſs to be ſure than under the Form of Fiction.

Irony is often the Idiom of Self-love.

Self-love has at leaſt half a Share in all our Modes and Determinations; it puts on the Sword,

and

and lays it aſide; it wears the Short-cloak, or the *Robe de Palais*; if it delights in Purple, no leſs does it in a Cowl; it quits the Coach to walk on Foot, and throws by the nice Shoe for the wooden Sandal: In others, the ſame Self-love which raſhly attempts a Work, or leaps into the Trenches, is often ſo ſedate and quiet, that one would not imagine any Courage to belong to it. Sometimes obſtinate and refractory, ſometimes mild and ductile; ſometimes kneeling on a large Cuſhion near the Altar, in a Seat with a glaring Carpet before it; but oftener not preſuming to take a Chair, kneeling in the bare Nave, where every one may ſee its Geſtures, and hear its deep fetched Groans. So very a Maſk is this Self-love. Immenſe is the Extent of its Juriſdiction, very few of our Actions can be ſaid to be independent of its Controul.

A Heart in which is no Room for Ambition, having nothing left to deſire, may have a large Vacuity for Self-love. *B*----- would be reputed devout, and has his Receſſes among the Saints; there he meditates, but 'tis to be feared on very different Subjects.

Self-love has its little artful Windings, which it never loſes, for they always bring about the ſame Deſign. *Capys* does not, like *Frontinus*, confidently bolt out, *I have Wit, every Body allows me to have good Senſe.* He goes more demurely to work; *Wit, I am too ſenſible, does not fall to my Lot: But am I anſwerable for that?* The Beauty of this is, *Capys* is no leſs perſuaded of the Falſity, than *Frontinus* of the Truth of what he ſays.

To pretend to be above all Want is a new Shift in Begging; no ſurer Way of having your Thirſt amply quenched, than to ſay that you are not adry.

The

The Wealthy are too often impertinent and over-bearing; but none ſo much as one recently emerged from Rags and Penury. He may ſtrive to obliterate his Parentage and Drudgery, but they will ever be diſcovered in the Coarſeneſs of his Deportment, and the Meanneſs of his Sentiments.

He who magnifies his Greatneſs before thoſe who are obliged to petition him for his Patronage, is like a Clown, who, juſt after eating Garlick, thruſts himſelf among Perſons of a weak Stomach.

Such a one we are often aſſured is tall, well-ſhaped, handſome, and rich; and all this is preciſely what is not worth knowing. Is he the worthy Man? Here no Anſwer is to be expected; and indeed ten thouſand Livres per Annum make ſuch Queſtions impertinent.

I ſhould be apt to take *Diphilus* for a Broker; never without a Score of Rings on his Fingers; and whilſt within the Sound of half a Dozen Clocks, two or three Watches muſt be exhibited from his Pocket to ſee how Times goes. He never offers you the ſame Snuff-Box twice; what then is this *Diphilus?* If not a Dealer in theſe Things, ſurely a moſt deſpicable Coxcomb.

Aſk not *Orguſtus* after the Health of himſelf, or any of his Family: If his Father has been dying theſe ſix Weeks, e'en let him die; not a Word of that Law-ſuit which muſt either make or mar him. If he coughs till he is black in the Face, never mind it, he would be nettled at your Pity. Admire his new Diamond, that's the only Method to pleaſe him; his Mind will be taken up with nothing leſs for Years to come, at leaſt till he makes another Purchaſe of the ſame Sort, when this will be thrown aſide, and your Compliments expected on the new one.

Flaccus

Flaccus builds a Chapel, ſmall indeed, but magnificent, and decorated with the exquiſite Workmanſhip both of *Gabriel* and *Natoire*; a curious Niche is contrived for the Tomb of the ſplendid Founder; what an Expence is *Flaccus* at for a Structure, within whoſe Walls he poſſibly may never enter till in his Coffin; nay, who can ſay that this will be his Burial Place? And actually *Flaccus* dies in a remote Village, where his Aſhes mingle with thoſe of a Plowman. And what wrong is this to you, *Flaccus?* Providence ſets you down only where it took you up. The Niche remains empty, not a Stone is laid for the Mauſoleum; and twelve Miles off there's no more talk of you, than if there never had been ſuch a Perſon.

Take the right Time to draw your Picture, vain-glorious *Toural*; there's Mirth in your Looks, your Eyes ſparkle, your Complexion freſh and lively. Don't let theſe Advantages ſlip. Now take your Pencil. What an Alteration! I ſee your Countenance dulled by a reſtleſs Night; a violent Head-ach has given you a heavy Look; your Face is bloated; you are quite another Man. Can there be a more lucky Inſtant to have a Picture without Likeneſs? Away to your Rival, pay him handſomely, and make yourſelf ſtill worſe; never grudge Money to get a Name.

Diſtinguiſh'd Merit is really an Incumbrance; but very few are otherwiſe incumbered with it, than like the Whimſical with their imaginary Diſtempers.

What is Merit? With Women, a handſome Perſon, Politeneſs, Gaiety, and Generoſity. With Men, the Woman of Merit is ſhe who to a pretty Face adds Sprightlineſs, Wit, and ſome Diſcretion; but the latter we muſt often diſpenſe with.

with. What is true Merit in both Sexes? 'Tis a Purity of Morals, and Juſtneſs of Sentiments, Sweetneſs of Manners, Knowledge of one's Self and the World, a ſolid and regular Piety, ſeaſoned with an Attention to Decency, and a benevolent Eſteem of others

Large Salaries are ſettled upon a Singer, a Dancer; a Pantomime and Harlequin have the beſt of Wages. Princes envy one another ſuch Performers; they entice and buy them off from each other. How fares the Man of real Worth all this Time? What is done for the good Chriſtian? Why let him live upon his Goodneſs; for indeed what can be made of him? Is he neither Treble, Baſe, nor Tenor? Can he ſo much as cut a Caper? What Drollery is he Maſter of? What Sort of Faces can he make? Does he underſtand Mimickry? No, but he is a worthy Man; on that very Account he is ſometimes more ridiculous; you ſee then he is fit for nothing.

What great Things might not be expected by a Man of Courage, a vaſt Compaſs of Learning, and a ſuitable Reputation? yet often all won't do; and ſometimes it is too much. In the firſt Caſe, a Patron can't be found; and in the ſecond none will be ſo, leſt the Scale ſhould be turned upon him. Great Merit ſometimes proves a great Obſtacle, even to getting but an ordinary Employment; but theſe Obſtacles, to the Credit of the Age be it ſpoken, are not very frequently met with.

The Way to be preferred---I dare not tell it; there is no need I ſhould. If any can be ignorant of it, let them look up to thoſe in Favour.

A fortunate Foreigner has brought the Pleaſure of Patronage to an extreme low Ebb.

If

If it be aſked, what are the Ingredients for making a great Man? I anſwer, Genius, Courage, and every moral Quality, good Fortune and bad, and Exile.

Wit, good Senſe, and Parts, are obſolete Recommendations at Court; 'tis not by them a Man will ſtand his Ground there; whilſt the nominal Buffoon, or the Fool, has Acceſs every where, is countenanced, and lives to his Heart's Deſire. But ſuppoſe it to be no more than feigned, who is then the Fool, he who only acts it, or he who thinks him ſuch?

There are two Roads to Preferment, Intereſt and Pleaſure; chuſe either of them, for you'll ſoon find the Neceſſity of ſtriking out of one into the other, in order to arrive at your Journey's End.

Favour, purchaſed by a ſervile Complaiſance to the Great, is little better than a Carnaval Sugar-Plumb; the Sugar ſoon diſſolves, and then the Orpin ſets the Mouth on fire.

A Miniſter often remains under Diſgrace, for no other Cauſe than that his Sovereign cannot ſtoop to own himſelf in the wrong; and may not another owe the Continuance of his Favour to the ſame pitiful Pride?

The beſt Compenſation of a Miniſter's Diſgrace is the public Concern at it; his Replacement could not do him half the Honour.

How many Miniſters, whoſe Names had been buried in Oblivion, but for the ſuperior Injuries they had the Power of diſpenſing?

Miniſters are to Princes like Spectacles to an old Man, the Neceſſity of uſing them is a Misfortune; and often, inſtead of aſſiſting the Sight, the very Deſign of them, they ſerve only to obſcure and confound it.

To

To drain a Province of Proviſions, that Plenty may afterwards be reſtored by his Care is an awkward Service in a Miniſter; 'tis ſuch an apparent Fallacy, ſuch a low-thoughted Trick, that none but a Partizan could be thought capable of it.

To pillage a Houſe with open Violence at Noon Day, and thro' the Street Door, and at Night to throw Part of the Plunder back again over the Walls, may ſeem to you an Act of Bounty; but the Owners think themſelves little obliged by ſuch a Return, nor perceive the leaſt Merit in it.

A Dearth is the critical Minute betwixt King and People; he may have a rare Bargain of them; and in Politicks, as in Love, this fortunate Inſtant muſt not be forwarded, but left to Time and Circumſtances.

Upon the Deceaſe of a great Man, even were we in Intimacy with him, what goes neareſt our Heart is, that we do not fill his Vacancies; or what is worſe, that they are filled by thoſe from whom we have nothing to expect.

Upon the firſt Notice of the Prince's Death, the Courtier turns to pay Homage to his Succeſſor; but let him here be a little cautious, and be firſt certain that the dead Prince is actually ſo; for upon a Recovery, we are not eaſily apt to forgive thoſe who chuſe to believe us dead. *Caſtello*, to this Day, bites his Nails for being over haſty.

The Virtues of the Great are leſſened by Diſtance, and ſeen by very few but thoſe about them; if a Gleam chance to reach the Town, 'tis thro' the Refractions of the Courtiers, which ſeldom ſhew the Object in its original Clearneſs; but as to their Faults, the Teleſcope is reverſed; at Court they are ſcarce viſible, but Abroad the ſame Refraction cauſes them to appear odious and frightful,

and

and repreſents the Atom to the People as big as a World.

As the Inacceſſibility of the Court is no Preſervative to the People, againſt the Contagions of its Vices, allow them free Admittance; and if there be free Virtue in a Court, they may improve by ſuch ſplendid Patterns.

Whether in Good or Evil, the great ones are both the Authors and Actors of the Play, but the Commonalty often tranſpoſe it.

The amorous *Pollio* ſlips from Box to Box, ſkips up to the Pidgeon-Holes, and from thence behind the Scenes, whiſpers the Actreſſes, grazes *Clarina*'s Vermillion, and paſſes his Lips along *Roſalia*'s Cheek. The Eyes of the Pit are all this Time upon him; was ever Man ſo beſotted with Women, ſay they; but in Reality, who could ever imagine that he has not the leaſt Fondneſs for them: and that if he ruined himſelf with M----, it was out of mere Vanity? Shall the Man of Quality confine himſelf to his Wife? a fine Thing indeed! Where then would be the Difference between him and his Taylor?

Jervaiſe is at the Head of a populous City, requiring all his Care, his whole Time would ſcarcely be ſufficient for a proper Attention to its Welfare; yet can he find ſpare Hours to retire to a Convent, and there make *Franciſcan* Cords. How bleſt muſt a People be under a Governor, who takes upon him ſo devout an Employment? What a Convenience is here for Citizens, religious enough, to initiate their Children? Their Lot may be ſaid to be caſt in good Ground.

Is a new Actreſs to perform? Then *Polemiſtus*, is at the Houſe. He thinks his Preſence of no leſs Importance than her own. He leads the Clap, and pays her the firſt Compliment on what he has

not

not heard a Sentence of for the whole Time; he's here and there, and every where. He makes his Appearance on the Stage itſelf in ſuch a Manner, that any one who did not know him would think he was going to ſpeak, and expect to ſee the Part of a Coxcomb or a Wronghead acted to Perfection.

One would be apt to imagine that ſome great Men ſpeak only by ſtarts, at moſt but twice a Year, or five or ſix Times in their whole Lives; very few Sayings of theirs go about, and thoſe very conciſe and full of Wit.

Many a Word at firſt delivered in a plain ſimple Manner, becomes ſo poliſhed, ſo refined and ornamented from Mouth to Mouth, and acquires before it gets beyond the Drawing-Room, ſuch a delicate Turn, ſuch an Elegancy of Phraſe, that the original Owner would hardly be admitted in his Claim to it.

Betake yourſelf to your Heels; quick, cloſe up to the Wall, or get within the Rails: Here comes a Perſonage ſtrutting in all the overbearing Airs of bloated Greatneſs; give Way, don't offer to paſs near him; if at any Time you walk with him, mind your Hits; be ſure to give him the upper Hand, or he would make you know your Duty, and ſqueeze you againſt the Wall, or lay you in the Kennel. So imperious is his Behaviour, that when at Table he has Occaſion to riſe firſt, rather than modeſtly take himſelf away behind the Gueſts, like the Prior of a Community he will knock that the whole Company may riſe; upon a Moment's Delay, up he ſtarts, runs acroſs the Table, come what will of Diſhes, Bottles and Glaſſes. If Nobility be the Subject of Converſation, he will very gravely ſpeak of being related to all the crowned Heads in *Europe*, though all the Knowledge he has

has of them be borrowed from the Almanack: He extends his illuſtrious Genealogy even to the Seraglio, and will be a Branch of it, though by the Women or Eunuchs Side.

Is there a Parity betwixt Man and Man, betwixt a Maſon and a Prince? The Great hold with the Negative, the Women are for the Affirmative. The Eſſence of Things ſurely is not deſtroyed by any Difference in the Accidents.

What is a Chairman? A Scoundrel, a Hobnail, a Mule in Man's Cloaths: it might be ſo Yeſterday; but Times are altered. He is a Man of no ſmall Note, his Name will figure among thoſe of the Majeſties, Highneſſes, Excellencies, and the reſt. Who can ſay that he is not a Companion for any Peer, ſince his Advice is required in Matters of State? It is not always that Chance is wide of the Mark.

How the Favourite mutters at the People's Slowneſs in making a Square with a Statue in Honour of the King! the Senſeleſs Flatterer does not know that the fineſt Square for a King is in the Hearts of his People.

What was wanting to complete Man's Madneſs? To attempt flying. *Ballevicus* had all that Heart could wiſh, but he muſt needs fly; accordingly he contrives Wings, and begins his Flight, but ſoon tumbles headlong, ſmarts for it to this Day, and I fancy is quite out of Conceit with the Madneſs of the Attempt.

At the rate Love, good Cheer and Diverſions are going on, they will grow into Faſhion, their Miſchiefs will only be Matter of Mirth, as ſo many Temptations; but what will be the End of ſuch Mirth?

A great Lord is one who has Keepers to knock on the Head with Impunity all who preſume to catch a Hare upon his Eſtate; who plays high, ruins Tradeſmen, gets drunk only with the beſt Wines, ſurfeits himſelf with the moſt coſtly Viandes, and calls in his Doctor to recover him. He is one who dines at Home only upon extraordinary Occaſions, who ſees his Wife by Way of Viſit, and his Children caſually; his Domeſtics are well cloathed and ill paid, he has Creditors and Miſtreſſes. What is a great Man? The Reverſe of the great Lord.

Man is as a Child amuſing itſelf in viewing its Shadow at Sunſet; as the Sun behind him lowers, his Shadow lengthens; at the leaſt Obſtacle it decreaſes; but the plainer the Surface is on which it is caſt, the more it is extended; 'tis by viewing ourſelves only according to the laſt Dimenſion that we conceive ourſelves great; a Dwarf ſtretches to ſeven Feet, and at Noon what is the Shadow of a Giant? let him but caſt an Eye downwards, what a Diminution is there!

Porphyrus, the Deſcendant of ſuch an illuſtrious Family, whoſe Anceſtors make ſo honourable a Figure in Hiſtory, what has he done to perpetuate his Name? Contracted Debts which will never be paid. How many great Noblemen are tranſmitted to Poſterity only in their Creditors Books!

Tell me, young *Antheus*, how, by what Marks or Tokens ſhall I know you again; who would take you for your Father's Son, or imagine you to be your Brother's Brother? You can accept of a Name and Coat of Arms from a Wife, and renounce thoſe of the glorious Perſons from whom you are deſcended. You may plume yourſelf with your Dukeſhip, but I ſhould value you more as a ſimple Knight.

To appoint the neareſt Relation Gaurdian, as one whom it moſt concerns to improve the Inheritance, is taking Care of the Orphan's Subſtance inſtead of his Perſon. Is it not truſting Men a little too much, to expect that a Guardian who is to be a Gainer by Death, will be very tender of Life?

The Characteriſtic of Honour is not ſo much to ſhake off the ſuppoſed Puſillanimity of Religion as to riſe above Selfiſhneſs.

Andrew a Sermon-Hunter, and never miſſing his Church, paſſed for the Saint of the Pariſh; hut a Guardianſhip, which his Hypocriſy procured him, diſcovered him to be ſomething of a very different Species.

Chryſes was thought to be at ſo ill a Paſs, that his Word would not go for a Shilling; he was ſo entirely carried away by his Pleaſures, that he was not thought capable of any Degree of Œconomy. His Brother happened to die, and the Guardianſhip of his Nephew fell to him; every Body concluded the poor Child ruined; but when has there been a Guardianſhip managed with more Prudence and Probity? Who ever took more Care of the Fortune and Perſon of an Orphan?

It is thought ſtrange that in *Africa* there ſhould be found any free Men mad enough to ſell themſelves; that wealthy Merchants, who have hundreds of Slaves living in Plenty, can ſell themſelves, ſeems to ſtagger our Belief; yet is there not the like Madneſs among ourſelves; Change but the Words, and moſt of your *Honours* and *Lordſhips* fall into the ſame unaccountable Baſeneſs.

It is not every one who will be brought to believe there can be any Uneaſineſs in Grandeur; their temporal Pains are to pay their Court to theſe high

high and mighty Lords, and their firſt Hell is to be their Retainers.

The Emptineſs of the Great and Embarraſsments of Grandeur are never well known, without having a Feeling of them.

A diſgraced Courtier is the moſt ſtriking Picture of the Nothingneſs of Exaltation, the moſt eloquent Preacher can't come up to the Deſcription.

To reclaim a Man of Senſe from the Seducements of Ambition, the moſt effectual Way would be to place him near Kings, there he will get an experimental Knowledge what Baubles are Court Dignities.

Clidamis places all his Delight in noted Women, who are treated and known by all the World; it is his Joy that the Motions of his Miſtreſſes ſhould be ſeen, though Fidlers and Dancers come in for a Share of their Favours; nothing pleaſes him better than to be complimented on the Agility of their Capers, the Gracefulneſs of their Attitudes, the Tip of their Ear, the little Foot and well-ſhaped Leg, the hidden Beauties, *&c. &c.*

Lindor again ſtands too much upon his Rank to take a Girl from the Stage, he gratifies pretty much in the ſame Manner as *Clidamis*, a Taſte of the ſame Nature, and pleaſes himſelf like a Prince of his Rank. He has a ſtately Houſe built with a Theatre in it, where his Miſtreſs is Dancer in chief. Ye ignoble Fops, ye infatuated Worſhippers of Jiggers, ye ſenſeleſs * *Candaules*, don't imagine that the laſt of the *Gyges* died in *Lydia*, the Dancers know far otherwiſe.

It is not he, who purchaſes the Farm, who pays for the Tillage, who ſows the Ground and is at the Expence of the Harveſt, that after all this Charge and Trouble for the Corn, eats the Flower.

* *A King of* Lydia.

Leſs than a Couple of Centuries, if Things hold on the ſame Way, will, I dare preſage, reſtore an Equality of Conditions. The Daughter of a Houſe-Porter has already reduced a Prince to a level with her Father, and the Nobleman is his Tenant's Rival.

A King is the Image of God, but were God like his Images, no Man of Senſe could forbear leaning towards Atheiſm.

It is ſaid of a Prince, that he is a great Perſonage, in whom all the Virtues of his Anceſtors are concentred; and pray who were his Anceſtors? His Father every one knows; his Grandfather and Great Grandfather are now on Record; well, I grant ſo far as that, ſtill are there more remote Progenitors; among Friends the moſt certain Circumſtance in his Filiation is his Inheritance.

Sure the Enemy has paſſed the Frontiers, and is marching for *Paris*, that ſuch a large ſtrong Fort is building. Were ever ſuch thick Walls, and better furniſhed with Batteries, and which command all the Neighbourhood? Centinels are every where poſted, the Word given, and the Garriſon go the Rounds with the ſtricteſt Regularity; *Luxemburg* might be carried with greater Eaſe. Is a ſecond Golden Fleece to be kept here? Is ſome old *Acriſius* uneaſy about his *Danaë?* Nothing of this, a ſecond *Paris* intends it as a Seraglio for his *Helen:* The Uſe ſhe made of *Menelaus*'s Indulgence coming to his Ear, he is for curtailing her Liberty; accordingly there ſhe is placed, conſigned and committed no otherwiſe than a State Priſoner in * *Pierrezen-Ciſe.* The Women one and all cry out, there is a barbarous Lover! Was ever ſuch a Brute known! It is certain half a Dozen ſuch Lovers would go near to cure Women of their eloping Humour. Thus *Paris* ſets them a Leſſon with a Witneſs;

* *A Priſon in* France.

Witneſs; he proves more a Huſband to *Helen* than her Gallant, and what is worſe, a thorough *Italian* Huſband; but however, he is her Gallant, otherwiſe ſhe would have given him the Slip. Did he ever put it in her Power?

The Farmer and the Cornchandler both refuſe to furniſh you without ready Money, *and that you have not.* What will become of your Horſes, *Cleophorus?* A Citizen here would be at a Nonplus; but *Cleophorus*, in anſwer, only aſks his Steward, who it is that continues ſtill to truſt him? Why the Paſtry-cook. Well then, give the Cattle Cheeſecakes and Cuſtards.

Example does infinite Hurt, the Contagion inſenſibly becomes general; ſpecious but weak Objection; a Palliative which does not become the Mouth of a Man of Spirit. The truly wiſe Man in a Circle of Fools, is as diſtant from them as the *Antipodes.*

To erect a large and expenſive Foundation, to be ſupported by Revenues ariſing from the Folly of Mankind, is a hazardous Confidence that ſuch Folly will be perpetual. Should Mankind grow wiſe, where would be the Foundation?

When I hear ſuch long-winded Enumerations of ungrateful People, and find all Places full of Invectives againſt them, it abates of my Spleen againſt the Age, as I conclude all theſe Complainers to be Benefactors; but is not Good-nature too eaſy in adopting a Prepoſſeſſion in favour of my Cotemporaries? all the Clamours on this Head may be no more than an imaginary Epidemic.

A quiet Enjoyment of the Satisfactions and Delights of Reaſon, is never better ſecured than in giving ourſelves up to a judicious Perſon, in whom we have an entire Confidence, and who does not

abuſe it ; 'tis gathering the Fruits of Virtue without the Trouble of Cultivation.

The Defects of the Body are not ſo eaſily diſguiſed as thoſe of the Mind, and accordingly put one to more Trouble; every Shift is uſed to hide them. He who has a Defect in one of the Eyes takes care to ſhew only the advantageous Side; if he takes the upper Hand, 'tis not out of Pride, and he means as little Civility in giving it; he is at infinite Pains when at Table to be ſeen only in Profile; no leſs upon his Guard is the Crooked againſt ſhewing his Deformity, crying up the old-faſhion'd Chairs which quite covered a Man, and as careful to be ſeen in front as a one-eyed Man is of the contrary; he would ſcrew himſelf into the Wall, rather than any one ſhould walk behind him. He who is lame decries all Diverſions, but thoſe where there is no changing of Places; and I ſuppoſe 'twas one of the limping Species who invented the everlaſting Game of Quadrille. In the fineſt Weather there is no perſuading ſuch a one to take a Turn; he has got a Cold; the Sun hurts him; he is afraid of the Dew; or who would be choaked with Duſt!

Should any one conceit that he has turned from Vice to Virtue, let him beware of a Deluſion; 'tis too often no more than one Paſſion ſpringing up in the room of another.

Many imagine themſelves only parſimonious, when they are covetous; again, others who are manifeſtly profuſe, in their own Ideas are no more than generous; two Iron Rods are not long kept in Equilibrium.

One Extreme leads to another; the Man of ſtrong Paſſions is ſeldom ſeen to ſtop at Virtue's Mark, but generally overſhoots it; and thus departing from one Vice, he runs into another, which

which ſometimes is full as diſgraceful and dangerous as that which he boaſts of having overcome.

A ſingle Glance into ourſelves would ſhew us that the Vices on which we bear ſo hard in others, are often the very ſame as our own, which we are ſo ready to juſtify. What is more common than this among the Proud and Niggardly?

There are private Paſſions which prove public Benefits; but there are alſo public Paſſions which are very great private Miſchiefs.

It is not every Child who is like his Father; ſome Virtues are the known Emanations of Vices; and Virtues often produce Vices. How many are ſupremely honeſt out of Pride? and Oeconomy is the Mother of Avarice.

There was a Time when *Marcus*'s Income would but ill afford any giving, and then he was all for giving. Happy were his Servants who ſet out for the Country on fine *Engliſh* Horſes, if they had Shoes to return in. However, Fortune ſmiled upon *Marcus*, and Money came tumbling in upon him by Millions. Should any one now think that his Munificence was enlarged, and that his Servants were never obliged to foot it, it would be a Miſtake; he not only retrenched them, but never were they worſe paid or cloathed; he even haggled with his Miſtreſſes. Well, this might be owing to Care for his Heirs; he had none; and was carried off before he had Time to make a Will.

Who can account for this; that a Man upon becoming rich turns Oeconomiſt to a Fault; and that when he was poor he laviſhed away every Thing?

Thyrſis, the gay welcome Viſitant at the moſt polite Toilets, is now as much out of Date as a

laſt Year's Silk; and what can be more intolerable; the very Mention of it makes one ſick.

Within theſe ten Years *Lodovitus*'s Table was upon the Decline, a ſlender Deſert ſerved him, and that upon truſt. Ten Stewards left him with the ſame Coat they had on when they came, and not a Shilling of Wages. Let them go; *Caſtel*, their Succeſſor, reſtores the Conſerves, the Biſkets, and all the Voluptuouſneſs of the Table, and *Lodovitus* is tranſported at the Addreſs of his Domeſtic. After ten Years in a Service where he never fingered a ſingle Piſtole, *Caſtel* takes the Liberty to leave it, hires his Footman, furniſhes a Houſe with the beſt of Plate and Goods, and lives like a Gentleman. There muſt certainly have been very notable Addreſs to raiſe a Fortune in a Houſe quite bare of Money! 'Tis bathing one's ſelf in the Sand, or ſtriking Fire out of Water. *Lodovitus*'s Grandſon may to this Day be paying the Uſury of *Caſtel*'s Accumulation; and the Tradeſmen who truſted the Maſter have not done curſing the Ingenuity of the Steward.

By what tranſcendent Talents has *Nekia* merited all theſe Honours, Titles, and Penſions? Has he found out a certain Cure for Wounds heretofore held to be mortal? If ſo, I heartily ſubſcribe to the Rank conferred on him by a reſpectable Company. But wherein lies *Nekia*'s Knowledge? On what is he to be conſulted? It is ſhocking to mention; I cannot bring myſelf to declare it. But *Nekia* would have anſwered *Pharaoh*'s Purpoſe much better than all the Midwives in *Egypt*; he is poſſeſſed of Secrets which would have kept the *Iſraelites* low enough. Execrable Inſtrument of unnatural Barbarity! methinks I hear the plaintive Embryos ſummoning thee before the vindictive Tribunal of God and Nature.

It

It is not in honour to the Painter alone, that the Picture is ſet up in the Gallery.

This ſame Gallery is a pretty Sort of Novelty, where a Moraliſt can't be at a Loſs for Reflexion; there we behold an Equallity of Conditions. The Plebeian in his Cap and Night-gown placed next to a Lord glittering in Embroidery; a Prince with all his lofty Looks, his Collars, and other Enſigns of Diſtinction, betwixt a Shoe-Boy and a Chimney-Sweeper.

The atrabilarious Humours of *Saul* are ſaid to have been conſiderably abated by the Melody of *David*'s Harp; to theſe happy Properties of Muſic is it perhaps that the Opera owes its Succeſs; at leaſt there are infinite Numbers to whom the Phyſicians could preſcribe nothing better than a Courſe of ſuch humanizing Muſic.

It is the Taſte of the Times, to give the World to underſtand either that you are a Whore-maſter or an Adulterer, or it will point at you for what is thought worſe.

How auguſt and venerable is an Aſſembly of the States of a Province! My Lord Governor, my Lady Governeſs, how pompous the Sound! the Husband is there to receive Preſents, and the Wife by the Card-table never fails to ruin the beſt half of the honeſt Country Gentlemen, who could not go home without having it to ſay in their Village, that they had the Honour of playing with my Lady Governeſs.

There is a Time when he who prides himſelf moſt in his Riches would wiſh to be thought poor, and that is when others compliment him on his Riches, becauſe they ſtand in need of his Favours.

When do you candidly wiſh the Proſperity of any one, but when we may be the better for it?

Riches are the ſupreme Wiſh; that Deſire alone takes up full two-thirds of all our Prayers; and they who are ſo, are uneaſy about their Money; how they ſhall increaſe it is their Perplexity. Who would buy Houſes? they let for nothing. If a Place; out may come an Edict which ſuppreſſes it. There are Annuities; and there is alſo ſuch a Thing as Reduction. Put it into the Hoſpital Funds; more than one of them have broke. In the Eccleſiaſtical Funds; they ſhake their Heads at this. If the Diſpoſal of Money be then ſo troubleſome, where is the Wiſdom of hankering after Riches?

That the turning our Neceſſities into Pleaſures ſhould ever be boaſted of! 'tis a pernicious Device, 'tis a deteſtable Invention which has multiplyed them, and ingrafted numberleſs Superfluities on them.

We could much ſooner bring ourſelves to be Chriſtian Heroes, as that could be gone thro' in an Inſtant, and our Self-love would beſides find its Account in it, than apply ourſelves to become good Chriſtians. This affords no Reputation; and to mortify our Appeties, and curb our Paſſions, is a hard Taſk.

Would any one think it? There are adulterous, cheating, malicious, vindictive, oppreſſive Chriſtians. Chriſtians who go to Church out of Cuſtom, nay, who perhaps never go thither at all, and yet would freely be cut in Pieces were they in *China* or *Japan*, and forbid, under pain of Death, to be preſent at the Offices of their Religion.

The wiſe Man is above any fear of a Woman's Anger, but he is wiſer who is cautious of provoking her. He who in Sport beats up the Hives, and drives the Bees out, deſerves to be ſtung.

Theramenes

Theramenes thinks there is Wit in Diſtraction; but he acts it ſo awkwardly, that he is partly what he would only ſeem to be: There is no affecting Diſtraction to any Purpoſe without a cloſe Attention.

Formerly Calumny ſpread its Venom in artful or virulent Speeches or ſly Intimations. How the Age improves! A certain Mode of Silence is now the current Expreſſion. This is huſbanding Time.

A long-winded Talker is ſometimes complained of, only from envying him the Satisfaction of being heard.

How *Erophilus*'s Eyes flame! He foams, he gnaſhes his Teeth, he ſhakes the very Houſe with his furious Rage; Wife, Children and Servants muſt keep out of his Way; he does not ſo much as know his Dogs, which not a Minute ago he was ſlabbering; the fine Looking-glaſſes and coſtly China are demoliſhed; and out go Tables, Chairs and Pictures thro' the Windows; at laſt having nothing more to break, he comes to himſelf, as out of a Sleep, and ſtares at the Havock of his own Freaks. So far from being aſhamed of ſuch Brutality, he remembers nothing of it; and is for aſking what all this Deſtruction meant, and how it happened.

Is it poſſible a Man can ſo far forget himſelf? What Hope is there that *Erophilus* will ever get over a Diſtemper which he does not ſo much as remember? If you could preſcribe a Remedy, is he capable of taking it?

Our beſt Sentiments often graze upon our Paſſions, but oftener paſs quite thro' them, and there imbibe a ſtrong Tincture.

Your dear *Zenobia*'s Huſband is dead, and you are a Widower. Now, *Lycidas*, is the Time to

legitimate Joys, which even ten Years of Adultery have not flattened. You have accordingly married *Zenobia*, and what can you do for her now you have loſt your Partner?

By what does a Man often keep up his Credit? By knowing when to change his Cloaths and Name; at Court theſe are often all that are known of many a Dangler there.

It is the lively Paſſions only which can bring us to know with what Eaſe we might devote ourſelves abſolutely to God: What does the Lover grudge or fear? And the Miſer ſacrifices himſelf to his Money.

Gaming Debts are punctually paid; moſt certainly, Honour's at Stake. To what Account are placed the Debts of buying and borrowing, which are never paid? To that of Honour or Religion.

If ever we ſtudy a Perſon, ſetting aſide the ſelfiſh Deſigns we may have on him, where it is once to know his praiſe-worthy Qualites, it is twenty Times to find out Matter for Cenſure.

Thus, if ever we give ourſelves the Trouble to analyſe a Virtue, it is not that we intend to practice it in all its Extent and Delicacy; but to find out ſome Lenitives.

New Crimes appear on the Stage, and others go off. The Caſe of Rapes is much ſoftened by the Unanimity and Perſeverance of thoſe to whom ſuch a Law might be inconvenient; the Term now almoſt bears no Meaning at all.

After all that is ſaid of the Influence of Climates, on the Temper and Manners, who that ſees the Ardency of the reigning Paſſions in *France*, the determined Continuance in View, and the unalterable Contempt of all Manner of Virtue, would

would not conclude that it cannot lie far from the Equator?

The Nature of hot Countries has been aſſerted to authoriſe a Plurality of Wives; what is then the Nature of *France*, where it is growing to ſuch a Head? Is the Temperature worſe than the Climate? or the Climate than the Temperature?

Here's a janty Spark comes up and whiſpers to me a Detail of the Characters of this and that Gentleman or Lady: What muſt I think of this Tattle? What can I? but that when my Back is turned, he'll alſo take me off at full Length.

A Heart ſo well diſpoſed as to love Virtue for its native Amiableneſs and Excellence, is ſecure without any Abhorrence of Vice.

Miſtruſt and Probity ſeldom meet in the ſame Subject; it is difficult to over-reach a Knave; we have heard of ſome who ſo much uſed themſelves to Poiſons, that they were not to be hurt by them.

We praiſe only what is of no Conſequence in reſpect of us, or ſomething which is known to be our own peculiar Excellence.

Exceſſive Commendations of a deceaſed Perſon, are often rather Proofs of the Malignity and Joy of our Hatred, than of any Friendſhip.

A dead Enemy is not eaſily diſtinguiſhable from the beſt living Friend.

To be prevented in point of Affection is not in the leaſt unbecoming; ſhew yourſelf worthy of it; let your Behaviour give it both Warmth and Permanency.

A good Name is a Fortune, ſays one to *Manſon*; you have a thriving Name: There was a Nameſake of your's who was the firſt Man of his Profeſſion: What's the Matter you ſhould not make as much of it as he? I have nothing of the neceſ-

ſary

ſary Knowledge, anſwers *Manſon:* Pſhaw! a Fig for Knowledge; ſuch a Name as your's is ſufficient; and without hearing any further Pleas of Modeſty, a Pencil and Ruler were put into his Hand; and after being made to draw a Line or two, he's given out for an Architect: How! why he can't draw a Plan? Well but he can get them done: How many Orators know as little of Rhetoric as he of Deſigns?

Phædon, though a Fellow of the College, was ſtarving in Town: He could meet with nobody out of Conceit enough with Life to conſult him: He therefore quits the ungrateful Town, where all flock together to make the moſt of Life, and retires into the Country. He buries himſelf in a Village for ten long Years; till weary of deſtroying in ſo low a Sphere of Action, he returns to the Capital; and providing himſelf with an ample Beard, a Sugar-loaf Cap, a Sweeping-robe, a Flow of Gibberiſh, and an Interpreter properly habited: Behold the *Arabian* Phyſician! Nothing is wanting now but a Lord or ſo, with Complaiſance enough to die under his Care. The Number of his Patients immediately encreaſe; he has more Practice than he can well attend, and who, for People of Diſtinction, but the *Arabian* Doctor!

Orantes, who borrows of every body, and readily gives Notes at thirty *per Cent.* is often told, you are ruining yourſelf; ſuch Conduct muſt end in Beggary: He laughs at it; and when any ſeem to wonder at his Unconcern, 'tis not I, ſays he, 'tis they who lend me that are ruining themſelves; the Biters are bit: I am under Age; and I have a Trick in Law, to make my Notes no more than Waſte-papers. A Word in your Ear, *Orantes*, but don't take it amiſs: You are a Raſcal, a viler Raſcal

Raſcal than either *Nivet* or *Cartouche*. If the Laws ſecure your Fortune againſt the Artifices of Uſurers, they were not meant to be as a Ladder for you to get into their Houſes and rob them. Here's a poor Fellow haled away to Priſon for being found with Picklocks about him. It's a Shame, ſays *Orantes*, ſuch a Dog ſhould be puniſhed with any thing leſs than the Gallies: But ſoft, *Orantes*, you are paſſing Sentence on yourſelf: What has he done more than you?

Propoſe any thing to *Lyſippus*, and he's for it: He is incapable of either acting, or even deſigning any thing of himſelf. Take him to the Play, or to Maſs, he'll go any where to oblige you, but no where for himſelf.

The greateſt Happineſs ſuch a Man can propoſe is always to find himſelf in good Company.

There's *Menophilus*, a weak, irreſolute Creature, if poſſible, without Thought: His *Yes* or his *No* may equally be depended on; for it's a Queſtion whether he ſo much as knows when he ſpeaks, or wherefore, or what he ſaid: He's a very Eccho, rather repeating than ſpeaking. His laſt Sentiment is not ſo much his own (that is what he really approves of) as the Perſon's who laſt left him; if he continues in it, 'tis becauſe no body has been with him to make him alter it. He's like a Speaking-trumpet, that may be made to ſay any thing.

It is Modeſty or Shame which firſt laid it down as a Point of Good-manners, never to open a Book in another Perſon's Houſe?

Why under ſuch Concern? Have you a dubious Suit upon your Hands? Have you been a Robber or Incendiary? Have you killed your Man? Is any Friend of yours to be burned, hanged or broke on the Wheel? Don't deſpair; if you have Money,

ney, there's nothing in it: I'll inform you who has it in his Power and makes it his Buſineſs to ſell every thing.

This is the wiſhing Seaſon, the Time of Gratifications: Military, Civil, Church Preferments; Which are you for? Prebends, Deanries, Biſhoprics; Warrants, Patents and Commiſſions of all Sorts, whichever you would have; down with your Money at the Office, and they are yours.

Is a Man *ſinking*, his beſt Friends let go their Hold and turn their Backs upon him; no body ſo much as gives himſelf the Trouble to cry *help*; his very Relations diſown him; they could wiſh he was not of their Name; no one can bear to be thought like him. Does he *come up* again, every one makes towards him; and his Foot's no ſooner on the Land, than there's a ſtriving who ſhall wipe and dry him: His Acquaintance are for being his Relations, and his Couſins his Brothers; there's no being too intimate with him.

The Family of a new Favourite increaſes to an Infinitude; and that of the diſgraced Miniſter is ſuddenly extinct in him. It would not be known that he had ſo much as a Wife and Children, but for their Share in his Misfortunes.

There is an exact Compenſation betwixt the Sentiments of both Sexes, according to what either deſires or fears. The Women, one and all, exclaim againſt a wicked Man, and join Hand in Hand againſt him, eſpecially if it be the Fair One whom he has injured. Is a Woman only ſuſpected of a criminal Amour, the whole Tribe of Huſbands are for giving her no Quarter, Hanging is too good for her: Would not one, at firſt, think, that the Men and Women all held together? No, that's not the Caſe; they are afraid only it may be

their

their own Affair to have to do with ſuch ſlippery Companions.

'Tis from Proſperity and Adverſity that the Virtues of each Situation derive their Luſtre and Value.

There are ſome Virtues of Adverſity with which thoſe of Proſperity cannot pretend to diſpute Precedency.

Moderation in Proſperity is certainly amiable; but what is it to Firmneſs in Adverſity? How much eaſier to be virtuous in the firſt State, than reſigned and patient in the latter?

Adverſity faſhions the Sentiment, and Reaſon gives it the Poliſh.

What has been done by Monogamy? May it not be the very Thing deſigned? It ſhall always be my Opinion, whilſt I ſee Adultery not only unpuniſhed but thriving.

Therſites, whoſe Wife has been pouting at him theſe three Months, puts himſelf upon ſuch Follies to bring about a Reconciliation, that would hardly be forgiven betwixt a young Financer and an Opera-girl: Inſtead of the firſt Jewels, which ſhe has turned into Money, he preſents her with others ten times finer; and has bought her ſo magnificent a Coach, and ſuch beautiful Horſes, that one Reconciliation more on the ſame Terms, would hardly leave him a Shoe to his Foot.

How frequently are we the Dupes both of ourſelves and others? Whilſt we imagine ourſelves to be giving Proofs of our Love, we are only following the Bent of our Conſtitution; and the Favours we receive, ſeldom are of a more refined Origin, and as much unknown.

How low is that Huſband ſunk whoſe Profuſeneſs has brought him to the Neceſſity of being, as it were, a Paraſite to his Wife, and partaking of her

her Jointure? The moſt unhappy Wife can have no Miſery comparable to this.

In what is Manners and Religion the better for that Medium eſtabliſhed by weak Prejudices, betwixt the Sanctity of Celibacy and the Utility of Marriage, but that the Condition of Huſbands is become more dangerous, and that of the Batchelors more convenient?

Can Manners have any Hope amidſt ſuch a Contempt of Marriage? The Reliſh of Innocence will never paſs upon the Senſes for an Equivalent to the conjugal Vexations.

Marriage, from a *general Rule*, is on the Eve of growing into *an Exception*; but the leſs it is eſteemed, the more unfaithful Huſbands will there be.

Marrying a rich Wife is often like buying a Parcel of Land for one's Income; the Purchaſer, at firſt, goes to it and views it, but never intended it for his conſtant Reſidence; he receives the Rent, whilſt the Farmer cultivates the Land; as the Gallant does the Wife.

Expect hard Terms from the Parents of a Girl with whom you are ſmitten; you muſt be born under the moſt lucky Planet if it is otherwiſe: Love! What Weakneſs does that imply! And how many are ready to take Advantage of our Weakneſſes!

Sichem is dying for *Dinah*; and *Hemor*, in his Fondneſs for his Son *Sichem*, willing to do any thing for his Satisfaction, delivers up himſelf and his Kingdom into the Hands of the inſidious and vindictive Sons of *Jacob*. Here, deſtructive Love! I perceive thee: And if parental Tenderneſs ſeems much injured; yet when carried to a faulty Indulgence, it juſtly proves its own Chaſtiſement; and thus *Hemor*, having probably countenanced *Sichem*

in

in former Exceſſes, may be ſaid to have drawn this Diſaſter upon himſelf *.

Such open Violence is no more in Uſe; it is no longer Sword in Hand that ſuch Affairs are decided; but peaceably at a Notary's, and by a Contract, but in which ſome ambiguous Clauſes are foiſted; and thus both Father and Son-in-law are privately deſtroyed.

Every one, though perhaps not very wiſely, cries up the Goodneſs of his own Temper; his Sincerity; how true he is to what he once profeſſes; and all this, either becauſe he knows there's nothing in it, or what is much the ſame, if there is no body perceives it: No one ever took it into his Head to ſay he had fine Eyes, a white Hand, a well-turn'd Leg; becauſe, though all theſe are what we pride ourſelves in, yet they are obvious enough for any body to prove him a Liar.

Whether the Perſons we hate are better or worſe diſpoſed to us than thoſe we love, is a Problem which is ſtill without a Solution.

Jealouſy adheres to the Heart as Ruſt to Iron: Amidſt all our Deſigns and Diſavowals of it, any little Occaſion detects it: We forgive; that is till there's an Opportunity for Revenge.

Bathſheba, *Solomon*'s Mother, had done every thing for this dear Son of her's; it was by her Arts that *David* was drawn in to promiſe him to be his Succeſſor in the Throne, preferably to ſome of his Children who were older. *Adonijah*, concluding from the King's extreme old Age that he could not live long, ſet himſelf up for King, and feaſted his Party. *Bathſheba* watched every Motion againſt her favourite Point, ſent the Prophet to inform

* Gen. xxxiv.

David

David of the Inſurrection, and upon *Solomon*'s being proclaimed King, *Adonijah*'s Party diſperſed: After *David*'s Demiſe, *Solomon* having peaceably aſcended the Throne, *Adonijah* deſired *Bathſheba* to move the King, that he would conſent to his marrying *Abiſhag*, the fair *Shunamite*, whom he loved. *Solomon*, inſtead of granting this, mindful of his former Competition, laid hold of this indiſcreet, and poſſibly deſigning Step of his Brother, to take him off.

Foppery is a Coat only for Fools; it is cut out from their Meaſure, and if it becomes any one 'tis them.

Company is often peſtered with Blockheads, who ſtammer out a dull Tale, and make it worſe by their Manner, without Stile, Judgment or Spirit; theſe ſhallow Creatures conceit they are ſomething very clever, but leſt they ſhould paſs without a Laugh, they themſelves fall a laughing till they ſhed Tears, then ſtare at you to look if you alſo laughed; but why ſhould you, when they themſelves laugh for the Company?

Women are ſaid to refine the Taſte; frivolous Pretence for being led by them, when they manifeſtly introduce a new Corruption of Manners. It was through an Emulation to pleaſe them that Men began to affect the Ornaments of Dreſs; and from that Time, the Attention to pleaſe by Faſhions ſuperſeded all Care to pleaſe by perſonal Accompliſhments.

Every Thing is adapted to the Female Taſte; nothing takes but the Light and Frivolous. Does not Affectation run thro' the whole Deportment, and what are our Converſations but Pride and Vapours?

How ſtrangely contradictory are Mens Judgments! in female Affairs, unleſs you are really a Knave,

Knave, you are reckoned a Fool. We judge ſuperficially, when we prefer Men of auſtere Probity to that eaſy Carriage which always charms us; our Choice is too often miſled by Appearances.

Men are like Diamonds; hard, and to be poliſhed only by one another. The Philoſopher, who places Virtue in a Contempt of Honours, is very far from being the Man he fancies himſelf, and will never be the Man he would.

We ſee a good Man rough, ſurly, and not tractable; he has ſo many Oddities, that we overlook all the Advantages of his Acquaintance; and link ourſelves to another, who often conceals a bad Heart under an exterior, which we could wiſh to have found in the former.

The covetous Man is the neareſt to, and the fartheſt from Wiſdom. Deplorable indeed is the Condition of him, who has not ſtill ſomething to give, tho' it were but a Glaſs of Water.

What did that Man, whoſe Tongue has been going theſe three Quarters of an Hour, ſay to you? What do you remember of all his Babble? Why; would you have him mute, ſays one? There is a Licence for Talkers and Coxcombs.

He who ſays that Man does not know himſelf, muſt never have obſerved how careful and circumſpect he is to diſguiſe himſelf.

Let who will hire one of thoſe magnificent Houſes, half of which muſt be left unfurniſhed. *Olenus* will have none of them; he finds his Diverſions run away with his hundred thouſand Livres a Year without furniſhing Houſes; beſides, he is for Privacy, and quarters himſelf at the Fag End of the Town; where he is ruining himſelf in Obſcurity with three or four common Women, whilſt no Body is ſuſpecting any thing of the Matter.

I had

I had heard, but would never give any Credit to it; and indeed is it credible, that any Perſons ſhould be ſo void of Senſe, as to go in the Dead of the Night to a Croſs-way, to have a little Diſcourſe with the Devil; and what is ſtill more ſtrange, to pay a monſtrous Price for a Word or two with his infernal Majeſty? But I am aſked, what could they want with him? Money, to be ſure; no Body goes to him about any thing elſe. Why, was you in want of any, *Neolan?* Ay, and greatly too. Why then did you ſquander away your hundred Piſtoles?

Every one tells you Ceremony is his Averſion, and lays the Blame on Cuſtom. Is there not ſome Miſtake here? To be ceremonious may be our Averſion; we are forward and free, and perhaps it ſits well enough upon us; but how ſeldom do we like this in other People?

Various are the Expedients of Politeneſs, that it may not be beſtowed for nothing. Great Difficulty is made at leaving a Room againſt being waited on; the Maſter of the Houſe, on his Side, inſiſts only upon *ſeeing him go*; but the Viſitant forces him back, and they ſeparate. The Maſter is quickly after him, and finding him ſtill upon the Stairs, waits on him; this ſhould ſeem enough in all Conſcience: No, that his Labour may not be without a Return, he takes his Leave half way down Stairs. The other turns back, wonders much, and ſhoves him up again into his Room, where he muſt lock him in, if he would not have a Repetition of the ſame.

To be ſhort-ſighted is faſhionable; every one is for having an Excuſe at Hand for Unpoliteneſs or Self-love, when they happen to be caught.

A rich old Uncle, from whom ſomething is expected, is ſeen a Mile off; whereas a Brother, under

der Difficulties, or where nothing is to be hoped for, may paſs by unobſerved; or ſhould we be ſo clear-ſighted as to ſee him at a Diſtance, there's the Conveniency of Croſs-Streets.

He has a tender Heart. Don't imagine this to be ſaid of a King, a Father, or a Huſband; 'tis meant of one who has it to a Fault, who has too much of what others have too little.

We ſay to the moſt indifferent Perſon, I uſe you as a Friend, I have only ſome Soup; but how ſhould we ourſelves like ſuch friendly Treatment?

Some who within their own Doors commend a ſimple Way of living, and are for the cheapeſt Eatables, leave that Philoſophy in their Cupboard when they go Abroad?

The good Man thinks himſelf obliged to all who do good, and loves without knowing them.

You are for bringing all your Relations and Friends to take you for their Model; but it is no eaſy Matter; a ſhorter Way to an Agreement, is for you to come over to their Sentiments; but this, tho' indeed the ſhorteſt, is far from being the eaſieſt.

God having introduced us into the Benefits of Society, it is Churliſhneſs towards him, to toſs and ſpurn at its Inconveniencies.

I have known more Men forgive Injuries than properly acknowledge Kindneſſes.

The Benefactor commences a Suit with the Perſon obliged; in which the latter being both Judge and Party, tho' the Grounds of it are inconteſtable, if there be a Fault in the Form, the Benefactor is caſt without Appeal.

I ſee no Happineſs beyond ſtanding in need of no Body, except that of doing good to every Body.

Doing

Doing a Kindneſs, like Virtue, is its own Reward.

Some Friends are ſo haſty in making uſe of the good Nature of others, and put it to ſuch unreaſonable Trials, that what they ſhould wonder at, is not that there was none left the next Day, but that it could hold out the Day before.

Table Friendſhips appear to me no very bad Contrivances; they are contracted without any Trouble, amidſt Freedom and Mirth, Diſhes ſerving inſtead of Accompliſhments, and Bottles ſupplying the Places of moral Virtues. Is not this a rare Expedient? In this kind of Friendſhip, who can go beyond *Martialo?*

To riſe above a rancorous Senſe of Injuries, and to pardon them, have always been accounted the Properties of an exalted Soul: What then can be thought of him who inſiſts upon Revenge? who is for drenching his Sword in his Friend's Blood? It is decided: If it is Greatneſs to forgive, Revenge is mean.

Lenor is confined to his Bed, equally unable to attend Buſineſs or follow Pleaſure; an excruciating Gout has laid an Embargo on him, that he cannot viſit *Elamira*, whom he ſtill loves amidſt all his Torture: The Way to hear from her? and who will run every Day to inform his Charmer of the ill State of his Health, which gives her ſuch Uneaſineſs? This Taſk their common Friend *Vollery* freely takes upon himſelf; and whom could *Lenor* better truſt with his Miſtreſs? or where find a more acceptable Meſſenger? *Elamira* is too ſenſibly taken with him, any longer to afflict herſelf about *Lenor*'s Gout.

The oddity of the World! There's a Kind of Shame in accepting when we are in Want; and to refuſe when we are above Neceſſity, is Rudeneſs.

A raw

A raw and unexperienced Smuggler enters ſmall Parcels of Goods, and pays the Duty, in order to run conſiderable Quantities with the greater Confidence. It is a Practice to truſt People with trifling Secrets, to be excuſed from the more Conſequential.

Eyes and Ears ſometimes add to our Misfortunes, then what can be worſe than a Tongue?

The Mendicant Brother, who is a Maſter of his Buſineſs, is a good to a Convent of Capuchines, as the beſt Farm of the Benedictins; no Mildew, Froſt or Hail can hurt him.

Some are continually exclaiming with the moſt paſſionate Vehemence againſt Women; I am inclined to ſuſpect 'tis only from Revenge.

It is not ſo much to his Talents or Reputation, that the moſt famous Preacher ſometimes owes his Audience, as to the Situation of his Church, or the Fancy of ſome People, that they may there ſee and be ſeen more than any where elſe. The Idleneſs and Vanity of Women, and the ſilly Cuſtom of Men, in following them every where, are often the chief Supports of the Jeſuits Character

There is Faſhion in every Thing, even in publick Worſhip; a Set of Hymns, Pſalms and Anthems had been uſed in a Dioceſe Time out of Mind; but now comes a Biſhop who muſt have every Thing new; new Pſalms, new Hymns, and new Anthems. The People muſt provide themſelves with new Doxologies, or be like ſo many Mutes at the Office. What! ſhall Caprice or Faſhion intrude themſelves into the Worſhip of God? Surely it would be wrong to think ſo; why then theſe Innovations? That his Lordſhip's Printer can beſt Anſwer.

In the ſpiritual *Directorſhip*, next to being Maſter of the Womens Secrets, the moſt dainty Bit is

to

to have both the Title and Office of Almoner. To have the Purſes at Command, to be accounted a Saint by thoſe who are relieved, to purchaſe Veneration with another's Subſtance; the Hands of ſome People are a ſtrange Conveyance of Liberalities; they are like a Labyrinth, where many a one loſes his Way, ſo as never to be heard of again.

Brother *Coſmo* will only learn how to bleed; he can already make Broth, and give a Clyſter; ſo his Salvation is ſecure. As for the Scriptures, Fathers and Councils he has heard of them, but no Body ſhall perſuade him that it is his Duty to ſtudy them, and that a Chriſtian cannot be too well verſed in them; there is no beating into him the Value of religious Literature. He has made a Vow againſt every ſuch Thing: Being then illiterate by Vow and Profeſſion, would you have him take Pains to be otherwiſe? He is ſo, and will be ſo, therefore no more of it.

Brother *Ignatius*'s only Vow ſeems to be to know every Thing; and if ever Vow was fulfilled, 'tis after going thro' profane and ſacred Hiſtory. He took in Hand the Civil and Canon Law, then dived into the bottomleſs Gulph of Controverſies; he has read every Thing, nothing has eſcaped his Reſearches; and, as if all this was not enough, he attends the Great, and endeavours to worm himſelf into their Favour: What will all this Learning ſignify among them? Nothing; he knows it well; But then he is alſo an Adept in Family Concerns: Are Waiting-maids, Nurſes, Midwives wanting? He can provide them, and upon Occaſion ſupply their Place: He pries into every Thing, and directs every Thing, from the Garret to the Cellar: He taſtes Wines, Pickles, and Sauces: This is fine Veal; that Mutton is not eatable: Kitchen, Stable,

ble, Apartment, every Thing comes under his Cognizance: He is Steward, Valet, Gentleman of the Horſe, Blackſmith, and every Thing to get a Step higher.

Some Sermons are ſuch as to require an immediate Confutation, to rub off any Impreſſions received from them.

Do Colours imply Privileges? Are certain Hats, like *Green Caps*, a Diſcharge of all Debts?

It is advanced in Favour of large Hats, that they are becoming; that does not always hold; ſome Heads are ſmall, on which large Hats make ſo diſproportionate a Figure, that they ought to be reduced at leaſt to the common Size.

I am hurt when I happen to go into a Country Church and ſee the Roof broke, the Walls full of Clefts, and Puddles of Rain near the Altar. Such Neglect of the Houſe of God throws me into a melancholy Amazement; but this Paſſion is ſomewhat abated, upon being informed that the great Tythes belong to the Biſhop.

Stand up for your Right, *Theocritus*, you are in Orders, and that intitles you to the Living; ſue for it, whilſt you have Breath in your Body. If any Thing has been intruſted with you, never give it up, ſtand Trial firſt. There is no need of ſuch Advice; you will be ſure die in Law, and whereever you go after Death you will be for Law; and finding no Law there, you will be for exiſting again in this World where there is too much.

All Maſters, in their reſpective Kind, ſeem to overflow with the Sciences which they profeſs; the Teachers of Languages, and I don't mean the arrant Pedants, emit from time to time ſome Sparks which clearly indicate their Vocation. Whatever comes under the Naturaliſt's Eye, he is ſure to expatiate on from his Principles. The Geome-

trician and Geographer are ſeldom at a Loſs for Objects on which to declare themſelves. *Teliote* quavers at the Altar, and *Tavillier* cuts Capers in the great Walk at the *Thuilleries*. None more addicted to this Parade than the Politician; two Profeſſions however there are, which do not appear to place any great Value on their Principles. *T*——— is very ill, but no Boluſſes or Juleps for him. The Jeſuit and Capuchin ſay Abundance of fine Things in the Pulpit, but act otherwiſe. In the Phyſician it may be Prudence; it certainly is; but the Preacher ſeems wholly without Excuſe.

If Reſidence can be brought about only by the Influence of Court Devotion, there's but little Hopes of ſeeing any ſuch Thing in our Days.

Make Hay while the Sun ſhines, *Philotate*, never ſtick at a Treachery which carries its Reward with it. Purſue your Scheme, and ſell your Fraternity; let them diſown you. You have already made a Duke of your Name; now crown all your Feats by making yourſelf a Cardinal.

Balance, Ceſſion, Intereſt; Words which were better never to have been known, or at moſt among trading People, are now in the Mouths of the Nobility and Gentry, the illuſtrious Prelates and mortified Communities.

Seiſures, Baniſhments, Priſons won't prevail; Menaces and Careſſes are equally diſregarded. It ſeems as if nothing under great Rewards, or ſevere Tortures, ought to overcome the Mind. The Perſecution is diſcontinued, and now all the Baits of Intereſt and Self-love being removed, Schiſm ſubmits. Was its Oppoſition right? Is its Conformity right? That would be owning, that there was a Time when one was in the Wrong. Is it Humour? Theſe Converſions may at leaſt go under the Predicament of Folly.

To

To fall upon the Inſurgents with Fire and Sword, to make uſe of Tortures againſt them, is to increaſe them, and put the Victory into their Hands. To ſet Intereſt againſt them, to leave no Incentives to Self-love, would effectually convince, reduce, and extinguiſh them.

That Repriſals are made upon Enemies, that two Armies ſtrive to kill, burn and deſtroy, is no Wonder: But that a Prelate and a reſpectable Company ſhould quarrel about Women, and that theſe irreconcileable Parties ſhould be Chriſtians and Countrymen, who would believe it but the Prince? and he finds himſelf obliged to uſe his Power, and threaten them into a more orderly Behaviour.

Which *Pancracius* fears moſt, the Churchwarden, who has a Demand upon him, or a Cat, is a Queſtion; ſo far is known, he ſhuns the former, and faints away at the Sight of the latter.

I deſire to know how far the Vow of Poverty reaches? Do Annuities and Portions come within it, or are they excluded? No Body would think ſo.

Do I ſee a Prieſt, a diſguiſed Sharper, or ſome Dealer? Go up to him, he's waiting for you; any Thing to change or ſell, nothing comes amiſs to him; *old Gold and Silver Lace*, right; produce. What's there? 'Tis a Diamond, and a true one. * *Tanguel*, don't ſet up to be a Jeweller; you'll burn your Fingers: But if you are ſo diſpoſed, who will you hurt by it?

What is your Buſineſs with *Patelin?* To lodge a good Sum with him, as private Proviſion for your Baſtard. You may give it him; mind, I ſay, give it him, for he will be ſure to keep it.

* A celebrated Jeweller.

Philagon, your Reputation is loſt; the Enemy has taken the Field, and you are not allowed to go againſt them. How will you be thought a better Man than *Hyacinthus*, who is ſtill ſcandalouſly loitering here? Poſt away to the Camp, or there is no ſaving your Character. Hold, there is yet one Way: Squeeze a Phyſician by the Hand, and he will order you to go and drink the Waters.

Nothing more than Opportunity, Time and Place often make the Difference betwixt a Hero and a Villain.

Tell me, *Bibulus*, how will you manage yourſelf with the Baroneſs *Candida*, who left the Innocence of the Country for the Service of all the Staff-Officers of a Regiment, and fared accordingly? You know that beſides ſhe is Widow to moſt of thoſe who periſhed in the *Parthian* Expedition. Will you conſent to a ſecond Partnerſhip in her with the joyous Prelate, whom ſhe ſtill loves as her Papa? What will you do with her, you who have the Choice to hire or buy ſo many blooming Anti-Veſtals? Take my Advice, and keep her, for you are ſure of never being out in your Choice.

Does not the Law, which forbids taking another Perſon's Subſtance, reach to Robbery, Theft and Oppreſſion? Do not the fraudulent Debtor, the Uſurer, the Attorney who draws double Writings, the Counſellor who ſells his Client, the Judge who accepts of Preſents, and he who makes them to carry an unjuſt Cauſe, do not theſe Wretches come under it? If this Law extends to all Kinds of Wrong, what muſt be ſaid of *Coſts* and *Damages*?

To form a Code, to provide one's Country with wiſe Laws after having protected it by Courage and Capacity, to put the People in a Condition of enjoying all the Bleſſings of Peace, nothing

thing can be greater than procuring it by honourable Means, without Treachery, Bribery, or any baſe Devices.

There is but one Sort of People who may be ſaid to be above the Lawgiver; thoſe who willingly obſerve them.

Some People are in every Reſpect like the Chaffers; in their Birth, Rank, and Employment in the World, and in their Diſappearance, the Compariſon ſtill holds good; and what completes it is, that in three Days they are no more talked of than laſt Summer's Chaffers.

Chryſolater invited me to an Entertainment; the high-ſeaſoned Ragouts begin to want a Dilution. Honeſt Friend, ſays I, in a cautious Whiſper to one of the Servants, Favour me with a Glaſs of Water; but the 'Squire watches all Opportunities for gratifying his Vanity. Slap,—open flies an immenſe Beaufet, with four Rows of Shelves, ſo loaded with all Sorts of Plate, Cups, Mugs, Salvers, Turreens, Bowls, that I forgot my Thirſt, in an Apprehenſion leſt the Shelves ſhould give Way; no Goldſmith's Shop ſo furniſhed; and is all this Glitter put out of Order only to ſerve me in more Splendor? But in the mean Time the painful Senſation returns upon me, and I am dying with Thirſt. Is it to be doubted that I ſhall ſoon be relieved? Alas, *Chryſolater* muſt ſhew his Silver Ciſterns, and my Glaſs of Water is to be cooled. For God's Sake, *Chryſolater*, leſs Oſtentation and more Humanity; more Manners; what ſignifies ſeeing to my Thirſt? I muſt drink,------ give me any Water, and in any Glaſs. This is not all; when he perceives I am for going, he gripes me, and away I am lugged to his Cloſet; where opening a huge ſtrong Box, his Servants are ordered to take out a Number of Bags, of

which he reads the Labels with a Stentorean Voice, and then chuſes five or ſix, which he deafens one in telling over, and leaves them piled up on his Deſk. Every Day with him is Pay-day. Sometimes he is buying an Eſtate; then he has Money to return; and all told out in Silver. The Patience of a Saint would tire with all this, yet his Vanity has further Occaſion for me; unlocking a large Cupboard, which he leaves open, out come the Bags of Gold, and emptied on the Table; then his Fingers are plunged among the Heaps, to ſeparate the Single and Double Louis: Half a Louis is wanting to make up a Sum, which he pretends muſt be in readineſs againſt the next Day; for this ſingle Half Louis another Bag is taken out, and emptied, tho' they lay by Dozens at the Top; at laſt, wearied out with the nauſeous Oſtentation, I ſteal away, and leave him to diſcuſs his Receipts and Payments by himſelf. This ſame *Chryſolater*, when he gives a Half-penny to a Beggar at a Church-Door, pulls out a Handful of Gold, puts that up, and draws out more to find the Copper, which he has plenty of in his Waiſtcoat Pocket. If he comes where the Converſation is upon Lottery Tickets, or the Price of Stocks, this is his favourite Theme, and no Body underſtands it better. Is what he ſays called in Queſtion? Out come Scrolls of Paper, which he throws among the Company; ſee if I lie, ſays he. If he happens to come where any Complaint is made of the ſuperfluous Expences in Weddings, that, interrupts *Chryſolater*, no Body has felt more than myſelf; then gives a Detail even to the Cooks and Wine-Merchants Bills, of the monſtrous Expence he was at in marrying his Daughter; but, concludes he, it could not in Honour be otherwiſe: From theſe Complaints the Converſation ſhifts to the Bride's Portion,

tion, the Marriage Contract and Jointure. My Daughters, cries the arrogant Coxcomb, were better jointured; but then adds, as loud as he can well ſpeak, I gave them too much; 'tis ſo, I'll aſſure you; there are the Contracts, diſpute them who will. Is there a Report of reducing Annuities, he ſtorms, ſends the Miniſtry to Hell, he is ruined, the beſt Part of his Subſtance is in Annuities, and produces his Vouchers. A Relation tells him that he has lately bought a conſiderable Eſtate; So have I: There is a very handſome Seat upon it, ſays the Relation: Mine, anſwers he, is in the Midſt of a Park, with Canals, Water-works, and Caſcades: I have fine well-ſtock'd Fiſh-ponds and Woods, ſays the Relation, with plenty of Deer and Hare: Then the Vaſſalage of my Manor is very conſiderable; 'tis juſt ſo with mine, continues he: And if his Relation's Seat has Battlements, his has Turrets: There's no offering to queſtion it; he'll be for ſhewing you his Seat, Park, Foreſts and Vaſſals; for, knowing him as I do, I am ſure he has them ready in his Pocket to corroborate his Vanity.

That whole Provinces ſhould be as it were condemned, by Way of Puniſhment, to eat Salt, when the general Diſtreſs leaves the People no Means for turning it to any Uſe, would, without the Taxmen, appear the greateſt Paradoxes.

Old Men are often ſeen to differ from Children in nothing but their different Kind of Playthings.

The Day, when Leiſure allows us Freedom of Thought and Action, for the worthy Purpoſes of Life, is accounted dull and melancholy; ſo he, over whoſe Head Scores of Years have paſſed, is looked upon as happy; and the more ſo, if his Life has been paſſed in thoughtleſs Feſtivity.

Compoſedly to wiſh for a ſudden Death, argues that all we fear in Death is the Pain of dying; and that as to the other Circumſtances we are perfectly eaſy. As to Suicide, I paſs it over; to what Purpoſe is talking of Madmen?

The longer we live, the more deſirous we are of living: The ſick Man of a hundred Years old, is like him of Twenty; a Recovery and ten Years more Life, is what they are equally ſolicitous about.

The Dread of Death makes the Phyſician's Fortune. Who dares refuſe any thing to a Man, who is accounted to have the Keys of Life and Death? Even the Prieſt himſelf has not Admittance till the other withdraws. Whatever one may believe of Paradiſe, 'tis Life which is wanted; and Death is more dreaded than Hell.

There is a Miſtake in our Ideas of Phyſicians and Confeſſors; the former are admitted to the Bed-ſide, are ſent for, and chearfully received; the latter we are almoſt afraid to mention, their Appearance carries a diſmal Preſage with it, and ſo the Terror of it is ſpared till the laſt Extremity.

The beſt Friend bears us Company no farther than a certain Point in the Road to Death; not one is to be found who will go through with us: A Step or two, more or leſs, and farewel; and 'tis often without any Heart-breaking.

The great Man weakens gradually as he draws near his End; the ſeveral Things which ſet him ſo high above others drop off by Degrees; his Spirits flag; Fears, Remorſes, Shiverings and Diſquietudes ſeize him; his Firmneſs ſtaggers; he is not the ſame Man; and at this critical Juncture, the Soul of the General, Miniſter and Monarch ſink to a Level with that of the Plowman, the Threſher

Threſher and the Vine-dreſſer; there's no viſible Difference then betwixt *Florus* and *Hobbinol.*

How illuſory is the immortal Hope of Fame! Multitudes of great Men would be enveloped in the moſt ſilent Forgetfulneſs, did not ſome old Banners keep up an obſcure Remembrance of them.

They are gone, thoſe wealthy Men are now no more; vaniſh'd is all their Glory, like a Fog diſſipated by the Beams of the riſing Sun: all their Remains are contained in ſome Bills at the Corners of the Streets.

Of ECCLESIASTICS.

THE preſent Subject, it muſt be confeſſed, is none of the leaſt difficult; what can be more dangerous than to expoſe the Licentiouſneſs of Eccleſiaſtics; yet would it be puſillanimous to connive at their Behaviour, and give it a falſe Appearance: Puſillanimous did I ſay? it is ſhameful, it is wicked to conceal Vices of ſuch Conſequence to Society; to ſtifle the Crimes of Malefactors, is to be their Accomplice.

Thoſe who penetrated with a Senſe of their ſacred Character, and attentive to its important Duties, ſhine amidſt the general Depravation, in an irreproachable Sanctity of Manners, I eſteem, I honour, I venerate, I compare them to thoſe Stars, which in the Darkneſs of a calm Night, from their immenſe Diſtance, gleam even to the Earth; there's no beholding their Radiancy without Admiration.

As for the Multitude who make a Trade of their Calling, and in themſelves debaſe its Dignity, I openly declare againſt them; I hate their Vices, with all the Reſerve which as Chriſtians they can require of me; but, am I told to reſpect their Perſons, on Account of their Character? my Anſwer is, am I to reſpect them more than they do themſelves? beſides, if I laſh their Vices, no one ſhall exceed me in a profound Veneration for the divine Character.

My Sincerity, I am ſenſible, will not procure me the more favourable Treatment; it will rather be accounted an Aggravation of my Inſolence:

Inſolence,

Inſolence, and even Impiety I ſhall be charged with, it being the conſtant Practice of Hypocrites, to connect Religion with themſelves, and to alledge that God is wounded through their Sides; ſhould any one only ſay, is it decent in *Athamas*, to pay his nightly Viſits to *Julia*, and ſteal the Lady's Affections from honourable Lovers? this Queſtioniſt is immediately a Heretic, a profane Fellow without a Grain of Religion in him; then what muſt I expect, ſhould I venture to ſay that *Ariſtophanes*, a Prelate who owes a Pattern of Piety to above thirty thouſand Souls, has given a Picture of himſelf to *Albina*, the Proſtitute of all the Military Coxcombs about Town, who makes no Scruple of being in Parties with abandoned Creatures; what would be ſaid of me, ſhould I add, that facing *Albina*'s lewd Bed, hangs *Ariſtophanes* in his Rochet, and the golden Croſs on his Breaſt; I have been told the Picture keeps the Original's Place, on Account of the great Reſort. What can be bad enough for preſuming to declare ſuch a Truth? Why *Ariſtophanes* will give out that all Hell has not ſuch another Atheiſt.

In Anſwer to his charitable Invective; I affirm that I adore God in the Truth of Chriſtianity; I own the Catholick Church as eſtabliſhed by *Jeſus Chriſt*; the Religion which *Paul* and *Peter* preached, is mine; this is my Confeſſion of Faith; and in this Armour I ſet up the Standard againſt the ſcandalous Practices of the Eccleſiaſtics.

St. *Chryſoſtome*, one would think, from the following Paſſage ſaw into our Times: "When the People are given up to all Kinds of Debauchery, look for the Source of it among the Prieſthood, it is too certain there muſt be ſome Diſorder among them;" had he lived among us, could his Deſcription have been more reſembling?

What

What can I make of my Son, ſays *Aſtorgus*, he's hump-back'd or bandy-legg'd; beſides, he ſtammers and ſquints? Why, an Abbot, to be ſure, ſays a Friend, you don't want Intereſt: Thus the inward Calling of *Aſtorgus*'s Son is his Deformity; and as in the World he will be only ſcorned and ridiculed, he is dedicated to God.

In a numerous Family, as it is the eldeſt who muſt uphold the Credit of it, he has Eſtates, Seats, Employments, and all whilſt the ſecond Brother, with his Pittance of a Portion, would be put to ſuch Shifts, that ſome of his Brother's Servants would appear and live better: This is ſcandalous, and muſt be ſalved ſome way or other; ſo he's allotted for the Church, with the Hopes of a Mitre in ten Years. But there's the poor third Son ſtill unprovided for, and for him there's the Convent, where by good Friends, no doubt, he will mend his Condition. But what Convent will be beſt? A Royal Abbey to be ſure; and a few Years, by the Grace of God, will ſee him at the Head of it: Here's another Call as hopeful as the former.

Is Faith an uſual Motive in Parents ſacrificing their Children! Is it by Precept from God? How many *Iſaacs* are led to Mount *Moriah*, without knowing what they are about? They may look about long enough for a Victim; 'tis no other than themſelves. Their own Fathers blindfold them, and bind them on the Pile; and ſo bent are they on the Sacrifice, that an Angel from Heaven could ſcarcely with-hold them.

Church Poſſeſſions are become like mortgageable Effects, and often come by Survivorſhip, like a ſecular Employment.

Philo has an old Uncle, the Incumbent of a fat Benefice, of which he has alſo the Reſignation. Shall I, ſays *Philo*, let it go out of the Family? No,

No, certainly I will ſecure it to my Nephew. Immediately there's my Strippling tonſurated, and a Band about his Neck. Is ten Years an Age for ſuch a grave important Function? Beſides, the little Shaveling is waggiſh, playful, wanton, and heady, cut out from Top to Toe for the World. No Matter, an Abbot he muſt be; and the old Incumbent dying, the Nephew, at twelve Years old, is Rector of a Pariſh, with Cure of Souls: A Diſpenſation is obtained, and ſome Capuchin or Curate does the Duty for an hundred Crowns. The young Prior's Father is his Steward of Courſe, and, to be ſure, without Account. The Spark has now been ſome Years at School, and begins to diſcloſe his Temper; his Inclinations, inſtead of mending, become worſe; for the Diſſipation of College lets him into the Extravagance of Paſſions; and if he has any Spirit, it is to be feared it will carry him beyond the bare Theory of them; if not, his Conſtitution, and a little Liberty, will put him upon knowing more: His Wantonneſs already is grown to Wickedneſs; his Unrulineſs hardens into Contradiction, and an untractable Obſtinacy.

Nature, which is often too near our Heart, opens to him the Book of the World; he is ſtruck with the Variety of its Cuſtoms, which are far from blunting the Keenneſs of his Deſires after the Knowledge of Pleaſures: Having a Sight of them, he is for diving into their Nature; and in this Science, a well diſpoſed Youth quickly makes conſiderable Proficiency.

That he ſhall ſubmit to Admonitions, or be check'd by Religion, muſt not be expected: If he knows the Name of Virtue, it is as much as his Knowledge amounts to, and that is but little, ſince it is very ſeldom accompanied with any Knowledge of its Eſſence. A general Virtue has

ſo

ſo many Branches, that Man, whoſe Pleaſures allow him no Time for ſubdividing, often rejects the Whole, to ſave the Trouble of an Analyſis.

The Deity is repreſented to him in a Light ſo miſtaken and abſurd, that he is at a Loſs how to form any Notion of him; he meets with ſome ſhining Paſſages in Hiſtory, which ſhew him in a mere Man Qualities more excellent, than many of thoſe which he has been told are inherent in God.

With this mutilated Idea of the Supreme Being, and a Head littered with ſome Fragments of Philoſophy, he gives his Name into the Sorbonne for a Courſe of Divinity, and that he may go through it both with greater Credit and Conveniency, he enters himſelf into a Seminary for three Years. In this Receſs, where he is to prepare himſelf for the arduous Function which has been provided for him; what is the Subject of his Prayers? Does he pray to God for the Gifts and Graces of his Holy Spirit, whereby he may prove a reſplendent Luminary in his Church? Or does he attend at Chapel Hours, and think there is no Sort of Occaſion for private Devotion? Set Times for Retirement and Meditation are indeed appointed him; but God has but a ſmall Share of them.

In his Chamber he revolves within himſelf the Chaos of Darkneſs, which the Regents daily endeavour to throw in betwixt his Reaſon and his Faith; determining to extract Light out of it, he runs into worſe Errors, and thinks he has a Glimpſe of ſomething, in the very Inſtant that he is only adding to the Maſs of Errors which the ſorbonnical Diſſertations interpoſe betwixt Heaven and Earth: Thus, at the Expiration of his three Years, he leaves the Seminary, a worſe Infidel than if he had never gone beyond his Catechiſm; the Preferment

ment however muſt not be loſt, and therefore upon a ſlight Examination, ſo far as a little Memory will help him out, he is ordained; thus my Gentleman riſes to an Abbot without any Pretence of an inward Call, a Prieſt without Faith, ridiculing Religion in his Heart, and even doubting the Exiſtence of a God; and with all theſe ſhocking Circumſtances he ſets up Confeſſor, Preacher and Catechiſt.

Such is the Vocation of too many Prieſts: In ſome Families it is known, that for theſe laſt hundred Years the Abbey has devolved from Uncle to Nephew; Benefices, like Titles, are become Inheritances; as their Brothers are Counts and Marquiſſes, on the ſame Foundation are they Abbots. Out of my three Children, ſays his Honour, I ſhall conſecrate one to God; and, I ſay, out of your three Children, you intend the Church ſhall ſupport one of the moſt worthleſs. His Horſes ſhall be gorged with the Subſtance of the Poor; the Revenue of a fat Pariſh, where a hundred Families want the Neceſſaries of Life, goes to the Abbot's Pack of Hounds, and enables him to keep a Choice of Miſtreſſes.

What Kind of Fire is this put into the Cenſor? Such as Self-love kindles, Ambition blows, and Pride offers. *Nadab* and *Abihu*, ye nefarious Children of *Aaron*, Fire will come from God and devour you.

Hipocron grew tired of ten Years Parſon-hunting, as he thought himſelf not undeſerving of Preferment, he conſtantly railed at all who obtained it; whenever he preached, the Pulpit rang with Declamations againſt the faſtuous Luxury of the Prelates, the Emptineſs of worldly Grandeurs, the Age being over-run with Selfiſhneſs, and Merit

diſ-

diſcountenanced; but at length, a comfortable Prebend has changed his Note.

It was indeed a moſt worthy Action in *Clithean*, to lay hold of a favourable Juncture for breaking off an adulterous Commerce which had been carried on for ten Years, to the great Offence of the Neighbourhood: It was nobly done, I own, it wanted but little of being a good Deed; with leſs Noiſe and Loftineſs, and a little Prudence, it had been meritorious: Yes, but then it would have been known only to God; and poſſibly, it was not out of Regard to God only, that *Clithean* did it.

It was in a private Apartment of *David*'s Palace, that the Prophet *Nathan* laid open to him all the Atrocity of his Crime, and denounced the Vengeance with which God would proſecute the Murder of the honeſt and brave *Uriah*; but he ſaved *Bathſheba* the public Defamation, and did not expoſe her to the Hootings of a rude Rabble, as the Preliminary to the Puniſhment her Adultery deſerved.

Whither ruſhes that Troop of Miſſionaries? Is it a Zeal for God which animates their Steps? Have theſe ſacred Warriors liſted themſelves under the Banners of Religion, for wreſting out of the rapacious Hands of Hereſy, thoſe Nations which were unhappily fallen under its Dominion! Oh! tranſporting Sight! every Heart opens itſelf wide to admit Catholiciſm; the *Neophites* appear in numberleſs Bodies, their Hearts, now united by Faith, long for a Temple where their Prayers may unite: The primitive Times revive, the Altars are crowded with new Converts, offering their whole Subſtance; not an *Ananias* or a *Saphira* is among them; nor is this the Age of *Neros*, the *Decii* and the *Dioclefians*. A great Prince forwards the glorious Work by his Munificence, and condeſcends himſelf to lay

lay the firſt Stone; riſe, ſpacious Structure, ſtately Monument of *Chriſtian* Liberality! riſe in a Grandeur equal to thy large Foundation! Alas! admire the Foundation! for that is all you are like to have for your Money; there was, indeed, a Plan for a Temple, and a converting Scheme; but the Plan was all, unleſs you'll include the Diſhoneſty of thoſe, to whom the Collection was committed.

To lay Foundations, confiding in the Probity of Men, may well be ſaid to be building Caſtles in the Air.

How are the Children of *Eli* increaſed! "They knew not the Lord, their Behaviour to the People was not as became Prieſts; for when any Man offered Sacrifice, the Prieſt's Servant came whilſt the Fleſh was in ſeething, with a Fleſh-Hook of three Teeth in his Hand, and he ſtruck it into the Kettle, and all that the Fleſh-Hook brought up was for the Prieſt; ſo they uſed the Children of *Iſrael*, 'till Men were alienated from offering to the Lord——they even lay with the Women that aſſembled at the Door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation."

Theogenetes, an Actor, Buffoon, and Hypocrite, whatever he has a Hand in he is ſure to give a Diſplay of his primordial Profeſſion; is it a Conſecration, the Church is not only hung but full of Decorations. Girandoles, Branches, and even Garlands which have ſerved at Balls, any Thing for Ornament; the Opera-Orcheſtra is hired; there is Pit, Boxes, and Gallery; it would be a perfect Play were only *Chaſſé* or *Poirier* to perform.

God was never known to dwell with Idols; where worldly Paſſions bear Sway there is no Piety, no Love of God. "The Preſence of the Lord makes itſelf known in all Places, what becomes of *Dagon*,

Dagon, the adored Idol, when the Ark is placed before him; he falls from his Altar; his unfortunate Worſhippers place him up again, but the next Day he is found broke to Pieces on the Pavement of his Temple, and the idolatrous People were plagued with Sores and Diſtempers."

Triphesmus is not leſs vain at preſent of being *Irene*'s Director, then *Floriman* was three Years ago of being her Gallant; their Advantages have been equal, Pride and Money.

The Church moſt truly is the Ark of the Covenant, this contained the Pot of Manna, the Tables of the Law and *Aaron*'s Rod. What is it that firſt ſtrikes the Candidate for Orders, is it the Tables of the Law, the Importance of explaining them to the People, and of making them the Rule of his own Conduct? No; he immediately graſps the Pot of Manna, a rich Living, a ſtately Abbey, or a valuable Biſhoprick; there's precious Manna, and gathered without Labour or Vexation; and ſome will ſay the Gift of Divine Grace: No, ſay I; it is often obtained by the Depravation of Cuſtom, or the Artifices of Corruption, and increaſes in Sleep. Delicious Bread! of which the Purchaſe is only a few Prayers, and moſt of theſe committed to a Chaplain who is rewarded with a Crumb or two; nutritive Bread! various in its Taſtes, and which procures every Pleaſure; moſt excellent of all Bread! exquiſite Bread! which all the World are for eating; old Men and Children, the Libertine and the Devotee, Prieſts and Monks, are ſcrambling for a Morſel, and ſnatching it from one another, none of it comes to the true Owners; if any happens to be left, it goes to Families who are already glutted with it, or even to Dogs rather than they ſhall have any Share. Different has been *Theophoſus*'s Conduct; if he has fingered the Manna, he has

has not left the Tables of the Law in the Ark, but at the ſame Time he did not forget to take out *Aaron*'s Rod. He has taken the Law not with any Intent himſelf to conform to it, but to urge it on others, and thereby make it one Prop of his Authority; and the Rod ſerves to inforce Obedience to him as to the Law; 'tis all in the Name of Heaven that he gratifies his Love of Superiority. He glories in a Divine Zeal, of which himſelf is the Object, and rigorouſly revenges in the Name of God the leaſt Failure in that Reſpect which he claims. He keeps a good Table, but his Aſſemblies and his Houſe might become a Prince. If he preaches but once a Year, is not that enough for a Prelate? All he recommends is Temperance, the Improvement of Time, Humility and Submiſſion to Superiors; whereas not long ſince Charity, the Duties of Superiors to Inferiors, Chriſtian Condeſcenſion in Maſters to thoſe who are under them in the Lord, were the Themes on which he uſed to caſt his moſt pathetick Energy. But now become a Maſter, Obedience is the Word.

What a Purſuit after Church Poſſeſſions! there is no burying one's ſelf now in Deſarts to avoid Benefices; there is no having too many; ready Money is paid for them; they are exchanged againſt Town and Country Houſes; they are given as a Portion, and are the Wages of Sin. They are got both by Law-Suits and Fighting, and carried as it were by Dint of Sword like a pillaged Town; 'tis indeed a War, but a very ſcandalous one, where the oppoſite Parties are led on by Jealouſy, where Hatred, Slander, and Malevolence ſerve the Batteries; the Action is over and the Benefice gained; *Jubilate* is ſung by the whole Family, as every one is to have a Fellow-feeling. The Abbot's firſt Care is to ſet up his Equipage, his

his Siſter may depend on a handſome Wedding-preſent, his Brother is promiſed a pretty Place, and the Poor muſt pay for all.

"A Levite lived with *Micah*, who had hired him to be his Prieſt, and ſome Men came to him and ſaid, go with us and be to us a Father and a Prieſt. Is it better for thee to be a Prieſt unto the Houſe of one Man, or that thou be a Prieſt unto a Tribe and Family in *Iſrael?* And the Prieſt's Heart was glad, and he took the *Ephod* and the *Teraphim*, and the graven Image, and went away with them*."

Times ſeldom mend; moſt of our *Levites* are no better than *Micah*'s; a better Offer is a Call which cancels all Obligations.

Onuphrus has for three Years done all that could be expected from a Man of the moſt unbiaſſed Zeal in Support of his Doctrine; he was Proof againſt Baniſhment; Impriſonment could not bend him; he was the Apoſtle, the Guardian Angel of his Party; he was Proof even againſt a Benefice of a thouſand Crowns and great Expectations beſides. His Friends grew prodigiouſly elevated at ſuch Conſtancy, when a handſome Rectory convinc'd him of his Error and brought him to a Recantation; and would it not argue a Conceit, an Obſtinacy near a-kin to Madneſs, to abide by one's Opinion, tho' on the moſt ſerious Points, in Contempt of twenty thouſand Livres a Year? However true and indubitable they may appear, this would be a Refractorineſs almoſt without Example.

The Hearts of theſe Holy Perſons, whoſe Thoughts and Paſſions ſhould be wholly devoted to God, are ſeen to be inflamed by Jealouſy; or Ambition ſtirs them up to the moſt rancorous Feuds, into which the well meaning People are alſo drawn; no Neutrality

* Judg. xviii.

trality is allowed of, for *Paul* or for *Cephas* you muſt be. Ye Upſtart *Corahs*, ye ambitious *Dathans*, ye ſeditious *Abirams*, muſt the Earth ſwallow you up to ſilence your Quarrels? Is it nothing with you that you are all Servants of the ſame God?

Who can without Indignation ſee that Fribble *Celades*, a Man only in Name, in a Cloak and Band, which he has taken upon him juſt as ſome white-livered Fellows get Commiſſions, and ſtrut with their long Swords, but to be what their Station requires is the leaſt of their Thoughts; Bravery they have none; as careleſs is *Celades* about a Temper ſuitable to his Function, he is not devout, nor ever intends to be ſo. In the Morning he is as neceſſary a Piece of Furniture at a Lady's Toilette as her Looking-Glaſs, a pretty Toy which ſerves to while away a Quarter of an Hour; he is a Monkey, at whoſe Tricks and Grimaces there is no forbearing to laugh; he is a tame Kind of Animal admitted without Scandal, and who may ſometimes entertain for a Minute or two. He is able to inſtruct Waiting-women; he can introduce new Faſhions, and a ſingle Word of his explodes a Head-dreſs or a Ribbon. No Man, ſays he, like *Duchapt*; for Topknots eſpecially there is not his Fellow. At an Aſſembly he is by Profeſſion the Buffoon of the whole Company; he is News Collector for half the goſſiping Meetings; he is the Regiſter-Office of all the idle Smarts and Actreſſes; all the Frolicks of Court and City; all the Gallantries tranſacted in the commodious Receſſes of the Play-Houſe are the Subject of his indefatigable Enquiries; he is a complete Collection of the Stories of the Day; he is the only one to tell you how many thouſand Guineas the eaſy *Engliſh* Lord ſpent on *Eliſa* in one Winter. The World is obliged to him for knowing that *Pontius* has run away

away from four Benefices, with a pretty Nun, whom he has carried off to *London*, where he has married her; without him who would have had the Pleaſure of hearing that *Acis*, a Novice juſt freſh from College, has for theſe four Days been in Retirement on Account of ſome Reciprocations of Kindneſs betwixt him and the affected old *Arimintha*, an Intimate of his Mother, and who made the firſt Advances. There's not a Houſe where *Celades* is not welcome, and who ſo conformable, ſo ductile as this Eccleſiaſtic! the Company may wind him any Way; he is their Mark at which they freely may ſhoot, without any Fear of a Retort: He's a Fop, a Cap-a-pee, ſteeled to all the Practices of that empty Character, and verſed in all the Arts of Tenderneſs; ſometimes ſmooth, gentle, and fawning, as a Fool in Love, and immediately flying out into the Roughneſs of a reſolute Rake. *Celades* is not to be truſted: If he has but Opportunity that's enough, and that he knows how to come at as well as any Body.

Volpone has young *Agnes* under his Direction, and has often diſcourſed to her on the Love of our Neighbour; but the ſimple Creature imagines this reaches no further for her, than to drop a Halfpenny now and then to a Beggar, and ſave the Footman and Houſemaid from being rattled. This is nothing to what *Volpone* meant, he was for carrying her a great Way further; and as ſhe could not go of herſelf, he kindly aſſiſted her Incapacity; what with her Simplicity and his Craft, he leads her on to his Ends; Veneration produces or implies Confidence. He knows her Weakneſs, her Fears, her Wants, *Agnes*'s Mind lies open to him; he inflames her Heart, ſtill innocent, but ready to take Fire at his queſtioning her ſo particularly on Faults which are not ſo much as known by Name to her.

Under

Under Pretence of Remonſtrance he inſtills into her the Knowledge of Guilt; if in her Sleep the Fermentation of Juices has brought upon her any of thoſe voluptuous Impreſſions which cauſe in us ſuch ſenſible, yet involuntary Emotions, from which waking ſcarce recovers us, he takes her Dream to Pieces, ſhe muſt tell him the Beginning, Middle and End; the ſeveral Particulars over and over again; the Progreſs of her Senſations muſt be detailed; even the Sighs, Poſtures and Touches, a thouſand Things which accompany and follow, almoſt always involuntarily. A Dream without an Object! he muſt know every Thing; but as this is painful, and what Pudicity can hardly be brought to, he takes a Medium, and aſks *Agnes* what did you think? What did you feel? Nothing, anſwers *Agnes*, that I can give any Account of; a great many Things which I know nothing of. But how, replies *Volpone?* Was you ſo much Miſtreſs of yourſelf, in thoſe tumultuous Moments, not to indulge a Delight in thoſe Motions which you know nothing of? and——I cut ſhort that I may not give into the Effrontery of the infamous Corrupter of the wretched *Agnes*. She leaves *Volpone* more knowing than ever, with a heated Imagination and a throbbing Heart: If any Scruple of Religion checks her vitiated Mind, this Obſtacle is ſoon broke down by the Eloquence of her impious Teacher; he can turn the Holy Scripture to all his Ends, and eſpecially with ſo eaſy a Pupil. Religion is a proper Reſtraint upon the People, as for Marriage 'tis but a civil Ceremony to prevent Confuſion; Chaſtity the Virtue of a Simpleton, Modeſty Want of Spirit, and Diſcretion Dulneſs. Adultery, Fornication, Inceſt itſelf, Stumbling-blocks only to the low-thoughted. If *Agnes* ſhews any Dread of public Fame, A fine Story indeed! what

what Fault has public Fame to lay upon an Intimacy with a Church-Man? but here's beſides an infallible Expedient; turn Devotee, *Agnes*, reform —what? Your Dreſs; Cenſure your Neighbours without Mercy, wonder at Mrs. *This*, hatch a Surmiſe againſt Lady *That*; make Faces methodically; have always the Practice of Piety in your Hand; and there can be no better Book for *Volpone*'s edifying Viſits. Aſk the blooming *Cenia*, aſk that lovely Bride, or t'other pretty Widow, by whom they were ſeduced? Poſſibly they may heſitate, or anſwer but confuſedly; however 'tis known to have been by an Abbot, a Director or a Monk. No Seduction is ſo general, becauſe none are ſo ſafe by a ſtrange Infatuation from Suſpicion.

Aaron himſelf requires from the Children of *Iſrael* their Jewels, the Ear-rings of their Wives and Sons and Daughters; it's he who throws them into the melting Pot, and makes of them a golden Calf, to work upon the Superſtition of the People, and by a Herald appoints a Feſtival to the Idol: He even offers Incenſe to it, and can bear to be preſent at their profane Rejoicings. —*Moſes* upon coming down from the holy Mount, where he had been talking to the Deity as to a Friend, ground the Object of their Idolatry to Powder, which he ſtrewed upon the Water, and made the Children of *Iſrael* drink it.

We alſo have our *Aarons*, and the golden Calf is ſet up among us; Ear-rings, Jewels and Necklaces are not ſpared for the Enrichment thereof. Idolatry and Superſtition abound with free-will Offerings; the Prieſt himſelf, conſecrated with the holy Oil, offers Incenſe to the Idol, and pays to it that Worſhip which is God's peculiar Right; but where's a zealous *Moſes* to overthrow the Altar, the ſacrilegious Work of a ſtupid Impiety, and at once to

deſtroy

deſtroy the Idol, Prieſt and Worſhipper. Is it the Cares, the Fatigues and Troubles which are requiſite to bring about a tolerable Converſion among Ladies of Faſhion, which raiſes that Emulation among the Tribe of *Directors*, to lay out for them, and to draw them from each other? What can I think of it, when their Gallants are ſtill in Office, when I ſee them ſtill at the Play, patched and painted as much as ever, and with not a Grain more Charity, or leſs Malice than before. I am forced, though it grieves my Heart, to conclude that 'tis Intereſt, Vanity, and Self-Love which ſet the Bulk of Directors to Work. *Aaron* has left his Fellows behind him.

Zimri has the Aſſurance, in the Sight of all the People, to lead into his Tent *Cozbi*, a *Midianite* Princeſs, and there perpetrate his brutal Luſt; *Phineas*, in his noble Zeal for God, roſe up from among the Congregation, and with a Javelin follows *Zimri*, and pierced both the Criminals through; and the Plague was ſtayed from the Children of *Iſrael*.

That among us there are *Zimris* and *Cozbis*, Wretches of barefaced Profligateneſs, is notorious: Our Sufferings alſo exceed thoſe of the *Iſraelites*; but a *Phineas* is not to be found.

Very ſeldom is it that a Man becomes converted, the Directors foment the Contempt they are in, and warrant the moſt irreconcileable Diſguſt; a Penitent who comes to them muſt expect a ſour Reception, and a good Reaſon there is for it; for whilſt the honeſt Creature, in the Simplicity of his Heart, is confeſſing only his own Faults, the Confeſſor looks upon him as a Buſy-body, who comes to ſet before his Eyes, thoſe which he himſelf has committed in the like Circumſtances. The more Contrition, the leſs Comfort, the longer the Con-

 feſſion,

feſſion, the more abrupt the Confeſſor's Anſwers; what next, what next? he thinks him tedious; the Reproaches of his Conſcience, and the Struggle to keep them under, become inſupportable.

That ever any Woman could be impoſed on to ſuch a Degree, as to give no leſs than twenty thouſand Crowns for Paſſports to *Paradiſe*, is what will not be credited; and what I credit ſtill leſs, is, that there could be Prieſts ſo horribly impious, ſo execrably ſacrilegious, as to put them up to Sale, and force a Trade: If Things be ſo, we may hope to ſee a Change opened, and Brokers jobbing for the other World.

Is there any Report of a Reſtitution, all the Ferrets are immediately in Motion: The Good-Work-mongers, the publick Almoners, the Charity-Diſtributors, flock from all Parts to get it into their Hands; whoever have it, are mindful of themſelves, and often divert a conſiderable Part of it to their own Neceſſities of all Kinds.

Your Houſe Orators, always either gluttonous or dainty, know all the choice Tables, there they gratify their Senſuality; and at the ſame Time have the Face to talk of their Zeal for Religion, with a Point of relax Morality, lower'd to the Mode; they go at Noon, to keep their Vigil Faſt with ſome wealthy Sinner, with a Partizan, all whoſe oppreſſive Practices they artfully palliate, or indulgently remit; I ſhould be far enough however from grudging them their voluptuous Cheer; I would ſay no Wine can be too good, no Diſhes too coſtly for them, did they but every Year convert only one of thoſe Gentlemen; but do they ſo much as ever think of it?

They who love Elbow-room, muſt not go to hear *Theodas*; his Church is always thronged, and where can any one who has a Taſte for Puns,

An-

Antitheſes, Humour and the Pathos in all Kinds, be better entertained? He is a ſurpliced Actor: In his firſt *Advent* or *Lent* Sermon, he expatiates in Praiſe of the Rector; at his Farewel Sermon the Crowd is inſupportable, for that is to be the Maſterpiece: Beſides another Eulogium on the Rector, the Church-Wardens are ſet forth in the moſt exalted Strains; indeed he can't well do leſs, as there are a Brace of Hundreds for him: *Theodas* never fails of the Pleaſure of being complimented on his out-doing all his Collegues; the true Meaning of which is no more than that he has out-lied them.

Did you ever hear *Belologue* deliver a Panegyric? it is no more than a Patch-work artfully ſet off, far fetch'd Thoughts, flowery Stile, romantic Turns, theatrical Geſtures, endleſs Raillery on the Manners of the Time, a few Words on the Saint, and not one on God. He ſhines in *Mary Magdalen*'s Sins; but omits her Repentance and Mortification. His little Hands play upon the Pulpit, or that their Delicacy may be better ſeen, are ſtretched beyond it; his Lips ſcrewed up to give a more effeminate Tone to his Voice, he abounds in Exclamations, and has his ſet Pauſes; but not ſo much to obſerve from the Countenances of his Hearers how they are affected, as how they are diverted: Strip *Belologue* of his Rochet and Caſſock, dreſs him up in a laced Suit, and give him a Part in a Play, and different as the Scene is, he will hardly ſhow any Senſe of it. He preaches out of Vanity, he liſps out his Doctrines, is fond of his own Perſon, adjuſts his Hair to a Nicety, and diſplays in his Flouriſhes the Delicacy of his Hand; is not this a good Sortment for an Actor? In what does *Grandval* exceed him? and if *Belologue* has too much

of any Thing to make a *Dangeville*, you muſt own it is of Coxcombry.

Am I in the Houſe of God, or at *Thomaſſin*'s Farces? Such Geſtures, ſuch Grimaces! Why theſe Tears? What means this Laughing? Is it a Wager, or the Eſſay of ſome new Harlequin? What, and ſhall we have the Catch too? If he does not know the Words, he hits the Tune and humours it to Perfection: What! becauſe *Momiſphore* has not yet begun Rope-dancing, and belongs not to the *Dutch Company*; nor lards his Sermons with Witticiſms; he muſt be called a heavenly Preacher, he muſt be reverenced as an apoſtolic Perſonage; the *Italian* Theatre is the beſt Place for him; he will eclipſe *Mezetin*.

A Monk arrives from the Country, he is followed; there is no Admittance for the Throng; the Chairs are all beſpoke the Evening before; but after hearing him four Times, they have enough of him: To ſpeak too often, is ſometimes an unhappy Miſtake; the good Father, inſtead of preaching, only repeats his own Words, and ſo often that his Followers have him all by Heart; no matter, he is invited to all the Pulpits in Town; however, he ſoon finds it beſt to return from whence he came; and Home he goes, little pleaſed with a City, where his Glory was of ſo ſhort Duration. What a fine Roſe is it which won't bear looking upon above twice!

Jonas flies from before the Lord; inſtead of going to *Nineveh* as he had been ordered, he takes Shipping for *Tarſhiſh*: God raiſes a Storm to deſtroy the Veſſel; the rebellious Prophet terrified at the Danger, which his Conſcience told him was levelled at himſelf, acknowledges his Guilt, and the Mariners throw him over-board; but Providence directed a large Fiſh to receive him

him into its Belly, and caſt him on the Shore. This miraculous Preſervation brought him to better Thoughts; he haſtened to *Nineveh*, where he delivered God's Menaces with ſuch Authority, that the whole City was converted by his Preaching.

How many Eccleſiaſtics quietly repair to their Seats, or to thoſe of others on frivolous Viſits, when the Duties of their Function require them in other Places? but Diſtempers float in the Air, and they are brought within Sight of the Grave; they ſee the Extent of their Duty, but they will ſee it no longer than the Danger laſts.

Hermamiſe aims at Sanctity, he already makes a Figure in the Appearances of it: No *Olios*, no *Ragouts* at his Table; he lives like his Servants; for them he makes little Proviſion for the Fleſh, for they are generally at ſhort Commons; and their Backs fare no better than their Bellies, their Cloaths can ſcarce hang upon them; yet complain they muſt not, and why ſhould they? is not their Maſter in the ſame Trim? So far is he above affecting the Reputation of a Wit, that whenever he puts two or three Sentences of his own into a Diſcourſe, one of them is to thank God that he is not full of himſelf, and does not lean to his own Underſtanding: So little does he concern himſelf with the Buſtle and Diſtractions of the World, that he leaves all Bargains and Buyings to his Steward; it is he who curtails the Tradeſmen's Bills, and tricks them out of Receipts; he puts up with two ſubſtantial Benefices, whilſt he is patiently waiting for a third: Such is his Averſion to any Thing of a worldly Appearance, that he even foregoes the generous Pleaſure of nominating to ſeveral Livings, now ſupplied by Mendicants at a ſtarving Rate, to a Brother of the Rochet, who will

never be ſo hard-hearted as to ſubſtitute any others in the Room of the poor Fathers. *Hermamiſe* you are miſtaken, both in your Steward and Delegate; I know them, ſay you; and I *Hermamiſe*, know no leſs what you are; I draw your Picture from thoſe who have your Confidence, who lead you by the Noſe; *Hermamiſe*, you have no Mercy in your Nature: Here you are a Papiſt, and at *London* you will be for the Church of *England*; at *Berlin* a *Lutheran*; nor would you ſcruple to declare yourſelf a *Muſulman* at *Conſtantinople*; a Character like yours is every where Conformiſt, be the eſtabliſhed Church what it will.

How circumſpect ought we to be, what Trials of Merit are neceſſary, before we admit Perſons into our Familiarity, ſince we are made reſponſible for their Behaviour, and they are the Originals from whence our Pictures are drawn!

Theomenes is bent like a Bow; his Legs cannot bear his Weight; he is forced to be led about by two luſty Footmen; his Appetite is vitiated, his Complexion deadened, his Voice ſcarce to be heard; and as for his Body, it is literally Skin and Bones: Who would not think that *Theomenes* had brought theſe Infirmities upon himſelf, by his exceſſive Mortifications? alas! nothing was ever more publick than his infamous Debauchery, Intemperance and Senſuality of all Kinds; 'tis theſe which have ruined his Conſtitution; he would never have done for the Service of God, or the Good of a departing Soul, a Quarter of what he daily did for the Gratification of his Appetites? he could not comply with the Church Faſts, his Weakneſs would not permit him; but he has gutled away his Stomach: Had he been called on the moſt ſerious Exigency to riſe in the Night, it would have been certain Death; yet has he ſpent a thouſand Nights in the

the moſt profligate and ſcandalous Companies: When he has been moved to relieve any worthy Perſon in Diſtreſs, he would anſwer with a Shrug, that he had nothing to ſpare, when, at the ſame Time, beſides the Income of two of the fineſt Benefices of the Kingdom, he was running himſelf over Head and Ears in Debt, to maintain the Pride and Luxury of ten Women, who now go by their proper Names.

Where's the Prelate, where's the Prieſt, who can challenge the noble Character given in Scripture of *Samuel?* he judged the Children of *Iſrael* ſo uprightly, that no Reproach lay againſt him: Where is ſuch a one? Yes, there is one, and but one, and to him it is applicable in its fulleſt Extent; *Philotymus* is the Man; *Philotymus*, who reſides in his Dioceſe; edifying it no leſs by his Life, than his Preaching; who laments, and ſhuns the Softneſs and Debauchery of the Capital, and the Glitter and Deceit of the Court? Beloved of God, extolled by Men, idolized by his Dioceſe, who in Return to all the Tenderneſs of parental Affection, which he on all Occaſions demonſtrates, account him the beſt of Fathers. No Debts, no Suits, no State, no Vices; a Perſon of Rank by his Birth, and reſpectable by his Virtues; a good Prieſt, a real Chriſtian, a Gentleman, and a Patriot; a Biſhop, and a dutiful Subject; a Shepherd, not a Wolf. This is the modern *Samuel*, but where is his Second?

Of MILITARY MEN.

OF all Profeſſions, the Call to that of the Military muſt be the moſt evident, and ſuch as to be above all Suſpicion; it muſt be felt.

The Eccleſiaſtic may deceive by a regular Exterior, it may gain him a high Character of Devotion without a Spark of Piety in his Heart; it were to be wiſhed there were more Truth in Appearances: The Prieſt who performs his Office with Solemnity and Fervor, who mixes neither in the gay nor ambitious World, and knows how to give a Turn to the Attention of thoſe by whom he would not be narrowly obſerved, muſt be unfortunate if he is not looked upon as an Apoſtolic Man, when, in Reality, he's no more than a well maſked Hypocrite.

There's no Hypocriſy more difficult to ſupport than that of a falſe Bravo; the Coward and Bravado are probed to the Bottom; Trials occur too often for them to brave it long on a falſe Bottom.

Devotion may make its Way to the Hearts of ſome People; very unexpected Converſions are often wrought by Example and Reflection; but Courage is not an acquirable Virtue, it is none of thoſe Qualities which every one by proper Endeavours may implant in himſelf. He who is not born with it will never be Maſter of it; all the Thought and Reflection in the World will never produce a ſettled Bravery. 'Tis a Virtue of the Heart, and independent of the Ideas.

There's

There's a Military School, and a commendable Foundation it is; where the Sons of deſerving Parents are taught the Uſe of Arms, the Eſponton Salute, the Management of the Horſe, the Exerciſe, the Military Evolutions, thoſe Branches of the Mathematicks which relate to War, the Art of Plans and Encampments, the Fineſſes in taking them and Rules for defending them; but what no Books can furniſh, and which is beyond the Knowledge of any Academy to teach, is Courage; yet Courage is the Soldier's eſſential Quality.

He who with the completeſt Knowledge of the Art of War has not a Soul above all Fear, is little better than the ſpeculative Hiſtorian, who pitches a Camp in his Cloſet, who opens the Trenches at his Deſk, forms an Army by his Fire-ſide, ſtorms a Counterſcarp in his eaſy Chair, and gains Battles with a Stroke or two of his Pen. He's no more than a Coffee-Houſe Newſmonger, who draws the Plan of a Battle with his Cane, forces an Intrenchment with a Turn of his Wriſt, and drives the Confederates into the *Scheld* as eaſily as he throws about the Sand on the Floor; both of them know the Meaning of the Words Ravelin, Redoubt, Covered-Way; but he who is capable of Fear, has ſoon enough of the wonderful Operations of War. Thus before the Military Life is embraced, it is abſolutely neceſſary to be aſcertained of one's Diſpoſition to know the Heart thoroughly; to ſay that it ought to be put to a previous Trial, is what I ſhall decline, as an Opinion whoſe Conſequences might prove dangerous. I will therefore ſuppoſe a Perſon to have got ſuch a Knowledge of himſelf, as to be ſure that he ſhall not be daunted at Dangers; that on Occaſions he ſhall exert an intrepid Daringneſs; and that beſides he has a well poiſed Judgment and a penetrating Foreſight. Va-

luable as theſe Qualities are, the Conſtitution and Habit of the Body muſt alſo come into Account: Will they go through the Fatigues of the Trenches? Will they bear Thirſt and Hunger, and lying on the hard Ground? It is no ſmall Prudence which can ſuppreſs Anger, and as much Wiſdom is required to diſtinguiſh betwixt a real Affront and what is only apparently ſo. What Condeſcenſion and Mildneſs, what Probity and good Senſe are requiſite to gain Friends in the Army! and to keep them is a Point of no leſs Nicety.

The Art of War is the general Art of the Great, perhaps becauſe 'tis the Art which Princes moſt countenance and encourage; 'tis the Road to high Preferment; its Diſtinctions are ſplendid; its Rewards noble; its Hazards, its Succeſſes, its very Misfortunes are attended with Glory. If its Dangers are great and ſudden, ſo are alſo its Advantages.

Every Profeſſion has its peculiar Prejudice; that of the Military is Honour, the Principle and Nerve of the whole Body, the leading Motive of all its Actions; this Prejudice gives Birth to all the Virtues, at leaſt to the political, as Generoſity, Courage, and Magnanimity, and generally to all which go to make a Gentleman: As for true Virtue, it requires too much Circumſpection, and is what a Soldier imagines himſelf excuſed from by his Profeſſion.

Honour has a baſtard Brother who is well received, and made much of on Account of its ſtrong Reſemblance.

This is *falſe Honour*, to know, miſtruſt, and avoid it, is a moſt happy Teſt of Prudence; this boiſterous Baſtard muſt not be elbowed, nor trod upon the Toe; a Smile, the moſt innocent Jocularity, are with him unpardonable Affronts: Re-

lations

lations and Friends he has none, his Speech is thoroughly laconic, conſiſting only of two Monoſyllables, *die* or *kill*. This falſe Honour is, in the World, what Superſtition is in Religion, extreme in all Things, it offends God and terrifies Men. The true Gentleman is as far ſuperior to him who acts upon falſe Honour, as the real Chriſtian is to the ſuperſtitious Bigot.

The brave Man has his Duty at Heart, goes into the Trenches, leads on a Detachment to attack a Work, or whatever the Service be, endeavours to perform it: No Noiſe is made of his Succeſs; he does not needleſly run into Danger, but chearfully faces it on every honourable Occaſion.

The Coxcomb is a moſt terrible Hero at a Toilette, or a Party of Pleaſure; is the Kill-devil of a Coffee-Houſe, but in the Street is often content to accept of a Drubbing.

The Man of falſe Honour moſt frequently uſes his Sword in belabouring a Hackney Coachman with the Flat of it, for ſplaſhing him, or daring to mutter for his Due.

With ſix Months Fencing, a little Spirit, and a great deal of Conceit, theſe Blades ſet up for Heroes; in what do they reſemble them? 'Twould be doing them a little Wrong to claſs them with Bullies and Banditti; for don't let them pride themſelves in a Commiſſion that in itſelf does not alter the Nature of Characters.

Honour in the Military not only ſtands inſtead of Virtue, but alſo takes up the Place of Religion, to which it moſtly leaves but a ſlender Sort of an Exterior. Is this Contempt of Religion in the Army entertained on Principle? Is their Scepticiſm grounded on any determinate Knowledge of Things? Zoons, ſays one, ſtroaking back his Feather, e'en let the Water run its own Courſe,

no

no Diſpute for me; for my Part, ſays another, cocking his Hat, it's all Jargon to me, the leſs of it the better; who's for a Bottle?

Many have got into a Notion that the Belief of Annihilation at Death was of great Service to the State, as productive of Intrepidity, than which nothing can be more erroneous or unnatural: He who has led a good Life is ſeldom afraid of Death; the Hope that God, to whom virtuous Actions are acceptable, will crown with Felicity a worthy Member of Society, who has greatly laid down his Life for the public Welfare, cannot but be a lively Incentive to the Brave, and diſarm Death of thoſe Terrors which ſerve to damp the Courage of ſuch whoſe Wickedneſs allows them no ſuch Expectations, or who have hardened themſelves into a Diſbelief of them. It is objected that moſt religious Perſons are ſo timorous that they ſtart at a Squib; that *N*-----, with his Chaplet, trembles at the firing of a Gun, as if every Diſcharge would take off his Head; whilſt *M*-----, an open Libertine, cries out fine Muſic! your Freethinkers, I ſay, if Men of common Senſe, muſt be cautious and faint-hearted; and he who expects nothing after Death ought to make the moſt of Life, and 'tis well known they do; none make better Heroes than the true Chriſtians, none elſe can be ſo.

Honour is ſo indulgent a Judge as to admit as Law whatever has the Appearance of Spirit, and, like a relax Caſuiſt, juſtifies every Action to which an Idea of Honour is annexed: There is no doubt but that Gallantry, being a Principle received in all Callings, muſt be the Soul of the Military. It is true, Honour requires Paſſion or Conqueſt to be its Concomitant; but the latter having the greateſt Affinity with the Profeſſion, has moſt Votaries, provided good Contributions can be raiſed; and

and this the Son of *Mars* often makes the beſt Branch of his Income.

The Diſſipation, which is inſeparable from thoſe Exerciſes which lead to the Knowledge of the Art of War, produces in its Diſciples a Levity which is continually fluttering in their Hearts; the Leaven of the ripening Years ferments in the Mind of a young Man with that Vehemence, that he goes to other Places before he leaves College; he initiates himſelf with the Country Girls, and picks up ſome jantee Airs among the Garriſon; imagining himſelf pretty well poliſh'd, he comes to *Paris*, where, after a Touch or two with the File, and eſpecially if with Madam de *V*—, he's a complete pretty Fellow; but to be filed by her Hand is a peculiar Privilege; ſhe has ſo many Cuſtomers, that to take its Turn, the Name muſt be entered ſix Months before.

This has been the Caſe of the greateſt Men; it is inconceivable that the *French* Women, who are ſo frail, ſo indolent, ſo very much Women in Love Concerns, ſhould be ſo infatuated with the Military, as often to ſacrifice to it their Pleaſures and Gallants. As to Huſbands, they are readily parted with; the moſt tender Myrtles are often interlaced in the ſame Garland with the fineſt Laurels. What a Gainer would the State be in Time by this Syſtem, if it brought no Prejudice to Religion?

As to the Licentiouſneſs of the Commerce betwixt the Ladies and the Officers, 'tis a Vice of Profeſſion; the Spirit of War intrudes itſelf every where, even into the Modes of Courtſhip, and is even leſs cautious than when it has to do with an Enemy; one is ſo uſed to War, that Stratagems are laid aſide, and Precautions laughed at. To throw up Trenches for making Approaches with more

more Safety, is boyiſh; the Attack is in broad Day, and the open Fields; the Women alſo invite this precipitate Daringneſs; the ſlow Proceedings of Method are tedious, and any further Ceremonies would pall their Pleaſures. Do they not every Day ſurrender at Diſcretion, to ſave the Trouble of any Articles of a formal Capitulation?

This illuſtrious Claſs of Military Men it is, that more particularly furniſhes the Nation with Fops and Fortune-hunters. In the former Accompliſhments the Law may poſſibly rival them; but in the latter Quality they have the Vogue; 'tis become a Trade, in which many a good Bargain is made; and as in other Trades Eaſe and Probity are ſacrificed in the Purſuit, here it is ſometimes one's ſelf.

A Man may be enterpriſing, active in a Rencounter, withal have a Capacity improved by Experience; yet would you think ſuch a One but half furniſhed? It is even ſo, the Crown of Glory has by Agreement been depoſited in the Hands of Love, and from his Hands you muſt either obtain or ſnatch it. One is ſoon tired of a Man who has ſeen nothing but Battles, and talks only of Bombs, Cannons, Slaughter and Plundering.

To me an inexplicable Phænomenon is the Difference betwixt a *Frenchman* in the Camp, and a *Frenchman* at Home: This Honour muſt have ſomething extremely bewitching in it, to make the ſame Man ſo very oppoſite to himſelf; or the Heart of Man muſt be of a very flexile Turn, to conform as Occaſions vary with ſuch very diſſimilar Uſages. It is aſtoniſhing, that an habitual Indulgence in Women and Wine ſhould leave him any Thought, much more an ardent Concern for Glory and his Country.

Arcas

Arcas goes to Bed in the Morning, and riſes in the Evening; has his toilette Hours like a Woman, views himſelf in the Glaſs, ſticks a Patch on his Lip, and uſes Paſtes to improve the Delicacy of his Skin; at his riſing, he models his Eyes to the Caſt he intends them for the Day; he ſits himſelf with a Gait, and practiſes over an effeminate Carriage; he has ready placed on his Face the Laughs and Smiles which, with great Propriety, he adapts to the Perſon and Subject; the half Equilibre of his Head is one of his favourite Graces; and, as if this was not enough, he has been at infinite Pains to modulate his Voice; when he goes Abroad, is perfumed ſo as to leave no Doubt that it is not done for nothing; as he is without Reſerve devoted to the Sex, he enters into all their Humours, Paſſions and Pleaſures; he prompts them to fall out with their Huſbands, reconciles them with their Gallants, and is provided with the beſt Receipts for ſecret Diſtempers: Should an *Engliſhman* ſee him in his Frolics at *Euphracia*'s, he would hardly take him for the *Frenchman* of *Fontenoy*; there he was firmer than a Rock, all Ferocity; here he is a Woman, leſs than a Woman, a Child; yet I would adviſe the *Engliſhman* to keep his Thoughts to himſelf, or they two may renew the bloody Scene, in which the patched, perfum'd and affected *Arcas* was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Actors.

Amidſt the Delights of an amorous Retirement, ſunk in the Careſſes of the beautiful *Egeria*, the Rattle of the Drum reaches *Eumenes*: Now Pleaſure puts on a different Face; Love was the Entertainment of his Leiſure, without captivating his Heart; he's gone—I ſee him amidſt the Cloud of War, cover'd with Duſt and Blood, puſhing the Enemy. Can this be the ſame *Eumenes?* before *Egeria* the moſt tender Lover; here an *Alcides* animating

animating his Men thro' Fire and Sword to a glorious Slaughter. At *Paris* the moſt delicious Supper could not come up to his Palate, even *Vin de Beaune* was no exquiſite Liquor to *him*: Here is he often glad of a Cruſt and a Glaſs of Water; Down itſelf was uneaſy to him, he never had a good Night's Reſt on it; here Fatigue diſpoſes him for Sleep, he makes but one Nap of it all the Night on a Camp Bed. Winter comes on, the Troops break up and go to Quarters. *Eumenes* haſtens to preſent his Laurels to *Egeria*, who mixes Myrtles with them; theſe the raptured Hero eſteems the moſt glorious Reward of his Toils and Dangers.

In the Article of Gallantry the Soldier has ſeveral Advantages, of which as he is not ignorant, he ſeldom fails to put them in Practice. The Profeſſion is an Excuſe for any Breach of Ceremony, or even Rudeneſs. How many reſpectable Authorities countenance their precipitating themſelves into the greateſt Hazards? A Woman, tho' reſolved on Intrigue, is always for eluding Self-reproach or the public Cenſure; ſhe loves to have ſomebody on whom to throw the Blame; the forward are the Men for her; with them ſhe can bring herſelf to believe, that ſhe is not ſo much their Partner in Guilt, as the Victim of their Obſtinacy. Is not their Illuſion amazing? Not a few, after ten Adventures of this Kind, think themſelves *Lucretias*, except the Number of *Tarquins*.

Adonis is as much averſe to rough Procedures, as he is above taking Advantage of the Privileges of his Profeſſion; the Commiſſion and Uniform are all he has about him of the Military, and by theſe, if by any Thing, he muſt be thought to be a Man. He prims it to Perfection; he forms his Eyes to

Joy,

Joy, Languor, or Diſguſt, and diſpoſes his Lips in the prettieſt Manner imaginable; there is not a Woman can exceed him in ſhewing a Hand, or Leg, to the greateſt Advantage. Who ſmiles or ogles like *Adonis*, or ſo agreeably drops Pleaſantry or *double Entendre?* There is ſomething ſo ſprightly, ſo careleſs, ſo wanton, ſo ſportive, in his Ways, ſo exactly to the Female Taſte; he is a mere Woman in Man's Cloaths; I ſhould be apt to think him one only by his Hat, had not twenty Women, whoſe Idol he had been, intimated ſome Things to me which looked otherwiſe. In a Word, what Woman is more ſo than he? Yes, I will except *Domitilla*, who adores him with all his unnatural Failings. 'Tis to comfort her for the Death of her Huſband that *Adonis* is no more to be ſeen among his Acquaintance, and ſequeſters himſelf even from his Relations. By his indefatigable Aſſiduity to relieve her from the Horrors of Solitude and Widowhood, he might be taken for an Executor, good-natured Creature! and never was any one better cut out for a Comforter than the ſympathiſing *Adonis!* The Women muſt neceſſarily envy *Domitilla* the prodigious Felicity of her Conſolations, in ſuch afflicting Circumſtances as the Death of a Huſband; poſſibly, afflicting as it is, ſome would not grudge to be Widows on the ſame Account; they might not, but as Appearances are deceitful, their fine Expectations alſo might be baulked; attenuated by Pleaſures, and reduced to Spoon-meat, it is well for *Adonis* that he is the Subſtitute of no more than one Huſband; any further Employment would be as diſagreeable to the Delicacy of his Fancy, as pernicious to the Tenderneſs of his Conſtitution: Beſides, *Domitilla* and he ſeem made for each other; ſhe lives by Rule, and nothing could ſuit him better; for who

can

can prevail to ſwallow a Pill better than *Adonis*? Who more genteely preſents the chicken Broth? Who throws a better Grace on his little Services? Who has a more winning Officiouſneſs? Nor are his Services confined to theſe light Matters; *Adonis* examines alſo the Family Accounts, and aſſiſts ſo far in the Management of them, that were the Payments in his Hands, he would be no leſs than Steward; he makes no Difficulty of going into *Domitilla*'s Apartment in his Night-gown and Slippers; nothing more than Ceremony and four Looks are wanting to make him a real Huſband. Happy *Domitilla*, to be a Widow only in this Reſpect; *Adonis* is indeed an Expence to her, and takes care to be well paid for all his good Offices; whereas the Deceaſed thought he could never make her rich enough, and was always willing to buy off her humourſome Fits. The Heart of *Adonis* is a light Soil, on which Love can make no Impreſſion but with a golden Spade; if he gives into a kind of Paſſion, it extends no farther than the Opera Girls. He is always for baſking in the Sunſhine of Affluence; any Houſe ſuddenly riſen to Intereſt or Riches may be ſure that *Adonis* will be for puſhing himſelf into it. *Domitilla* never could have been at a better School for learning Behaviour in the World. Who underſtands it ſo thoroughly as *Adonis*? Where is there a more ſagacious Tutor? There's not a Leſſon he gives her, but he can warrant from Experience, were it even on Fickleneſs and Seduction. Mayn't *Domitilla* prove a Coquette? poſſibly, if he left her Time to be ſo; but he has Entertainment for every Moment, and is ever ready to humour the leaſt Hint of her Fancy; the cloſe Attendant on all her Steps; and as for him, for whom ſhould he leave her, but a richer Widow? And tho' the Choice may indeed be great,

great, he could not well be better off than at preſent. He is an *Engliſh* Stallion, for which tho' ſhe pays a good Price, he is not however haſtily to be put to the Stud. A Word of Advice, and I have done: Don't fail, *Domitilla*, every Night to ſay a Bit of a Prayer for Peace; and if you think yourſelf well with *Adonis*, and that he may be of Uſe to you, provide yourſelf with a good Stock of Money.

Is *Holofernes* the only one of whom it may be ſaid; "he who was mighty among them did not fall by the young Men, neither did the Sons of *Titan* ſmite him, nor the huge Giants invade him, but *Judith* the Daughter of *Merari* diſcomfited him by the Beauty of her Countenance, ſhe anointed her Face with Ointment, ſhe braided her Hair, and adorned them with a becoming Ornament: She dreſſed herſelf elegantly, the better to deceive him; her Slippers raviſhed his Eyes, her Beauty captivated his Mind, and with his own Sabre ſhe cut off his Head?"

Our Modern *Judiths* fall ſhort indeed of this Daughter of *Merari*, at leaſt in ſuch daring Actions, yet are they not leſs to be feared.

The Lawyer's Time in Vacation hangs upon his Hands: But it is far otherwiſe with the Soldier in Winter Quarters or Peace; his Courage only ſhifts Objects; inſtead of defending the Trenches, he lays Siege to a Lady's Bed-chamber, and in this petty War he is often put to no leſs Difficulties, than in the Campaign; his Enemies are weaker, yet to him more formidable.

Tancred is a Soldier at all Times; he knows no Difference betwixt courting a Lady, and ſtorming a Fort; having once reconnoitered the Outworks, (for too much Precaution would retard the Victory) he begins the Attack, and carries it on with ſo much Spirit and Reſolution, that he is Maſter of the

the Place, before the Enemy was well aware of his Deſign; he uſes his Conqueſt like a Town, which he does not mean to keep Poſſeſſion of; a reaſonable Contribution won't ſatisfy him, he falls to plundering, and then who will may take his Leavings. *Tancred* is every where the Conqueror of *Bruſſels*.

See *Artamenes* upon a Viſit to *Beliſa*; what a Trim! Plain jockey Boots and Night Linnen! No *Narciſſus!* Neither curled nor powdered; who would not think that they were old Acquaintance, and that he acted upon the ſenſible Maxim of *Friends live freely*; yet the firſt Sight that *Artamenes* ever had of *Beliſa*, was the Night before laſt, and Yeſterday was the firſt Time he ever ſpoke to her; then he makes but a Step into the Lady's Dreſſing Room; from his Garb ſhe cannot but conclude him upon his Departure; this is a ſudden Shock, to be no ſooner acquainted with the agreeable *Artamenes*, than to loſe him, ruffles the Mind; it is a Diſappointment not eaſily got over. To leave the charming *Beliſa*, and not knowing upon what Terms one is with her, is a Denial to which nothing leſs than royal Orders could bring one; a Man of Sentiment don't take it to Heart, *Artamenes*; for *Beliſa* is as much concerned at the Suddenneſs of your Departure, as you yourſelf can poſſibly be; a weeping Scene might here certainly be well introduced; nor, were I writing a Novel, ſhould I omit the fond Emulation of Tears, the Handkerchiefs diſplayed, the wringing of Hands, the Agonies, the Faintings; but in real Life, when a Couple are upon parting, and alone, in a private Cloſet, it's no Time for crying, and ſwooning; ſhould he carry away the leaſt Mark of *Beliſa*'s Favour, the Departure would not be half ſo ſad. Come, *Beliſa*, the Horſes are ſaddled, ſhe continues

tinues ſilent: Farewel, *Beliſa*, not a Word, but turning back her Head, *Artamenes* lays hold of that Motion, to let her feel that he is nearer her than ever, and that he has no Thoughts of going farther from her in Haſte: She tells him, he had taken his Leave, that ſhe did not think that he was there, and that ſhe can't bear his Preſence: It is not long before their reciprocal Obſtinacy brings about its Drift, and Love crowns *Artamenes* with *Beliſa*'s Myrtles; a Moment after ſhe falls to reproaching him with his audacious Temerity, but all the Comfort he affords her, is wanton Raillery, till *Beliſa* ſeeing that her Feints will go for no more than their Worth, comes to herſelf, and makes ſo merry with the Adventure, that *Artamenes* may well comprehend his martial Reſolution will be quite out of Seaſon at the next Attack. He leaves the Room with a Hum, three pirouette Bows, and ſcarce a Thought of what has paſſed; and where next? To his Lodgings, there he ſhifts his Dreſs, has himſelf coiffed, and hurries away to *Sophronia*'s Toilette. She is his Reſource, and as ſuch he uſes her, ſhe has already twice remounted his Troop, and every Year a new Field Equipage is his conſtant Perquiſite. Here's a Female Patriot, who ruins ten Tradeſmen to maintain a gallant Officer like a Gentleman, who otherwiſe could not ſhow his Head in the Service; where is the *Roman* Dame, who, with all the Noiſe about their Love for their Country, ever did ſo much?

This Pretence of a Departure is an Expedient of wonderful Diſpatch, 'tis a Taliſman which has an irreſiſtible Power over a Woman of any feeling; the ſtarched Lawyer with his Formalities, would have been ſweating ſix Months, only in making the Approaches; with *Artamenes* the whole Buſineſs is over in three Hours; 'tis the Dreſs of his Profeſſion;

ſion; and as it becomes him, he generally puts it on to a good Purpoſe.

The Military pretty Fellows make a garriſoned Town of *Paris*, and look upon the Women no otherwiſe than as a Commodity of which they have the Diſpoſal; he who keeps the Bank, gives the Box up to another when the Game flags; this is ſometimes done as a Diſcharge of Debt, and often by Exchange, but there may be foul Play in both. In a Garriſon the Corporal of the Regiment which arrives, goes for the Conſignment, views the Poſts, Places, Centries, relieves the Guard; and the Corporals who come off to theſe Officers, who are new Comers, receive from thoſe whom they ſucceed, a full and particular Account of the Ladies, and other Women, eſpecially thoſe of whom any Thing is to be got, their Names, Places of Abode, Tempers, Talents, and Advantage to be had by them; their Information is given like the *Word*, and they relieve one another at Ladies Houſes, as at ſo many Poſts, and with fewer Formalities; 'tis a Rule.

It is not always that a City is the Warriors Reſting Place. One Woman will find Work for twenty of them, that they ſhan't forget their Trade; there's *Glycera*, for Inſtance, has Centries at her Cloſet, her Wardrobe, and at the Stair-head. *Pyrrha* can afford them only her ſpare Hours; but which they will be, is more than ſhe herſelf knows; in the mean Time the Scouts are upon the look-out; the Minx is expected, yet the Paſſages are all guarded; 'tis *Harpion* who keeps *Zamis*, *Pelias*, and *Gnatora* ſtarving at their Poſts; but it is he who pays for all, who fiſhes for Pleaſure with a golden Hook, and yet gets it only by Drops, whilſt to the Military Expectants, who with all the Regularity of Diſcipline wait their Turn,

Turn, it is poured out by Pailfuls, and drawn off to the Lees.

When do we ſee our Officers after a Victory imitating the great *Judas Maccabeus?* "Our Enemies are defeated, let us now go and rebuild, and purify the Temple."

Mondor carries on his Conqueſts like a Farmer-General: Triumphs without Fatigues ſuit him; as there muſt be Trouble to gain Pleaſures, he is for buying them; and nothing but what is new will go down with him; he's all for Novelty: Yet is often duped in his Delicacy; and a dexterous Bawd palms ſecond-hand vamped-up Goods upon him for new: Every Week, away goes the ſtated Sum for his Novelties; every Week he gives a ſmall Portion to a Girl in Exchange for what might marry her without a Portion, and for which no Portion is an equivalent. If Novelty be too much your Delight, reform, be a Man of Virtue, and that, *Mondor*, will be a Novelty indeed!

The general Call of our military People, is either Ambition, Intereſt, or the Love of falſe Glory; the Independency and Idleneſs of this State make them ſtill more pleaſed with it; eſpecially as it conveys a Kind of Prerogative for Licentiouſneſs; which, however pernicious to the Reputation of others, in them is graceful, and the Mark of the true Spirit of their Profeſſion. Not one of them welcomes a Peace, as terminating the Horrors of War; not one of them ever thinks of expiating his innumerable Crimes by any good Works. In the Field, what Injuſtices and Ravages do they commit, under Cloak of Zeal for their King? and upon the Concluſion of a Peace, their ſettled Deſign, wherever they are quartered, is to moleſt their Countrymen, and to pillage their Friends. Oh worldly Honour! Oh falſe Glory!

what

what a diſgraceful Set of Worſhippers are theſe that belong to thee?

There is a Generation, ſays *Solomon!* Oh how lofty are their Eyes! and their Eye-Lids are lifted up. There is a Generation, whoſe Teeth are as Swords, and their Teeth as Knives to devour the Poor from off the Earth, and the Needy from among Men!*

If Heroes belong to this Generation, tell me from whence ſpring the Banditti?

* Prov. xxx.

Of

Of LAWYERS.

TO aſſert the Neceſſity of Laws, to declaim againſt the receiving Injuſtice of the Age, to demonſtrate that, without Bailiffs, Attornies, Counſellors and Judges, there would be no living; or to maintain that the Sale of Employments is the Ruin of all Merit, are thread-bare Topics, retailed out at every Coffee-houſe.

Till Mankind ſhall think fit to mend, Laws and Judges there muſt be; without Attornies, Knaves would have the Game in their own Hands.

As Men have not, or will not have, Self-government enough to ſit quietly down with their Allotment; but every one is for encroaching on the Rights of another; Penalties muſt be employed to check the illegal Practices of this Avidity; the Probity of the Bulk of Mankind is no more than the Effect of a prudent Fear: in whom is it a Virtue?

Our Paſſions have rendered Laws neceſſary; it is from the Iniquity of others, and an Attachment to our own Intereſts, that the Truſtees and Interpreters of them come to be looked upon with a Kind of Veneration, as ſo many good Genii or Guardian Angels; whereas our Eſtimate of them ſhould be no greater than their intrinſic Worth, which, poſſibly, may not out-weigh our own; are not the Barriers of Laws, Pains and Penalties, equally neceſſary to theſe Men as to others?

Gravity is become a main Ingredient in a Counſellor, his Dreſs is plain, his Carriage reſerved; he has alſo his Uniform: The Miniſters of Juſtice are on a Footing with thoſe of Religion, if the Externals are right, nothing is amiſs; the one maintains his *ſorbonnic* Acts, gives three Treats, and commences Divine; the other finds Means to take his Degree in Law, and he's a Counſellor; a Partizan, for five hundred thouſand Livres, makes a Judge of his Son: The firſt is conſulted on a Caſe of Conſcience, and his Solution is held as ſacred as a Decree of a Council: The Opinion of the ſecond is aſked on a dubious Law-Suit, and though he encourages you to it, you find yourſelf caſt: His Lordſhip decides either precipitately or partially; whereas the greateſt Piece of Juſtice he could do, would be to make his Father at leaſt refund.

Give me Leave, ye Judges of the People, to lay before you the Qualities which *Jethro*, the Father-in-law of *Moſes*, required in your Station: "Thou ſhalt provide out of all the People, ſaid he to him, able Men, ſuch as fear God, Men of Truth, hateing Covetouſneſs—and let them judge the People at all Times."

A mighty Advantage to the People! to regulate the Lawyers Garb, and leave their Morals to themſelves: let not the Judge be forbid Embroidery or Gold and Silver Stuff, let him even wear the Feather and red Heels; theſe Things affect not the People, if he be mild, impartial, upright, pious and learned; theſe are the momentous Points, and by which alone a Judge comes to be loved and reſpected.

The firſt Years of *Niger*'s Youth were ſpent, not in attaining the requiſite Qualifications of a good Magiſtrate, but in rendering himſelf liable to

be

be brought before ſuch: If ever he had any Knowledge of a criminal Caſe, he owes it to his Fears; yet, by his Father's Money, is this Man become Judge over the Life, Eſtate, and Character of his Countrymen: When he goes to the Bench, Tipſtaffs attend him to keep off the Crowds of Plaintiffs, with which the Hall is thronged. His Lordſhip is ſeated, and it is now the Time for diſplaying his Authority, of which, a ſovereign Prince was never more jealous; he determines, threatens, and condemns; and good Luck indeed has any one whom he acquits, his Heart and Head being of a Piece, the one as devoid of Lenity, as the other of Judgment: never was Money more perniciouſly employed, than that which purchaſed him the Bench! You may perhaps have ſeen him lolling in his Coach, and, to Appearance, deeply taken up with peruſing a Paper; upon this, you ſay *Niger* is ſedulous and indefatigable, never unemployed; and certainly he cannot be too much commended for his Application, in being thoroughly informed of what the Parties, whoſe Lives and Fortunes are in his Hands, have to ſay in their Defence. Have a Care of Miſtakes; it is not Law in which his Attention is wrapped up; what you ſaw him reading with ſuch Attention, is the Narrative of a Caſe not cognizable in any Court: Could you have imagined by his cloudy Viſage that his Lordſhip was recreating himſelf with the ludicrous Hiſtory of *The Aſs of Vanvers?* Nothing could give him greater Pleaſure than for ſuch an Affair to be brought before him, though I dare ſay, his Sentence would divert the World no leſs than the Oddity of the Cauſe itſelf. Such Negligence in ſo weighty an Employment, puts you out of all Patience; but why would you have him wear him-

ſelf out in a needleſs Application? Is not there an experienced Secretary, who has the Abridgments of the Caſes, and the correſpondent Opinions and Decrees ready digeſted, drawn up, and placed in Order in the Porto Folio? to read and ſign them is all the Trouble he need be at.

But how comes this ſame Secretary with all his Knowledge and Experience not to be himſelf a Judge? 'Tis not by Knowledge, 'tis not by Experience that ſuch lucrative Offices are to be obtained; where's his Money to purchaſe it? Beſides, without ſuch a one, where could *Niger* be, who can ſcarcely write? It was much eaſier for Fortune to make *Niger* a Judge by Office with ſuch a Secretary, than for Nature to make him a Judge by Virtue and Capacity.

Men being devoted to Women, they, in Order to mould them to their own liking, have aſſumed a Privilege of preſcribing them Laws of Behaviour; 'tis they who determine the Eſſence and Accidents, Politeneſs, Familiarity, Reſpect, Officiouſneſs and Complaiſance; 'tis they who have induced Affectation into the Language of the Lawyers, Foppery into their Carriage, and Inſipidity into their Courtſhip; and on this Account, in the Soldiers Eyes they are no more than a Kind of half Woman, who want nothing but the Female Accoutrements.

It is an univerſal Cuſtom to profeſs ſome Religion or other at ſetting out in the World; to keep to that in which one was brought up ſeems boyiſh: Here the Lawyer is upon the Reſerve, and whatever Scheme he takes up with, if he really takes up with any, it is locked up as careful as the Papers in his Deſk; and, when at any Time queſtioned about it, he confidently anſwers, *that Point I have long ſettled with myſelf.*

Very

Very different are the Ideas of Honour in the Gentlemen of the long Robe, and thoſe of the Sword; both indeed manifeſt, that they think it no Diſgrace to make the moſt of the Privileges of their Calling; one ſells his Writings, his Time, his Attention, and it is well if not alſo his Neglects; the other grants no Paſſports, or Safeguards without Money; he raiſes Contributions, burns Villages, and plunders Friend and Foe. *Damon* muſt draw upon any ſlight Offence, even though undeſigned, Death or Revenge is all the Choice; if he has Humanity enough to put up with the Excuſe, 'tis interpreted Cowardice, and his Honour is forfeited.

Clitiphon compoſedly puts up a Box on the Ear, it would ruffle his Gravity too much to offer to repair the Inſult himſelf, but refers it to the Juſtice of his Prince, who treats the Affair with the ſame Seriouſneſs he did that of *Iphicrates*, who came to him full of a Complaint, that *Crantor*, in Contempt of his Dignity, in which he was his Majeſty's Repreſentative, had Horſe-whipped him as long as he could ſtand over him.

There is a like Contrariety in the Gallantry of theſe two Vocations: With the Soldier it conſiſts in Noiſe and Rant; he loves Pleaſures as it were taken by Storm in open Day; the Lawyer treads ſoft, is for Silence and Circumſpection; there may be Spies, and then who knows the Depths of Scandal? Their Weakneſſes are at once their Pleaſure and Vexation: I could put them in a Way of retaining Pleaſure, and being rid of Vexation. Let them ſet themſelves to ſuppreſs rather than conceal their Vices, and the Taſk is alſo eaſier, they have only themſelves to maſter: In the other, a mere nothing may blow them.

One ſingle Man, in the Subdual of himſelf, has ſometimes a whole World upon his Hands; if he cruſhes an Enemy, it is often by the Intervention of another; a Paſſion upon its Expulſion, leaves no Vanity; it was diſlodged by ſome new Paſſion which now fills its Place, from whence it will e'er long be alſo driven by the Invaſion of another Intruder.

A titled Lawyer enjoys Pleaſure only by Snatches, and then the Dread of public Cenſure ſtaring him in the Face dulls its Reliſh: Gallantry, the careleſs Diverſion of others, his timorous Myſteriouſneſs turns into a painful Employment; he ſtill ſtands upon the little Offices of Complaiſance, and with Intrigue mingles Conſtancy and Fidelity; and what is ſtill more, his Behaviour not without Timorouſneſs and Reſpect; where he has Spirit enough to abate of thoſe puſillanimous Cautions, he'll gain upon ſome Women more than the bluſtering Soldier, in the Diſguiſe of his travelling Dreſs, or the Glitter of his Regimentals.

Decorum is the conſtant Guide of juridical Love, walking before it Torch in Hand, which ſome Women are not diſpleaſed with; eſpecially they who are not loſt to all Concern for themſelves; and the more abandoned don't care to riſque the Loſs of a good Cuſtomer by making Words about it; why ſhould they? an Appearance of Regularity again takes Place in their Houſes; the Reſerve he requires in them, greatly recovers their loſt Reputation, and they who top their Parts, ſometimes entirely reconcile their Character to the Public, and their Addreſs paſſes for Repentance.

A Lawyer's Miſtreſs is not unlike a Devotee, ſhe obſerves Retirement both in Town and Country; ſhe's a conſtant Attendant at Sermons, High Maſſes,

Maſſes, Veſpers and Salutations, and not backward to any Act of Charity, which is ſure to make a Noiſe. In a Caſe of Neceſſity the Prieſt takes her Cauſe in Hand, engages for her, and brings the People to her Ends; who would not take this Devotee for the demure Miſtreſs of a Churchman?

Beryllus, however, is no ſuch Slave to Decency, he bids open Defiance to the World's Cenſure, or rather invites it; not ſo the baſhful *Caliſthenes*, who buries himſelf and his Pleaſures in a Corner of the Country; but *Beryllus*, with his Confidence, is of too grovelling a Taſte to entertain an honourable Paſſion for a Perſon of Beauty, Education, and Sentiment: His Vanity, the Effect of his ſudden and overgrown Fortune, could not bear a Repulſe. *Roſcia*, whom he firſt picked up behind the Scenes, is the Girl for him; if all the Pit ſee her pretty Legs Garter-high, it gives him no Manner of Uneaſineſs; and little more when ſhe is ſtifled with Kiſſes by the Sparks, who were inraptured at the Sprightlineſs of her Dancing. He may be ſaid well to deſerve her Conſtancy, if Expence can deſerve it. This ſo admired Garden now is too ſmall, and not well planted; there muſt be beſides new Decorations and Terraſſes: What are the Canals and Fountains without Caſcades? The Houſe muſt alſo be new furniſhed, and to the Height of Taſte and Magnificence. Go on, *Beryllus*, follow the Impulſe of Love; let the gilt Chariot be her Carriage; let the matchleſs Brilliancy of her Dreſs proclaim to the World that ſhe is your Miſtreſs: Let the Jeweller, Goldſmith, and Chinaman applaud your Generoſity, even that virtuous Women ſhall feel Uneaſineſs at her Splendor; her elder Siſter burſt with Envy; and her younger, exaſperated at the Riches ſhe has gained by her Skill in Vice, grow out of Con-

ceit with that Virtue which has kept *her* ſo low, and think of turning her own Perſon to Account. Such be thy Tenderneſs and Profuſion, that it may be in none but a Prince's Power to ſupplant you in her Embraces; for ſure you cannot imagine, after all your Follies, that ſhe can decline a Prince's Offer? However, your Succeſſor, *Comon* himſelf, will afford you the Satisfaction of Revenge, and *Roſcia* will bitterly rue her Fickleneſs to ſo fond, ſo liberal a Keeper.

If *Eacus*'s Employment lays him under a Neceſſity of being reſerved, ſolemn and grave, his Age and Riches appear to him indiſputable Diſpenſations from the Shackles of the Gown. He apes the courtly Coxcombs, runs into all their Follies and Debaucheries. At Candlelight he is to be ſeen not only in coloured Cloaths, but Lace and Embroidery, and the Sword by his Side: He treads a Tiptoe, and bridles like one of the Hall Milliners; doubles his Chin like a ſurly Truſtee; affects a ſhrill Voice; is fond of contriving Frolicks, but the Execution does him as little Honour as the Invention: Thus qualified, the fantaſtical Gentleman would paſs himſelf upon the Town for a perfect Sir *Courtly:* To theſe eminent Accompliſhments it muſt not be omitted he adds that of quavering over an *Italian* Ballad tolerably well; and is one of the firſt to be ſupplied with them.

The Gownſmen, who ſtill retain any Ideas of Honour, run no Manner of Riſk; they carry on their Deſign upon a Lady's Heart no otherwiſe than they do a Suit; could you ſee yourſelf, *Timagenes*, in your Addreſſes to *Clarinda*, it would not fail to put you in Mind of *Gripe* making a Diſtraint, and crying an Auction; like Preparatives, like Meaſures. Summons to appear, Sentence on Non-appearance, Seizure of Effects, Licences to ſell, and Procla-

Proclamations every Fortnight. How is Courtſhip conducted? At firſt Civilities, now and then a Viſit, which after Length of Time become more frequent, Reſpect even to Delicacy; theſe are afterwards improved into a Declaration to *Clarinda* for Licence to have her, with all the Paſſion due to her incomparable Beauty; the Equity and good Underſtanding of the Fair-one will not permit her to object againſt ſo reaſonable a Demand: Next a Summons to *Clarinda* for a Return of her Love; ſhe not putting in any Anſwer, is nonſuited: Then comes a Petition for Licence to ſeize her; here is the Maſter-piece of his Wit, here the Spirit of Intrigue begins to unfold itſelf. *Timagenes*, all in Raptures, goes about the Seizure; the Heart being once laid hold of, he carries on the Proſecution till he's in full Poſſeſſion of *Clarinda*, and all her Appurtenances.

The Tribe of Foplings is a Medley of all Callings; the Military are obſtreperous, haughty and mercileſs Talkers; again the juridical are prim, tame, perfumed, and as methodical in their Geſtures as a Piece of Clockwork; all their Words are picked; their Thoughts are the Gleanings of Aſſemblies, dead and forgot by their Owners; but the next Day are brought on the Stage again, with Embelliſhments at the Circles of their *Armides*.

Rufinus reads his Converſation Catechiſm as he goes along; he comes out of his Coach with no leſs Care than a Cheſt of curious *Bohemian* Chryſtal is lowered out of a Waggon. He leans with all his Weight on a luſty Footman, who gradually ſets him on the Ground, from whence he minces up Stairs, and comes into the joyous Circle with as demure a Look as a Monk carrying a Reliquary; when he's for taking a Chair, 'tis not his Head only which is turned, but his whole

Body, as if he was all of a Piece without Joints; and when he ſets down, 'tis mere Clockwork Motion: He ſeems to open his Mouth by Meaſure, and to laugh by Rule. If he moves his Arms, 'tis not without due Care of his laced Ruffles; when he ſings, 'tis ſome ſoft Air, which requires little or no Motion in the humouring; for my Part, I believe he grudges the very Motions of eating and drinking. However, it may be alledged that the Fruits of four long Toilette Hours are not to be thrown away, and a Pound of the fineſt Powder loſt in Wantonneſs. My dear *Rufinus*, in what do you differ from a Woman? Your Head and Heart are like thoſe of the ſillieſt of the Sex. What a Pity 'tis, that in the amorous World, a Gownſman ſhould be reckoned the laſt Shift of a fine Woman, a Blemiſh to the Reputation of Beauty, and the Fore-runner of the Decrepitude of Gallantry.

What is a *reporting Judge?* One who ſtates a Caſe, and makes it good Law by his artful Gloſſes on it; thus the Laws, in themſelves ever juſt, are often by their Managers made to countenance Fraud. A reporting Judge who loves Homage, and delights in being ſollicited, is like a beſieged Town; there's Offers, Parleys, a Capitulation if Time for it, and if not, a Surrender at Diſcretion.

Joel and *Abiah*, Sons of *Samuel*, take Bribes, turn aſide after Lucre, pervert Judgment, and are arraigned by all the People; their generous Father, lamenting their Venality, puniſhed it by removing them from their Office of chief Judges. *

Young Judges ſhould be blindfolded to receive the Solicitations of Women; and for further Se-

* 1 *Sam.* 8.

curity

curity there ſhould alſo be a Grate betwixt them; as for the old they have coveted Fields and Houſes, and taken them away by Violence: One they oppreſs for his Manſion, and another to ſeize upon his Inheritance. *

After all that is ſaid about the Inſignificancy of Solicitation and ſo much Time, if not ſomething beſides, almoſt as valuable, thrown away; never ſhall I be brought to think ſo, whilſt I ſee *Theſſander* every Day punctually at the ſame Hour jaunting it to *Galatea*'s, and his Gentleman refuſes me Admittance at other Times, under Pretence that my Lord ſees no Body, and that Solicitations are a Plague to him; but the Reſult is, my Friend whiſpers me, that *Galatea* may do me a good Turn with my Lord; that ſhe is the beſt natured little Soul in the World, may be brought to any Thing; and honeſtly to earn his Money, for his Intelligence is bought, gives me very particular Directions to find her Houſe. When *Theſſander* charges *Galatea* to leave off her Recommendations, of which ſhe makes a fine Perquiſite, I may have ſome Hopes of his Integrity.

Rhadamanthus is Proof againſt the Solicitations of the moſt beautiful Woman; it is not in the Power of all the Sex's Charms to biaſs his ſteady Heart; as little Impreſſion can Preſents make on him; thus on both the ſenſible Sides of Intereſt and Pleaſure is he invulnerable, but his Servants have low Wages, and theſe indifferently paid; they are the Perſons who are to be dealt with; take his Porter and Footman by the Hand, if you can once bring them over, your Buſineſs is done; there's no

* *Micah* ii.

refuſing

refuſing a Man who ſerves for a Song; the leaſt one can do is to let him make himſelf ſome little Amends.

" *Naaman* the *Syrian*, cured of his Leproſy by *Eliſha*, gratefully offers the Prophet many valuable Preſents, which the Man of God nobly refuſes; but *Gehazi*, his mercenary Servant, runs after the *Syrian* Lord with a Lye in his Mouth, and makes Uſe of his Maſter's Name to get ſomething for himſelf." It is the Fortune of many generous *Naamans* of this Age to be duped by ſuch ſordid Scoundrels as *Gehazi*.

In *Minos*'s Study ſtands the downy Couch; he's a Man of too much Senſe to have any Thing but for Uſe, though his Uſe of it may be carried beyond that which gave Riſe to its Invention.

A young Solicitreſs may bring *Eutichrates* to any Thing; he's as pliable as Wax in beautiful Hands. There was a Suit of ſix Years ſtanding, and ſtand it might till the laſt Judgment; Intreaties, Friends, Relations, nothing could give it a Lift: It was at length the good Fortune of one of the Parties to marry a very pretty Woman; he waits upon *Eutichrates*, who having heard of it, very chearfully wiſhes him Joy, promiſes that his Cauſe ſhall ſpeedily come on, and that he'll acquaint his Wife of the Iſſue. *Eutichrates* was known. An experienced Solicitreſs was procured who was ſoon Miſtreſs of the Part which ſhe was to act, and ſo well perſonated the Character with which ſhe was inveſted, that *Eutichrates* was taken in, and made no Difficulty on whatever ſhe requeſted; but in Return to ſuch unlimited Acquieſcence, ſhe could not refuſe to act over a Scene which was more natural to her, and in which, being her Profeſſion, ſhe could not but excel; though being a Perſon of conſummate Addreſs, ſhe here feigned

Fear

Fear and Aukwardneſs. Within three Days, for *Eutichrates* is a Man of Honour, the long-winded Suit was decided in Favour of this Party; but the Gratuity which the Solicitreſs gave him is not like to be ſoon over.

That it is ſcandalous in a Judge to be biaſſed by any Solicitation, is what is in every Body's Mouth; but I ſay that to ſolicit is ſcandalous, and that for a Man of Quality in Power to interfere in a Cauſe, and by his Sway to turn the Courſes of the Law, which ought to be a ſacred Barrier againſt Fraud and Violence, is the Height of Cruelty and Baſeneſs; the unjuſt Judge is no more than his Tool, he is the Accomplice of that profligate Wretch who wrongfully undermines another in the Enjoyment of his Property.

No Receivers no Thieves; they riſe and fall together. The Law puts them both upon a like Footing.

Ye unjuſt Judges, ye inconſiderate Solicitors and Solicitreſſes, ye knaviſh Plaintiffs and Defendants, ye ſuborned Witneſſes, turn your Eyes inward, and be ſtruck with Horror at the foul Sight.

Gownſmen, here's a Mirrour for you!

"Open thy Mouth for the Dumb, plead the Right of thoſe who are appointed to Deſtruction; open thy Mouth, judge righteouſly, and plead the Cauſe of the Poor and Needy.*"

"Seek not to be made a Judge, leſt thou be not able to take away Iniquity, eſpecially leſt thyſelf, fearing the Perſon of the Mighty, ſhould'ſt commit an Offence againſt thy Uprightneſs.†"

* Prov. xxx. † Eccleſ. vii.

Of

Of FINANCERS.

OF all Conditions that of the Financer is the moſt deſired; conſequently the moſt envied and cenſured.

The Meaning of all the Batteries which play on them, is no more than that others would fain thruſt themſelves into the ſame commodious Stations. They who reproach them ſo bitterly, are not aware that, when once in, they would play the like Game. I cannot ſay that I myſelf am free from all Motions of Envy, with Reſpect to theſe Men of Fortune, but my Envy is innocent, it is even laudable; all I want of their opulent Calling, is the Ability of doing Good, and of promoting the Welfare of Society with as much Intenſeneſs and Effect as they add to its Grievances.

The Gown, Sword, and Church, are all on their Backs; but would theſe Champions of Integrity cooly caſt a Look behind, or even before, or on one Side, they would ſee, that in dealing about their Invectives ſo furiouſly, they beſpatter their Forefathers, Relations, and Brethren.

The Father of this young faſtuous Preſident, by whom the Financers and Contractors are thought *Blood-ſuckers*, *Collectors of the Rat-ſkin Duty*, got the Money which paid for this Office, where he looks ſo big, by the *four Sols per Livre*. There is alſo that Lieutenant-General of the King's Armies; he ſtruts in his Embroidery, and makes

ſuch

ſuch Boaſts of the Antiquity and Grandeur of his Family and of its illuſtrious Inter-marriages; why does he not alſo take Care to proclaim that his Brother has married the Daughter of old *Squeeſum*, the curſed Projector of ſo many onerous Schemes, which have all taken Effect, and for whoſe infernal Sagacity the Nation pays to this Day? With what Grace can that tunbellied Abbot make the Church ring with Fulminations againſt the Harpies of the Public? he is only, all the while, ſending his Grandfather and Uncle to the Devil.

The Riches of the Financers are the Bait which draw Perſons of all Profeſſions to them: He who rails at them, is glad to have his Feet under their Table, and gorge himſelf on their exquiſite Diſhes, will cringe, teize, promiſe, and ſwear, to borrow a Sum of Money of them; their Luxury and Parade are cried out againſt by thoſe very Perſons who take up Money of them, to exceed them in Proportion to the Diſparity of their Subſtances. More than one Preacher who has thrown himſelf into a Sweat by his boiſterous Exclamations againſt the Splendor of their Furniture, and Delicacy of their Tables, has been known to go thither directly from the Pulpit, and encourage Luxury by his Gluttony and rapturous Commendations of the Ragouts, Sauces and Wines.

To every one of the three Profeſſions there is a peculiar Call: It has its reſpective Studies and Places of Education. He who deſigns for the Church, enters himſelf into the Sorbonne, and goes through a ſeminarial Courſe: For the Gentlemen of the Blade, there are the exacteſt Rules laid down for both Slaughter and Defence: The Gownſman attends the Law-lectures and Pleadings, takes down Notes, and maintains Theſes.

The

The Call of the firſt being to the ſacred Miniſtry, muſt come from God alone without any worldly View: Courage muſt be the uppermoſt Virtue in the ſecond; and the third muſt be ready at the Code and Statutes. If the firſt diſplays the Band only to get a Benefice; if the ſecond brigues a Commiſſion without a determined Bravery; and if the Counſellor buys his Notes, and hires another, as a Proxy, to maintain his Theſes, their Duties are ſtill the ſame, not in the leaſt invalidated by their ſcandalous Diſregard of them. The Financer's Call is Intereſt, and Intereſt only, in the Qualities of his Function; it is very ſeldom that he is deficient; adding to them likewiſe an unwearied Application. "The Horſe-leach hath two Daughters, crying, Give, Give, *Prov.* xxx." He has caught the Sound, and, by its bewitching Report, is determined for this lucrative Vocation, and equally eaſy; a little Arithmetic being all the Learning requiſite to it: He may ſhine the more in his Employment, by getting Knowledge, not of the Means for eaſing a Province, but for draining it.

When once the Financer is admitted into that worſhipful Company, it muſt not be thought that he indolently confines himſelf to the Palace, wantoning in the magnificent Ideas of the Sums which will daily flow in upon him through the mercileſs Induſtry of his Underſtrappers. He immediately puſhes where Intereſt calls, and is on his *Circuit* before it is well known that he has the Employment; very different from the ſupine Prelate, who never ſets Foot within his Dioceſe, to whom Reſidence would be Impriſonment: No, he is in Motion, and ſpares no Pains to promote the Aggrandiſement of the Brotherhood. At his Return, he makes Intereſt for an Office to be kept

at

at his Houſe; and now come full Tides of Gold and Silver, being entitled to theſe exorbitant *Preſence Fees*, by which the Exchequer is always kept ſo low.

Money is never known to come thus eaſily, ſuddenly and abundantly, but it is ſure to bring along with it a Train of Vices: Pawnbrokers are employed underhand; what is a Financer without a Brace of Girls? But ſee the Difference; the military Man goes a courting as a Soldier a marauding; the Gownſman beggars himſelf for an Opera Wench, and a Financer maintains his Miſtreſs at the Ruin of others.

As for the Financer's Religion, it is occaſional; he hears little of the Matter but at his Table, and there is too candid to be wedded to any Syſtem; he enters into no Argument, but leaves it to Time to determine his Orthodoxy. However, Religion has at all Times one favourite Article for him, and that is the Duty of parental Care. As to his Splendor, Luxury, Voluptuouſneſs, and Oppreſſion, he refers theſe Points to a Death-bed Confeſſion, chearfully expects it, and ſtupidly ſeaſons a Courſe of Wickedneſs with the Hopes of heavenly Abſolution. As for Honour, it was never once in his Thoughts, till the Mention of a Court of Juſtice; and then, if he can but corrupt his Judges and baffle a Proſecution, he diſmiſſes it till freſh Apprehenſions.

There is a Kind of Honour, almoſt peculiarly cut out for theſe Men of Fortune, and for which they are indebted to their Riches. Their Millions they imagine an univerſal Qualification; and what, in other Callings, is no more than Vanity, becomes in theirs a momentous Point, which they are often for compaſſing by noble and powerful Matches; but herein they are often the Dupes of

their

their own Pride, and have a dear Bargain of a Marquis's Daughter, or of a Duke for their Son-in-law. Vanity is their Honour.

Agrippa conceits, that having a fine Houſe, Coach, and Coat of Arms, a ſtately Manner, lofty Look, cold Deportment, and a laconic Way of Speaking, he has all the Appurtenances of a Perſon of Figure.

Sneering, Spitting, taking Snuff, are in themſelves Things quite ſimple, and generally of no Meaning; but *Mildor* has found a Way of turning them into ſo many Points of Dignity, which he always performs with Deliberation, and in a Manner expreſſing an Inſult over his Inferiors.

The Financer being ſeldom prepared by a decent Education, is of all Creatures the moſt difficult to be poliſhed; to ſmooth his rough Nature, is an *Herculean* Labour; it is not in the Ductility of Youth that he is tutored to thoſe Duties, without Reciprocation of which, Society muſt fall into Confuſion, and Life be over-run with Inconveniencies and Calamities; ſo he never makes any tolerable Proficiency in them.

It is no uncommon Thing for theſe Men of Fortune to go to School to a Girl of fifteen to learn good Breeding, and the Modes of Politeneſs, which yet are hardly reduceable to their true Point, the Eſſentials of Complaiſance, which are often exaggerated to him, and the Pleaſures of Condeſcention and Familiarity, at which he is a very apt Scholar with his Miſtreſs; but when once over the Threſhold of her Door, is mute, and clean forgets them.

In the Men of Fortune, the frivolous Taſte, the Fondneſs for Trifles, begins at an Age when it is out of Date in other Callings; their Youth being engroſſed by Eagerneſs after Gain, they are forty

or

or fifty Years old before they can attain to be Coxcombs; and accordingly they generally prove but very ſorry Copies of the more juvenile Originals.

The military Coxcomb is noiſy, outrageous, heedleſs, blunts out whatever comes uppermoſt, ſings like a Canary Bird, always in Motion, enters a Room with a Caper, and goes out with a Rigadoon.

The Law Fop is as trim as a *Norbertine* Monk, adoniſed like a Bridegroom, every Part of his Dreſs in the moſt exact Symmetry; he ſpeaks by Halves, with a ſtudied Accent, breaths methodically, and laughs no farther than his Lips; at entering into Company there's ſure to be more Preciſeneſs than Elegance in his Manner; he deals with himſelf as if he was a cracked Piece of China, to be handled with the utmoſt Tenderneſs.

And what is the Coxcomb of a Financer? He is taken up with bringing himſelf to be eaſy in his fine Cloaths, and leſs awkward than before; he ſtudies to ſoften the clowniſh Aſperity of his Looks, and poliſh his Carriage; his Arms are behind him, to cure his ſtanding ſtooping; and for his Legs, 'tis as if his Knees were kept in with Skewers. In genteel Company he is as much to ſeek, as he is arrogant among his Clerks; he bows like a School-boy, ſets himſelf like a Country 'Squire, and turns his Toes out like a Dancing-Maſter; yes or no is all that comes from him, unleſs the Diſcourſe turns upon Money, then he is in his Element; the Words flow from him as from a copious Source, and in the propereſt Terms; he knows to a Denier how all the Money Schemes have turned out to the Adventurers; he will tell you that the Dexterity of the Company, the Deduction of four Millions from a Tax, will be no Manner of Prejudice to the farming of it. When a gayer Topic comes upon

upon the Carpet, he watches to wedge in ſome ſtale Jeſts in a new Dreſs, which he has learned of Abbe *G*——, who every Morning gives him a Converſation Leſſon; and reduces Colloquy into Science, which he treats of by Maxims and Chapters, herein betraying his Abſurdity; for when made an Art of, 'tis better unknown. Shewing his Diamonds, drawing the Praiſes of the Company on his *Engliſh* Ruffles, and the Embroidery of his Coat, is what he has ſome Addreſs at. He will not object againſt being waited on to the Door, that he may ſhew his Coach; and when he gives an Entertainment, 'tis not from a ſocial Generoſity, but that he may exhibit the princely Magnificence of his Beaufet.

There's one who has ſlaved after Riches, and is enobled by his Offices; he has Sons, whom he is for ſettling in the World, and Daughters marriageable; bleſſed are the Children of ſuch a Father, they have a goodly Inheritance; but ſee the Inſtability of human Greatneſs! Within a few Days this ſame Son of Fortune loſes his Head, or is diſgracefully tumbled down into the Mire of his original Meanneſs, and then the Sons Brides, and Daughters Lovers fly away together: What a Difference does a ſhort Interval make in the ſame Man!

What a dirty Road was *Tiremillion* travelling in from Stage to Stage, till he arrived at the Summit of his Wiſhes! He wants none of the Requiſites in a modiſh Gentleman; ſplendid Equipages he uſes, ſtocked with the moſt expenſive Furniture; and ſtrong Boxes, thoroughly loaded. He has been four Years under four different Miſtreſſes, only learning how to beſtow with Liberality, but to this Day has acquired no Kind of Grace in giving: No Matter, he gives, and that's enough for

for thoſe who receive. He cannot but give well, ſince he gives a great deal.

One of theſe Aunts, of which there are not fewer than Streets, with more Nieces than are of her Family, wants to beſtow one of them; but it is not the military Gallant who ſhall have her; he is over Head and Ears in Debt, and perhaps in with her, and who underſtands no other Way of Payment than with the Flat of his Sword. As little will ſhe part with her to the Gownſman, who is made up of Preciſeneſs, gives with Œconomy, haggles like a Jockey, and courts a gay Lady by Bill: No, no, the Aunt was not born in a Wood, ſhe knows better where to provide for her Nieces, as ſhe did for *Jenny*, *Fanny*, and the reſt. Away ſhe goes to *Tiremillion*, *Lucy*'s a dainty Morſel for him; but the poor eaſy Thing does not know her own Value, and would part with herſelf for nothing; ſo the Aunt muſt be the Negociatrix, and draw up the Articles of the Treaty; there are twelve thouſand Livres in Money, an Equipage, Waiting-Maid, Servants in a ſmart Livery, a Country Box, and a pretty Town Houſe, a handſome Gratuity to the Aunt, who is beſides to have the Management of her Niece's Houſhold, and the Inſpection of her Conduct. *Tiremillion* readily ſigns, and now the Temple is adorning, the Altar preparing, Plate, Equipage, Furniture, Dreſs, every Thing is provided by the diligent Aunt, *Tiremillion* having only the Pleaſure of paying for all. The abandoned Prieſteſs decks the Victim, leads it to the Altar; and the no leſs flagitious *Tiremillion*, without Scruple, with Rapture, purchaſes the Honour of a poor Girl, who knows nothing of what ſhe is about, and whoſe Reſignation to Infamy is owing to the Seducements

ducements of her execrable Aunt, or to Indigence.

Without ſearching into the Ways by which Riches are accumulated, by what iniquitous Courſes are they often preſerved, and how blameable, if not flagitious, the general Uſe of them!

Antagoras is conceited, an eternal Babler, a cold Jeſter, yet ſuch a Buffoon, that the very Children laugh at him; he has contrived a kind of Wantonneſs, ſuitable only to himſelf; he's a Zany, a meer Jack-pudding, for whom no Place ſo fit as a Stage, to divert the Mob. I ſhould incline to think he loved *Damaris*, were it in Nature to love the *Coloſſus* of *Rhodes* in a Cap and Petticoat, at leaſt he keeps Company with her, and ſhe finds the Sweets of it; for who lives better than that Gianteſs? She plays ſeveral Rivals againſt him, which gives *Antagoras* no Manner of Concern; were he to ſee one of them in her Arms, he'd only laugh at it, ſo kind a Keeper is he. He often ſees them at *Damaris*'s Door, and when ſhe knows it, ſhe puts on her Airs, and rattles him for ſtaying ſo long with her; all this is loſt upon *Antagoras*, he banters her, ſtirs the Fire, whiles away the Time, till at length ſhe turns him out by main Force; and is *Antagoras* leſs to be pitied than his Rivals?

Chryſogonus, ſhore your Houſe, prop up your Floors, ſee how they give Way under the Heaps of Gold, which lie there like Hay in the Meadows, or Dirt in the Corners of the Streets. Save, ſcrape up more, you cannot have too much; no, you cannot: Have you not Sons and Daughters, natural and legitimate, and Sons-in-law both Ways? Well then, can you have too much? Won't they make away with more than you can get?

If there is a Woman to whom Nature has been kinder than Fortune, and who has more Charms

than

than Piſtoles, what ſtriving to bribe all her Acquaintances, Neighbours, Cronies, Relations, nay, her very Huſband? Every one is ſo tampered with on ſome Account or other, even the Silence of thoſe about her is bought, and ſhe forced to put a Price upon herſelf.

There's a pretty Employment fallen, in the Gift of *Craſſus:* It is not to be thought that he will beſtow it on that Virtue which he does not care to hear of, on that Merit which he envies and hates, or on that Diſtreſs which he execrates; no, the beſt Bidder ſhall have it, and the ſooner if recommended by a Miſtreſs, or one of the above-mentioned Aunts; 'twould be ſingular to act otherwiſe.

Every Quildriver in an Office is in a fair Way of Preferment; if he has a pretty Siſter, Couſin, or Wife, who are of a coming Temper, Matters will ſoon mend with him; if there be ſome petty Arrears on his Accounts, let not ſuch a Trifle terrify him, Ways will be found to get over it, whilſt he is upon a Circuit; for if his Preſence is troubleſome, there's the Conveniency of ſending him on a Country Jaunt, whilſt the Wife ſtays at *Paris* to pay her Court to her dear Huſband's Patron, which ſhe does to very good Purpoſe.

Let *Soſia* and *Jaſmina* make a Shew of their Daughters on *Fridays* in the front Box at the Opera, on *Mondays* at the *French*, and on *Saturdays* at the *Italian* Playhouſe; carry them about to the Palace Royal, the Thuilleries, Ring and Walks; let them form Combinations, even in creditable Aſſemblies, to give out what they will have in Hand at Marriage, and what afterwards; and that their Fathers have great Shares in the five large Revenue Farms; that they have Schemes to lay before the Council, which have already had the

Miniſter's

Miniſter's Approbation; let them contrive to have the young Ladies cried up, and as it were poſted at every Corner; theſe are low Devices, which may perhaps ſerve their Turn. But what does *Camillus* mean by his Entertainments and Balls, both at his Seat and in Town? Why is he ſo fond of drawing young Gentlemen to his Houſes? If the whole Nation may be believed, *Camillus* has Daughters, and there lies his Drift. Can *Camillus* be under any Apprehenſion of their being taken off his Hands, if there be any ſuch Thing as Honour or Sentiment in the World?

Take thy Swing, young *Ariſtus*, what's Money for but Pleaſure? give by Handfuls to thoſe charming Actreſſes, nothing leſs will do for them, who make their Sparks buy off their ill Humours: How dear then their Favours! How can your Spirit bear that *Aglae* ſhould daily be frumping you, and threatening to diſcard you for *Strato*, who t'other Day was your Father's Slave? Do you conſider how your Honour may ſuffer by ſuch a Competition; Sell your Marquiſate outright, and make up Matters with *Aglae*, Money is all ſhe wants; you cannot much hurt yourſelf, you are a Batchelor; and after all, 'tis but marrying *Strato*'s Daughter.

'Twas not long ſince the Way to diſtinguiſh Brothers was by the elder and younger, but 'tis no longer ſo; the Diſtinction now is taken from the Coffer; 'tis the rich and the poor *Crozot*; but how many rich Men would think themſelves very happy in being no poorer than the latter?

Who can pretend to live in that ſtately Palace, which has ſtood ſo long empty? To repair and keep in Order ſuch a noble Pile of Buildings, requires the Income of a Prince. Into what Hands will all thoſe charming Decorations fall, which *Pulcheria* had collected from all Parts of the World? What Sort of Peo-

ple

ple are to entertain themſelves in theſe ſplendid Saloons, which are alſo ſheltered from the ſultry South Wind by a Wood, and where a River diffuſes a delightful Coolneſs; 'tis every Way a Dwelling fit for a King: Various are the Opinions what Son of Grandeur will take it, till *Varro* clears up the Myſtery, and has the Impudence to purchaſe it.

Architecture has diſplayed its *ne plus ultra* in this immenſe Palace; the Court is encircled by the moſt exquiſite Colonade that ever Eyes beheld; there's every where a Profuſion of Marble and Gilding; the Artiſts of the Age have carried their Skill to the higheſt Pitch in ſeveral Parts of this unparalleled Building. Were the Louvre to be finiſhed it could not exceed it; the People cannot forbear admiring its various Enrichments, at the ſame Time that they curſe the Means which could get Money enough to pay for them: The Day that ſees the finiſhing Hand put to it, ſees alſo the Death of the Owner; and his Son durſt not come into it, for fear it will run him out: and now the Graſs begins to grow almoſt in the very Parlours; 'tis ten thouſand Pities, the Cry is, ſuch a glorious Building ſhould ſtand empty; Princes have inquired into the Purchaſe of it, but it is too high; for them it may be, but not for *Gripe*; he buys this ſo highly admired Palace, and adds to it innumerable other Embelliſhments, that it may be a fit Manſion for him; indeed he has raiſed ſuch an over-grown Fortune, that his ſtrong Box may be called an Exchequer; and that he may have a fine Wife to put into his fine Houſe, he marries a Lady of Rank, and makes her Brother a Preſent of the Regiment where his own carries a brown Muſket. Well, *Gripe*, certainly all

is well now; no, I know you would fain get rid of your Name, but the Miſchief is, every Body knows your Father, you are no Foundling. However, there's a Shift; buy a Couſinſhip with Senators, there's ſome of them in very good Repute, tho' of your Name, and they are not a little proud of it; there's Precedents enough to keep you in Countenance; with Money you may have your Choice, be Couſin, Brother, Uncle, and Father too, if you like that better; but I know, *Gripe*, there would ſtill be a Thorn in the Fleſh; you would be continually grumbling in the Gizzard at the long Life of thoſe old Fellows of ſixty, eighty, or a hundred Years, whoſe Memory is ſtill ſtrong, and who are not good-natured enough to forget a few Particulars: It is true, thoſe old Cuffs are unlucky Intelligencers; for were it not for their Blabbing, who could ſay there hung Gaffer *Gripe's* Buſh? by all Report, the curſedeſt Cut-throat that ever drew a Pint of Wine.

Ye faſtuous Partizans, in the Chaſtiſement of *Nebuchadnezzar* read the Setting of all your Grandeur and Oſtentation: "As he was walking in the Palace of the Kingdom of *Babylon*, he ſaid, Is not this great *Babylon*, which I have made the Seat of my Kingdom, which I built by the Might of my Power, and for the Glory of my Majeſty? While theſe preſumptuous Words were in the King's Mouth, there fell a Voice from Heaven, "Hear, O King *Nebuchadnezzar*, what is decreed concerning thee, the Kingdom is departed from thee, thou ſhalt be driven from among Men, thy Dwelling ſhall be with the Beaſts of the Field, until thou know'ſt that the Moſt High ruleth in the Kingdom of Men, and giveth it to whomſoever he will. *"

* Daniel v.

Grandeur,

Grandeur, Power, State, Pomp, and Ceremony, what are ye in the Sight of God? Ye elate Earth-worms! ye towering *Nebuchadnezzars!* lay to Heart the Juſtice of God. Can all your Authority withſtand the Deity, who doth according to his Will in the Army of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth.

DEATH.

"O Death, how bitter is the Remembrance of thee to him who lives at Eaſe in the Midſt of his Poſſeſſions, to him who meeteth with no Vexation, whoſe Deſires are anſwered, and who is able to reliſh his Food! O Death, how welcome is thy Sentence to the poor Man whoſe Strength is worn away, who is in the Decline of Life, harraſſed with Cares, without Hopes, and who has not Patience to bear his Afflictions!" *

The Period of Pleaſure is Death; it is alſo the End of Trouble. In that State where will be the great Diſtinction which is made here betwixt the Rich and the Poor? the Earth is the common Receptacle of both.

A Death-Bed may be ſaid to make Ages, and the abortive Fœtus, taken Piece-meal out of the Womb, to be a hundred Years old.

Think on Death, 'tis a momentous Maxim, and of which we are continually put in Mind, all Nature rings it in our Ears, every Object ſets it before our Eyes. It was the Advice of our grave Grandfathers to our Fathers, and they repeated it to us; and what do we do? 'Tis not one in a hundred has Strength of Mind enough to let his Thoughts glance on it.

Reflection on Death! pregnant with converting Impreſſions! But, ſay ſome, to dwell on the Thoughts

* Eccleſ. xii.

Thoughts of Death, is to be continually dying, and the diſmal Meditation worſe than Death itſelf; as well may blind Men pronounce on Colours.

Every Gate that leads to Death, Intereſt and Knavery, are upon the Watch: What a rare Penny Quacks make of the Fearful! Is a great Man or two gone off ſuddenly, then is the fleecing Time. Come forth, *Arnion*, make your Appearance, *nunc aut nunquam*; produce your Papers, name your Price, there will be no haggling; for what can be too much for an out-of-the-way Diſtemper, which, without the leaſt Warning, trips up a Man's Heels like a Thief in a Wood? Without your Papers, it diſpatches the Patient in a Hurry, no Time allowed for Ceremony; and with them he alſo dies, but with more Deliberation; but if 'tis your Powder's Fault, 'tis not yours; to inſure Immortality, is what no Body can charge you with; no Matter, your Powders are in Vogue; Court, City, and Country ſeem to have agreed to make your Fortune: Make the moſt of their Wiſdom, play while the Game is in your Hand, raiſe an Eſtate. Was there ever a Topic like your Powder? beſides curing you and all your Family of Hunger, it has furniſhed your Wife with ſhowy Gowns for every Seaſon: But of what Benefit is it to the Public? Of very conſiderable certainly, for it is quite harmleſs, and that is more than can be ſaid of moſt Quacks Noſtrums: And perhaps it was only upon this Account, that an eminent Phyſician ſubſcribed his Approbation of it.

In a Flow of Affluence and high Spirits, the Mind is apt to warp towards Scepticiſm, and to be as preſumptuous in its Speculations as the Body is wanton in its Carriage. Intoxicated by full Draughts of preſent Enjoyments, the future State

is but ſuperficially, and ſeldom thought of; thought of! it is not ſo much as believed. The ſtrong Boxes are better ſecured, the Bags are numbered; Preparatives are making for a vaſt Building, with the Hopes of finiſhing it the next Spring: Nurſeries are planted; Ships freighted for long Voyages; and on a Bed of Sickneſs all theſe Schemes are anxiouſly inquired after, as if nobody but the Owner or Projector had any Concern therein; whereas the Upſhot is, that the Boxes and Bags, Houſe and Ships fall to impatient Heirs. Your End is at hand, and that's what they have been wiſhing for, ever ſince they knew you had any thing to leave them. Death, when imagined to be at a great Diſtance, or out of Sight, is made a Jeſt of, is inſulted; but the Note is changed upon ſeeing it brandiſhing its Dart; a Pleuriſy diſlodges Infidelity, and Libertiniſm is generally obſerved to decay under a Conſumption; then the Man is left to himſelf, Religion recovers its original Aſcendant, and the Apprehenſions of another Life appear as well-grounded as they are terrible; the Dread of divine Juſtice brings with it a Conviction of it's Exiſtence: But often the Reflection is cut ſhort, and as often totally prevented by a ſudden Period.

No body more acquainted in high Life than *Polyceſtes*, there can be no Party of Pleaſure without him, he's the Life of an Entertainment, a Boy-page for Sportiveneſs, but a hardened Atheiſt in Religion; the Mortality of the Soul and the Inutility of a Deity frequently employ the Fluency of his Tongue; with him, Chance is every thing, Origine and Director; it is Chance which circulates the Seaſons, in ſuch an exact and beneficial Succeſſion; to Chance we owe the nutritive Corn and the delicious Fruit. The Phaſes of the Moon,

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the Revolutions of the Sun, are no leſs under the Influence of Chance; I admire the Wiſdom, the Foreſight, the Regularity of this Chance; but *Polyceſtes* more knowing, tells me that what I admire, is no more than a Conſequence of the primordial Chance, which brought together the ſeveral Parts of the Univerſe. How intelligent is this Chance; its Operations, how harmonious! no Irregularity, not the leaſt Shadow of Caprice, all its Works permanent and ſtill the ſame; nothing is ever out of Joint: Stupendous Chance! Did not Faith dictate to me another Deity, or would *Polyceſtes* own thee to be a God, thou ſhould'ſt be mine; but he'll not hear of any: Did he not take his Leave of the Company with a Sneer at ſuch an unphiloſophical Notion? but unfortunately turning the Corner of the Street, a ſwaggering Blood runs full againſt this Stickler by Chance, a few Curſes on both Sides, and the Swords are drawn; when *Polyceſtes*, after a Parry or two, is run through, drops, and with his laſt Breath contradicts the Syſtem, of which he was always ſo full: O my God! were his dying Words.

We come into Life without knowing it; we employ it without Reflection, and never ſhow any Conviction of the Value of it, till we are upon leaving it.

When with our Feet on the Threſhold of the new World, we have as it were a View of both, the Abuſe of Time is what then generally forces itſelf upon our Thoughts, and pierces the Soul with excruciating Remorſe.

In one of thoſe Parties of Pleaſure, where he who is maddeſt, is moſt agreeable, and the Humours of Women, how extravagant ſoever, command the moſt implicit Obedience, *Triphemon* by his Complaiſance to the charming *Arſura*, has brought a

Pleuriſy and Flux upon himſelf; now this Complication requires oppoſite Remedies: Conſultations upon Conſultations are held; the moſt eminent of the Faculty are called in, whilſt *Triphemon*'s Lady is waiting without, all in Tears to know the Reſult. The Humanity of Phyſicians will not permit them to overwhelm the Relations with a ſudden Deciſion; they artfully humour their Dejection, and at the ſame Time continue themſelves in Fee. At firſt, clearer Symptoms muſt be waited, they are not ſufficiently declared; the next Day, the Caſe is better known, and the Diſeaſe takes a favourable Turn; the Day following the Patient is worſe, but that's nothing, 'tis his bad Day: On the fourth, it is ſo ſo; the Fifth is another bad one; this is alarming, the Conſultations muſt be renewed, other Juleps and Cordials are ordered, and the Bleeding altered; all the Brethren of the Faculty in the mean Time are taking Mortgages on the Patient's Subſtance; as for him, Health is all his Concern; he inquires about nothing elſe, and nothing elſe is talked of to him: At laſt, on the ſeventh Day he is too bad to conceal it any longer; and the Family Phyſician takes upon him to break the Matter to *Triphemon*'s Lady, which he might as well have done on the firſt; but then there would have been ſo many Viſits the leſs. "What have I to hope for, Sir, or what muſt I fear?" ſays Mrs. *Triphemon*, when, "Madam, it's over with him, ſo take your Meaſures;" a Tear or two drop; but Self-preſervation ſoon gets uppermoſt: The Sons are of Age; what will be left after their Sweepings? and to depend on them will be a poor Story; ſo the good Lady falls to work; the Cash, Bonds public and private, and the beſt Part of her Jewels are conveyed into ſafe Cuſtody; but what becomes of the Huſband all this while? he lies doſing

doſing in his Bed, with a Nurſe on each Side plying him with Medicines, which only haſten his Departure: The Wife, however, comes to caſt a Look upon him; and during this kind Office, a Criſis ſeizes him; run, run for the bleſſed Virgin's Sake and fetch a Confeſſor; a Confeſſor quickly: Oh! he's a dying; a Confeſſor! Who is my Maſter's Confeſſor? That's well aſked, but who can tell? a Confeſſor is a Perſon with whom he never had any Dealings; ſo a Footman is diſpatched to the next Convent, and returns with a Capuchin, who, though the Patient is paſt ſeeing or hearing, will be doing ſomething; and exhorts him to reſign himſelf to Death with a Chriſtian Compoſure. Another hies away to the Pariſh Church, to deſire the Sacraments; the Prieſt attends with the Holy Viaticum, and the Capuchin diſmiſſes *Triphemon* with a full Abſolution of all the Sins contained in *Vaſquez*, or *Sanchius*'s Summaries; though the poor Creature was too far gone to ſpeak a Word of Confeſſion, or any Thing elſe. After a ſhort Exhortation, which is often omitted, the Prieſt adminiſters the laſt Sacrament to *Triphemon*; he falls into an Agony, the Pains of Death are upon him; there goes his laſt Breath. Who can deſcribe the Widow's frantic Geſtures, or number her Tears? her Sighs may be heard all over the Houſe, and are repeated at every Viſit: Were ſhe left alone ſhe would be her own Comforter, better than all her hypocritical Intimates dinning her with his dying like a good Chriſtian. Is this then the Death, Repentance, and Confeſſion of a good Chriſtian? Would not one from ſuch a Proſtitution of the Sacraments ſuſpect that the Prieſt believes nothing of the Matter?

The moſt expreſſive Mark of Confeſſion, which can ſometimes be poſſibly got from a dying Perſon,

is a ſtrong Squeeze of the Hand, and than this, nothing can be more ambiguous; it may be no more than the natural Effect of his laſt Agony.

To what Purpoſe to talk of Death to *Iſocrates?* The Preſcience of the Supreme Being, knowing and directing all Things, gives him an unmoveable Sedateneſs in all Events; he'll concern himſelf in nothing any further than as a Spectator; as God can do every thing, why, ſays he, ſhould I put my Hand to the Plough? the Inflexibility of a determined Fate has ever been the Plea of his lethargic Indolence.

A dying Perſon ſhews a Concern, ſighs and ſheds Tears; good Signs of a ſincere Converſion, ſays one; but is he not, indeed, lamenting his Death, and full of Sorrow only at leaving his Enjoyments?

We ought to be inured to Death by a long Life: Is it not high Time at ſixty to think that one Time or other Death will come upon us? Yet then is it leſs thought of than ever. A young Man ruſhes upon Death, an old Man is dragged to it. Every Year is a Link added to the Chain which ties us down to Life.

No longer ago than Yeſterday has *Alibus*, tho' in his ninety-eighth Year, negotiated an Affair of Importance, as it may well be called, ſince within three Months it will add two Millions to the twenty, of which three fraudulent Bankruptcies have rendered him the envied Poſſeſſor. Yeſterday alſo at Midnight, *Alibus* came from a Miſtreſs whom he has kept theſe thirty Years. Yeſterday he further gave Orders for altering the next Spring the Diſpoſition of an *Engliſh* Flower-garden, and To-day *Alibus* keeps his Bed; decayed Nature has given him ſuch a home Document of his Mortality, that his Phyſician, than whom the World does not afford a better, honeſtly tells him that all the

the Secrets of the Faculty can't help him. *Alibus* himſelf feels it but too much, yet Life is ſweet, were it only for a ſingle Day; but it is not a Day that will do for *Alibus*; he wants three Months Reſpite at leaſt; he would not grudge a Million for a Year; and that Money, which he has ſo paſſionately idolized, is now laviſhly ſacrificed to the Hopes of being kept alive by Art; if the Doctor can but compaſs this, whatever he aſks ſhall be given, he ſhall have every Thing he can deſire, (and is'nt that a bold Offer?) Stupid Coward! to imagine his Phyſician a God: As he loves Money ſingularly well, it would be his Fault if he does not get as much as poſſible of *Alibus*; but Nature is too hard for them both, and baffles their Convention. The Doctor's Skill, indeed, under Divine Providence, has ſpun the old Fellow out a whole Month, which was richly paid; and beſtowed, by God's Mercy, that he might have Time to evince to himſelf, and be convinced, that his Treaſures were not to be laid up on Earth. But how has the hardened Wretch employed this ineſtimable Month? About his earthly Treaſures; Bonds, Stock, and Farms were what his Talk run upon. I can't ſay his antiquated Miſtreſs was much in his Thoughts; and his Salvation, what Care is taken of that? That's ſafe, if enriching the Chapel of a Convent, and leaving a double Allowance on ſome certain Days for the Monks, will do the Buſineſs. What a ſhameful Atonement is here! are Fraud and Oppreſſion to be thus expiated? Why, 'tis the Cuſtom, and many profound Doctors tell you there's nothing like it to ſecure a Soul. Why, to me, it looks like bringing in God as an Accomplice of Knavery, and a Receiver of ill-gotten Goods: At this Rate, 'tis but giving a Share of them to Eccleſiaſtics, and Depredations become ſanctified; the

the allowing a Diſh more on certain Days to mortified Monks, is held to be a ſure Preſervative againſt divine Vengeance; no Harm ſhall befall your Bags, Farms, and Family; ye gluttonous Monks, how can ye drive ſuch a Trade? But your Aſſurances are Lies, the Lord puniſhes the Iniquity of Fathers in the Children; the Money accumulated by Injuſtice moulders away by Debauchery, and the third Generation returns to a Level with the Great Grandfather. In the mean Time *Alibus* decays apace, however concludes he can't fail of being ſaved, after a Work of ſuch exalted Piety; and why ſhould he not? Reverend Perſons tell him ſo; he even begins to expect ſome temporal Benefit by it, and ſends for his Miſtreſs to chat away an Afternoon with him; and if in the melancholy Darkneſs of the Night the Thoughts of Death ſteal upon him, he has no other Fear of it, than as it takes him away from his Millions. I could rid *Alibus* of this Fear; only remove him from his ſplendid Apartments to an Hoſpital, nothing of what he ſees there will make him cling to the World, as not belonging to him; every Thing on the contrary, from the Meanneſs and Miſery of the Place, will abate the natural Horror of this King of Terrors.

The more a Man leaves behind him, with the more Reluctancy he dies: To die is an eaſy Matter to the poor Man; I would ſay to the Philoſopher alſo, had the Stoiciſm from whence he looks down upon Death, more of the Chriſtian and leſs of the Brute in it.

Zeno cannot be ſuppoſed to have paſſed ſo many Years without thinking of Death; far from it, the *Carthuſian* in his lonely Receſs has not made it more the Subject of his Meditations; but how different their Scopes! The *Carthuſian* practiſes it to pro-

promote his Salvation, to detach himſelf from the World, to acquire heavenly Tempers; and *Zeno* as an Incentive to unbounded Jollity, as a Motive to make the moſt of fleeting Life, and plunge into all Manner of Senſuality; he has inured himſelf to look upon Death as an inevitable Period not to be feared by any Man of Senſe. He is taken ill, and a Phyſician of his Acquaintance roundly tells him, that his Time is come, and that he's no longer for this World. *Zeno* hears this tremendous Declaration with ſo little Concern, that he goes on with his Studies and Amuſements, and ſmilingly ſays to his Viſitants, t'other four-and-twenty Hours, and then for a Leap in the Dark. A well-principled Relation moves him to have a Confeſſor ſent for; he coldly thanks him for his Concern, but ſeriouſly forbids any further mention of it; however, the Zeal of ſome cannot ſee their Friend depart without one, and he is brought into the Room. The firſt Compliment *Zeno* pays him is a Ridicule on Revelation and the Sacraments. *Theologus* being let into his Character, indulgently requires of him only to own the Being of a God; all this *Zeno* anſwers with directing a *Louis* to be given him, as all Trades, he ſays, muſt live, and deſiring that he may not ſee his Face any more. *Theologus* accordingly departs, much better pleaſed with the laſt than the firſt Compliment; and quickly after *Zeno* perceives his Soul to be upon the Wing, or in his own Phraſeology, that the vital Spirits are near Diſſolution. The Agonies of his deſpairing Family cannot make the leaſt Impreſſion of Terror or religious Reflection, without abſolutely coming to a Point, whether there be a God or no. *Zeno* has lived like the beſt of thoſe, who not only are perſuaded of his Exiſtence, but of his Abhorrence of Evil, and his Delight in Virtue. Where was

there

there ever a truer Friend, a more diſintereſted Relation, or a more generous Member of Society? Who ever loved his Country better? His Goodneſs reached even to his Enemies, and nothing but a Chriſtian Death was wanting to crown a Life of ſo much Utility and Benevolence. If Attention to *Zeno*'s Life would promote Virtue and Patriotiſm, the Conſideration of his Death might extinguiſh Religion, and fill the Kingdom with Atheiſts.

To a good Man, what matters it whether he die on a Throne, or a Dunghill? The only Misfortune at the Hour of Death, is to find oneſelf deſtitute of Virtue.

Caro is confined to his Bed, but won't he get over it? For that I muſt refer you to the Phyſician, or rather to himſelf. Whilſt he has Hopes of Recovery, he perſiſts in his wonted Careleſſneſs about his Salvation; but is there a Turn, and the Fears of Death begin to ſtir, a Confeſſor is the Word; and ſo tame is he, that he believes and acts juſt as the Father would have him; at length he expires, after a plenary Conformity to all ſpiritual Injunctions, relating either to Soul or Eſtate; and the Director aſſures the Family, that no Body could dye better than *Caro*; then Salvation is an eaſy Matter indeed: Ye auſtere Capuchins, ye Penitents, who bury yourſelves in the dreary Deſart, either you are mad, or moſt wretched are they who depart like *Caro*.

The chief Employment of *Valentine* has been collecting curious Pictures, whilſt a hundred Families on his Eſtate were ſtarving; when he was told of it, let them work, was his Reply, though he laid out above a hundred thouſand Crowns in an idle Fancy; nor was it ſo much the good Pieces he ſought, as thoſe which were prohibited; he would

would have preferred a paltry *Venus*, in a libidinous Attitude, to an exquiſite *Madona:* He had particularly a private Chamber, full of the moſt ſhocking Nudities, into which none but his Intimates were admitted; and to compare them with the natural, was the ſupreme Delight, and frequent Amuſement, of this abandoned Debauchee, who, in this very Room, firſt feels the Symptoms of a Fever; which increaſing, a Confeſſor is ſent for: The Father's no ſooner informed of *Valentine's* favourite Extravagancy, but condemns all his Pictures to the Flames: This at firſt draws a Sigh from the Patient, but as his Soul's in Danger, he orders the immediate Execution of the Sentence. How are the Eyes of Man opened by Death? what mighty Sacrifices it extorts from them! It would have been better for *Valentine* if his Diſtemper had carried him off; for now he curſes the Prieſt, and his cowardly Self, for the Deſtruction of his Pictures.

Am I told of a Sick-bed Converſion? Let me ſee the Patient three Months after his Recovery. If the Sickneſs proves his laſt, it's a Queſtion with me, if ever he came ſo far as a true Contrition.

It is aſked, is *Hermes* then ſo extremely ill? is he given over? That ſuch a Queſtion ſhould be aſked, when it is known that he has ſent for his Son and Daughter, whom he would not theſe twenty Years paſt allow to darken his Door! No Symptoms of Death ſo ſure as ſuch a Reconciliation.

Lycas was to all Appearance converted by Illneſs; after ſuch Tokens as he gave of it, 'twould have bordered upon Profaneneſs to have harboured a Suſpicion to the contrary. No Body would have grudged a ſmall Quota towards his Canoniſation. There is a Time when 'twould be beſt to have died. *Lycas* recovers, and gets abroad; and then the

the Difference is ſeen between the ſame Man under Sickneſs and in high Spirits.

Languiſhing on a ſick-Bed we think, Oh were I like good King *Hezekiah!* that God would ſhew one ſuch Kindneſs! and if he does, what Returns do we make? Yet is there not any one of us, to whom God has not added fifteen Years after a threatening Sickneſs. Rightly conſidered, in what is a Life of thirty, forty, fifty Years, or upwards, ſhort of a Miracle?

Time mingles the Duſt of Monarchs with that of Labourers. How many great ones are under Ground, whoſe Names are quite obliterated from all Remembrance!

Every Day of our Life is, in the Morning, a blank Leaf, wherein, during the Courſe of it, we write, and in Characters which are indelible, all the Actions of our Life; let us be careful then, that there be nothing impure, nothing baſe in them, that he, before whom they are to be laid, may read them with Approbation. Let us live ſo that we may never die, and in this Life let us ſet about it, before that tremendous Sound be given, *He expires!*

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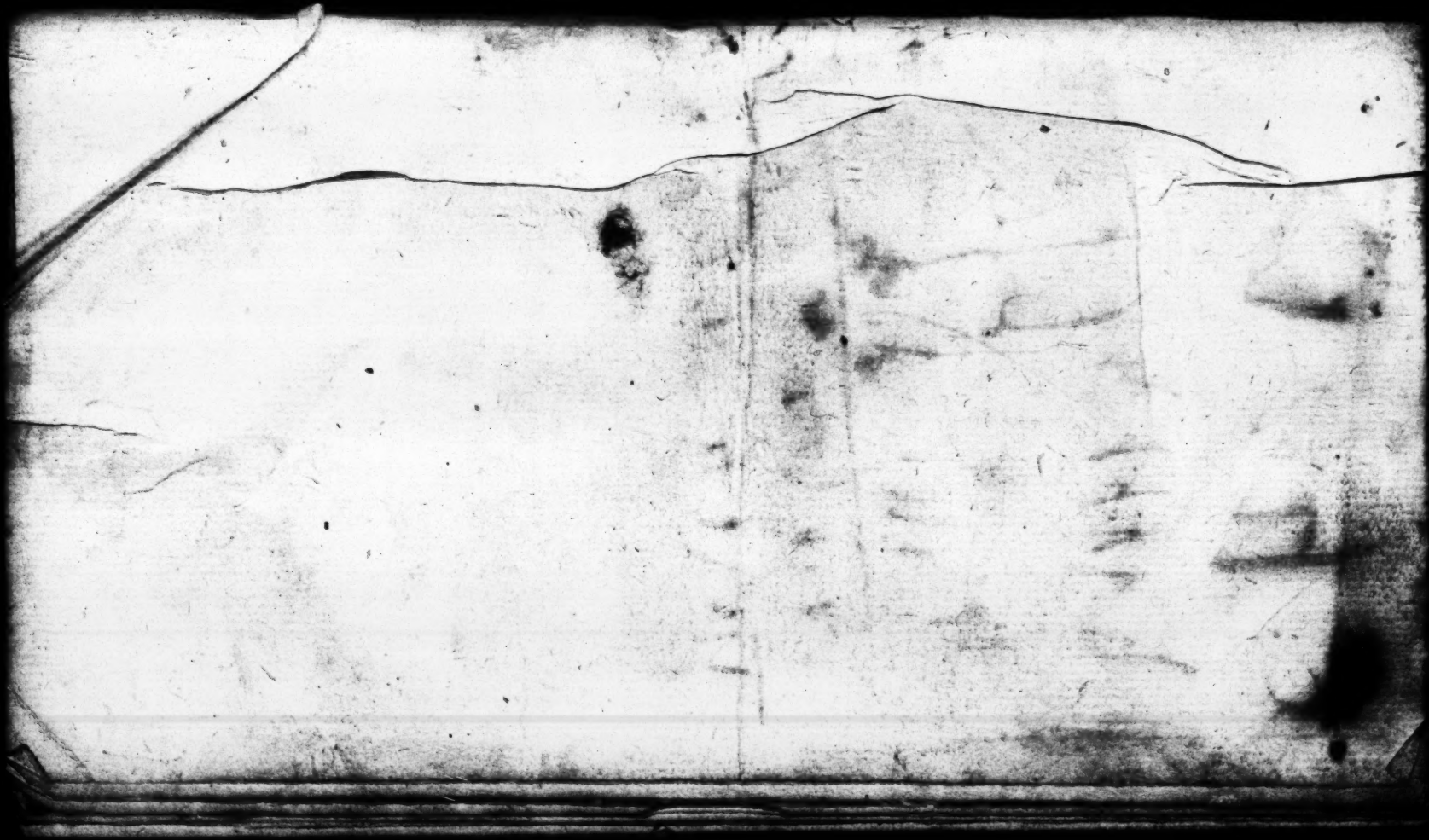
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